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THE CHANGE IN THE FEMININE IDEAL

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I

WHEN I planned to write this paper, I thought I would call it "The New Woman"; but the last page of *Puck*, and the first of *Punch*, rose before me; ladies in bloomers, with latch-keys, mothers-in-law and club-women and Suffragettes, made the title impossible. When you come to think of it, it is curious how fatal it is, either to a situation or to an individual, or even to a name, if in an evil moment it becomes funny. And that the New Woman has been funny, I suppose there can be no doubt. Indeed, one can hardly say "The New Woman" with any hope of being taken seriously; although some of us feel that certain conditions of which she is a symptom are serious enough, in all conscience!

However, as I am going to venture to speak of her, I shall begin by mentioning briefly those facts which lead me to conclude that she exists — outside the columns of the jocose newspaper, and not as a mere eccentricity of sex. Of course there have been sporadic "new women," ever since the world began, and they have shocked the old women and amused the men, young and old, just as our new women shock or amuse to-day. When Miriam and her

friends took timbrels in their hands and danced out before the children of Israel, declaring that the Lord had triumphed gloriously, for the horse and his rider had been thrown into the sea, no doubt the women who were too fat or too stiff to dance, declared that such things were unknown when they were young; and when Deborah sat under the palm-tree between Ramah and Beth-el in Mount Ephraim and judged Israel, I am sure there were respectable housewives who called her a "very unwomanly woman."

There have always been occasional women who did so-called unwomanly things, that is, unusual things, things generally left to men; there have always been stray women, who have distinguished themselves in art, or politics, or religion, or science; but they were conspicuous, because they were strays. Achieving women are not very conspicuous now, simply because there are more of them. Indeed, the New Woman is almost ceasing to be "new," and that is why she is ceasing to be entirely a joke; for there is something more than a joke in all this curious turning upside-down of traditions and theories in regard to women; something more than a joke in the girl with a latch-key; in the matron who gives

her time to civic affairs or to berating officers of the law; in myself here on this platform instead of being at home, as a good and contemptuous man said to me once, "making soup."

To my mind there are several things which point to the conclusion that this amusing person, who is called the New Woman, is to be reckoned with as a reality which is not entirely amusing; but I shall mention only two of them: the first is a *prevailing discontent among women*; and the second, a *change in what we might call the "feminine ideal."* Once grant these two things, the discontent and the change, and we find ourselves face to face, not only with the lady herself, but with certain sobering possibilities which accompany her. For that discontent and change are in themselves sobering, is as certain as that they are in themselves hopeful. There is always a threat where there is a promise. That the condition of women is full of hope, is obvious enough to any open-minded person, so obvious that we need not dwell upon it here. We are all of us, I think, conscious of a certain lifting up of the heart when we see what the women of to-day have achieved, and what their influence has accomplished. We believe in the New Woman, and we are proud of her; indeed, the last thing that is needed is to give us a good opinion of ourselves! And that is why I am going to attempt the ungracious task of speaking only of the threat which her existence expresses;—the hope may be taken for granted.

All the privileges of life hold this union of a threat and a promise. The opportunity of wealth implies the opportunity of meanness; the happiness of parentage walks side by side with the temptation to be selfishly indulgent; if we have the chance to be faithful, there is always the corresponding chance to be unfaithful; if woman has, as she asserts, the power to make hu-

man society over, she has at the same time the opportunity to wreck it. A hope always implies a menace. It is neither cowardice nor pessimism then which makes serious-minded men and women say that with the promises and privileges of life, as they are revealing themselves to woman in her discontent and in her changing ideals, there is also a danger.

II

Of the *prevailing discontent among women* I shall speak very briefly, and I must not go into certain industrial and economic conditions which have forced stern and inevitable discontents upon us all; nor shall I refer to the discontents of foolish or second-rate minds,—those vacant minds that are discontented unless they *dope* themselves with amusement—novel-reading, bridge-playing, theatre-going. It is women with minds of this quality who have put their sex to shame in the last year or two by the wild vulgarity of their silly, and hideous, and selfish hats (these adjectives will, I think, bear analysis); but happily such women are generally too indolent or too ridiculous to do much harm to the community—their example being really a warning, and their precepts too uninteresting to be listened to. It is the discontents of the woman of privilege, the woman of sane and sheltered life, which have real significance.

I am sometimes amused to have the response made by some mild-eyed, domestic creature, in her comfortable home, with her little children about her knees, "Why, I don't believe women are discontented. I'm not discontented!" and so ending the subject; for women must, it seems, always be personal. It is recorded that a husband, discussing this tendency with his wife, said oracularly, "You women make everything personal." And the lady, aggrieved,

responded, "*I don't.*" Yet even this satisfied and sheltered woman can hardly venture outside the warm and narrow circle of her own content, without hearing a shrill feminine chatter and clamor, a more or less petulant criticism of life as it is lived; a demand, — often intelligent but sometimes extremely silly and devoid of any economic basis, — a loud demand for the reconstruction of many things: government, business, the laws of property, the education of children. This contented woman (who has to be told by her husband whether she is a Republican or a Democrat), whose property never troubles her because her dear and honest men-creatures take such affairs from her shoulders, whose children are admirably well and good, — even this happy and contented woman must know that all women are not so satisfied as she. Even while she thanks God that her girls are not as other mothers' girls, she is aware of her neighbor's daughter's discontent.

This young person — a wholesome, lovable creature with surprisingly bad manners — has gone to college, and when she graduates she is going to earn her own living. She declines to be dependent upon a father and mother amply able to support her. She will do settlement work; she won't go to church; she has views upon marriage and the birth-rate, and she utters them calmly, while her mother blushes with embarrassment; she occupies herself, passionately, with everything except the things that used to occupy the minds of girls.

Restlessness! Restlessness! And as it is with the young woman, so it is with the older woman. Countless Woman's Clubs, largely composed of middle-aged women, have sprung into eager existence in the last twenty years: they are admirable and helpful organizations, but they all express in one way or another the restlessness of growth,

a restlessness infinitely removed from the old content of a generation ago. The "club-woman," as she likes to call herself, has none of her mother's placid content with things as they are, any more than she has the pretty little accomplishments of her mother's youth, or her small conventional charities, or her sweet and gracious and dutiful living.

III

But it is not the various discontents, it is the changing ideals of women, which seem to me most significant, — because the ideals are responsible for the discontents. The feminine ideal has changed, and is still changing; changing, indeed, with a rapidity extremely jarring to those of us who have reached complacent, and too often narrow-minded, middle age. We need only compare the women of to-day with our mothers (for it is not necessary to go very far back) to realize how great the change is. Of course there were women a generation ago, as in all the generations, who asserted themselves; but they were practically "sports." Now, the simple, honest woman; the shy, respectable, commonplace, dear woman; the woman of ringlets (as it used to be) and many babies, or of pompadours and fewer babies; the good housekeeper, the good wife, the good mother — is evolving ideals that are changing her life, and the lives of those people about her.

As for the difference between us and our mothers, of course we all begin by protesting that if we can ever hope to do our duty as well as they did, our consciences will acquit us. Who of us women, in our comfortable living, dare compare ourselves to our mothers? They did not talk about their "rights"; they fulfilled them — in taking care of their families. They did not talk about "reforms"; they would have thought interference in municipal questions,

and agitation for legislation, most unbecoming and unfeminine. They had, bless their dear hearts! a gentle and ladylike irresponsibility in regard to the world lying in darkness in city halls or legislative chambers — though they gave their pennies toward the saving of souls in dark Africa, with a true, even tender emotion, to which most of us are strangers. No; the mothers of forty or fifty years ago had no theories about improving the world (except the heathen) outside their own respectable doors; but they had strength, and patience, and tenderness, and courage, and *selflessness*. (That, I think, would be the name of their ideal — selflessness.) Can we remember that selflessness, and see no difference between it and the present feminine individualism?

We, or at any rate our daughters, have begun to say that the old selflessness — dear and admirable beyond a doubt to those who were made comfortable by it — was often demoralizing to an appalling degree. Their own individual welfare and happiness was the last thing our mothers thought of. Instead, they gave all their power, moral, intellectual, physical, to their households; and in so doing practiced, sometimes, a curiously immoral unselfishness, which, because it absorbed the chances of sacrifice, turned well-meaning husbands into brutes, and children into disagreeable tyrants. Our mothers had a monopoly of unselfishness: they gave, instead of received; they grew in grace, but it was at the expense of their families. Such virtue wrote upon their tombstones, "Here lies a saint, who never thought of self"; and it helped to make us the selfish men and women that some of us are to-day.

There is another point of conspicuous difference, and of tremendous social significance, between the woman of yesterday and the woman of to-day. We have

come to appreciate the fact that our mothers were unconscientious concerning the right of children *not* to be born. We are beginning — alas, only just beginning — to say that when parents, unable to support a child in physical and moral and intellectual well-being, bring such a child into the world, for the state, or for their unfortunate relations, to support, they are socially criminal. Contrast our mothers' ideas of large families with that! Quantity, not quality, marked the good mother of fifty or sixty years ago. And there are folk to-day — some of them in high places — who still cling to that tradition; but one would like to ask such persons whether the state would have been benefited if, for instance, in a recent notorious murder trial in New York, the principal had been twins? No; maternal instinct, that exquisite blossom of pure animalism, is now striking its roots into spiritual responsibilities, and is becoming divine enough to forbid an undesirable existence.

It is such contrasts as these between the past and the present, that show what a change there is in the ideals of women; but the contrasts — generally so favorable to the present — are so many and so obvious, that it is not necessary to point them out. The really important thing is to recognize what it is which is creating the change. There are, it seems to me, two forces at work: one is the sense of individualism, and the other is the sense of social responsibility. Both seem to have been evolved in women in our generation; and at first sight, both seem only hopeful. Each in itself is good. We do not have the sobering misgiving which comes with a recognition of the prevailing discontent among women. But here again the hope implies a menace: for these two forces, — a woman's sense of her right to her own life, which we call individualism, and her sense of her abil-

ity to help others, which we call social responsibility, — both so noble and so full of promise, sometimes threaten the very springs of life. For the fact is, with all its hopefulness, individualism may be selfish; and with all its nobility, social responsibility may be shallow: and selfishness is a threat to the family; and shallowness is a threat to the state. And when we recognize these two threats, some of us are beginning to tremble for the hope.

Let us consider first the impulse of individualism as we see it in the home life. The sudden and very general expansion of the girl's horizon is manifest to everybody. She apes the independence of the boys, and often emphasizes it with an affected and ludicrous swagger (which the boys, at any rate, see through, and do not really like); but with that independence, she has grasped at the splendid possibility of physical perfection, which implies a resulting mental strength heretofore classed as masculine. This is fine, and apart from its occasionally æsthetic objectionableness, we all rejoice in it. The day of the interesting feminine invalid is gone, thank Heaven! There was a rhyme of our childhood which ran, —

The bride, *of course*, fainted,
For, being acquainted
With manners, she knew what was right.

But nowadays brides hardly blush, much less faint. Instead, our girls are approaching Walt Whitman's ideal woman. He begins with the vigorous egotism of the healthy animal: —

I see that they are worthy of me — I will be the
robust husband of these women.
They are not one jot less than I am,
They are tanned in the face by shining suns and
blowing winds;
Their flesh has the old divine suppleness and
strength;
They know how to swim, row, ride, wrestle, shoot,
run, strike, retreat, advance, resist, defend
themselves;
They are ultimate in their own right, they are
calm, clear, well-possessed of themselves.

Themselves! The young woman of to-day is supplementing a certain old-fashioned word, *duty*, by two other words, "to myself." Sometimes just being happy, just enjoying herself, seems to be a duty, — but for the most part, our girls are not so trivial as that. They feel that education and the grasping of opportunity are duties; the cultivation of the mind, or, for that matter, cultivation of the soul; the finding a vocation, the joining a sisterhood, the going off to take care of lepers. Noble impulses, all of them; but contrast them with the old ideal, and you will notice one thing: in all such expressions of individualism, the family is secondary. The new ideal attacks the old.

This is especially striking in what we call the higher education, which has become so general since the days when I went to a school kept by English ladies, where we celebrated the Queen's birthday and were instructed in deportment and religion. I do not mean education merely in regard to school-books; so far as that goes, I doubt whether we are much more deeply educated than those of our mothers who happened to be studiously inclined, though we may be more widely educated. I mean the spirit of the higher education.

Now there is a certain regal word, the only word that can finally compel the soul, the word *ought*. Our girls know how to say, "I want," and "I will," or sometimes, "I must"; but they are not learning to say, "I ought." Instead, the education of to-day too often cries out to them in their colleges: "Look! The heavens and earth and waters that are under the earth are yours! The song that the morning stars sing is for your ears. The eternal tides of life await your adventurous prow. The very winds of God are blowing for your sails!" "You — *you* — you —" the higher education cries; "never mind other people; make the most of

your own life. Never mind marriage: it is an incident; men have proved it so for themselves; it is just the same for women. Never mind social laws; do what your temperament dictates — art, affairs, enjoyment even. But do your duty to yourself!"

"And," remarks the observer of an older generation, grimly, "*the Devil take the hindermost!*" Then he adds, — the observer is generally he, — he adds, with the candor peculiar to his engaging sex, that, according to his poor way of thinking, he would call the state of mind of the girl who acts on this advice, just plain garden selfishness.

Of course, he is only a man; but certainly some thoughtful women wonder whether these gracious opportunities of learning which are flooding in upon women, are not translated in terms of *self* in the minds of many girls?

Hannah Kimball sums up this passion for growth that is so characteristic of the New Woman, in four subtle lines: —

Shall I seek Heaven that I may find a place
Where with *my* soul 't is well?
If I seek thus, though I may strive for Heaven,
My face is turned towards Hell.

And there is another scripture which saith, "He that saveth his life shall lose it."

A very striking instance of individualism occurs in the life of Sister Dora. We all remember how she left her home and went into hospital service. She did an immense amount of good; she relieved suffering, she comforted, and strengthened, and ennobled. And she was deaf to the pitiful, unsensational, homely need of her in the little English rectory she had left. She was a saint, and the poor, and sick, and outcast, named her sister; but in the station of life where it had pleased God to call her, she was not a sister. Was she wrong? Was she right? Far be it from

us to say! But there is a question here that the new woman has raised, which vitally affects the family: what is the relative value to society of individual development, which comes at the cost of family life?

But, somebody says, "Is n't one to seek for goodness, or culture, for one's self?" Surely yes! But is there any culture, of mind or soul, to equal that which comes from the simple doing of one's duty? Of course, the puzzle is, what is duty? It may be to go away and live one's own life and exploit one's own soul; that is certainly possible. But I wonder if it is frequent? For my part, I should say that it was only safe when it was done for love, not of self, but of humanity.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all
the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd
in music out of sight!

The desire to save one's soul is full of dreadful risks. The pursuit of personal salvation and team-play are rarely found together. Indeed, that wicked old Calvinistic theology stated a profound truth when it bade a man be willing to be damned for the glory of God! There is one touchstone, it seems to me, that may be applied to culture, either material or spiritual, to see if it may be taken honestly; it is this: "Is this culture for myself, or for others? Do I live to myself, or even save my soul to myself?" Do you remember certain deep words spoken by One who, being the supreme Aristocrat of the world, yet said, "I am among you as one who serveth"? "For their sakes," He said, "for their sakes, I sanctify myself." For their sakes! Surely no individual prosperity, no realized ambition of soul or body, can hurt one who can say for "their sakes" I am rich, I am learned, I am comfortable; yes, even for "their sakes" *I am religious!* But how many individualists can say that?

IV

The sense of individualism, as it expresses itself in the occupations of women, is one of the most interesting economic facts of our generation, — but it is too large and involved a subject to take up here. I must only say that individualism has taken advantage of certain grim industrial necessities to create the business woman — not the occasional and shrinking figure of a generation or so ago, the “woman in business,” who was pitied and smiled at and helped; but an eager, hard-headed, strenuous person, ready to give and take, neither asking nor granting favors; she is, generally speaking, a fine, wholesome, sound person. But, however clearly we may see the necessity that has created, and the hope that accompanies her, some of us see, also, a menace to family life.

There is another threat in the promise of individualism, and to my mind it is the most serious of all. I mean the matter of divorce, — for divorce is supreme individualism.

Somehow or other, after we “began to stand on our hind legs,” we hammered out of bitter experience one hard fact, namely: that because of what we may call “property,” the matter of descent must be kept clear. The cave-dweller wanted his stone axe to descend to *his* son, by *his* woman, and not to another man’s son by the same woman. Here, in the evolution of the idea of property, is, curiously enough, in its naked crudity, the beginning of the *sense of honor* governing the relations of a man with another man’s wife. But out of this idea of property came the belief that the relationship of the man and the woman, once entered into, must be permanent; thus the family was created. The process does not seem a very lofty stepping-stone to a divine and spiritual ideal of marriage; but

with the race, as with the man, it apparently must be first that which is natural, then that which is spiritual. So in all these painful ages of evolution, body and soul have wrestled together, until, at last, Occidental civilization began to say, one husband and one wife till death us do part!

Man is imperfectly monogamous still (or, at any rate, *men* are); but man builds his civilization on the indestructibility of the family. One traces it down: the state, the tribe, the family, a series of concentric rings, as Sir Henry Maine expressed it, in *Ancient Law*. And in the centre of the rings is marriage. Civilization, in other words a highly differentiated idea of property, is like a pyramid standing on an apex that rests on the permanence of marriage. Any one who tampers with the stability of that base, tampers with civilization. “But,” says the author of *The Secret Life*, “how bitter, slow, and toilsome, has been the upward struggle to subdue, for the good of the mass, the lusts of the individual!” For this idea of marriage asserts that the individual’s happiness is a secondary consideration. But all the same, the individual, crushed by that impersonal, delicately-balanced apex, suffers; and now the individual is beginning to protest; and he voices that protest in the divorce courts. The fact is, this matter of divorce, the most intensely social question in the world, is almost invariably treated as an individual question; for it is not for the sake of society that a man and woman are divorced; it is not, as it well might be, to avoid the sin and shame of bringing children who are spiritually illegitimate into the world; it is for their own selves, it is that they may have another fling of the dice, another chance to be happy!

See how this desire — this poor pathetic human desire of us all — is presented to us: “It is base for a man and

woman who hate each other to live together." To that we, looking on, aching with sympathy, and knowing too well that the condition of the unhappily married man or woman is the nearest approach to Hell on this earth, to that we must agree, — it *is* base, — unless sanctified by a very lofty sense of duty. "So we will part!" the frantic voice goes on. And we must sometimes agree to that, too; indeed, some of us would do more than merely agree, we would protest that bad marriages were not dissolved nearly often enough for the good of the state. For if the state depends for its existence on the preservation of the family, the family for its existence depends upon the preservation of its own unity. To imprison hatred within the little circle of a wedding-ring does not often make a family, it generally merely destroys a home. Divorce is sometimes the only way to safeguard the family idea which has been put in jeopardy by our careless liberty in the matter of marrying. But the individual morality, which recognizes the baseness of a marriage without respect, goes, often, a step further than mere parting, mere legal separation; it is not content with that, which would answer every purpose of safety, honor, and decency. Following the assertion that marriage must be dissolved for the sake of morality, comes the admission that it is really for the sake of the individual's future happiness: "I will get a divorce, and marry A, B, or C, whom I love (for the time being), and who will make *me* happy."

Here, surely, is the heart of the whole matter: the demand for personal happiness. And in that perfectly natural demand we touch what seems to be the fatal defect in our present attitude towards marriage. The individualist believes that happiness is the purpose of marriage, — whereas happiness is only an incident of marriage.

The purpose of marriage is the protection of the family idea. Happiness and marriage may go together; God send they do! But if the incident of happiness is lost, duty remains! the obligation of contract remains; marriage remains — it remains, even though, for profoundly righteous reasons, the principals have seen fit to separate by the width of the world. Marriage is civilization's method of remaining civilized. It is deep with the elemental human impulses of life for generations which are to come; it is solemn with its opportunities of spiritual insight through suffering; it is dreadful with its sense of responsibility for the ideal of permanence, which makes us men and women and not beasts; an ideal which we are to hand on, like a torch, from heart to heart, from soul to soul! hand on through the heaven of happy love, if it may be, — or through hell, if it must be, — but never losing our hold upon it, because if we do, if we let the flame of idealism be quenched in the darkness of the senses, our civilization must go upon the rocks!

Over and over we see this belief — that happiness is the purpose of marriage — leading to the divorce court, and almost always (alas, that we must say so!) woman leads the way. Man apparently is better able to stand by his failure, to play the game through, so to speak; but woman, who can bear physical suffering better than he can, has apparently less endurance when it comes to spiritual suffering. And so she cries out for escape from the consequences of her own blunder, and freedom to try and find happiness in a new experiment. And how logical and how pitiful her cry is! "Why should a wronged and innocent person, who has made a mistake in marriage once, be compelled to renounce the chance of happiness in remarrying? What can be wrong in that?" demands the

individualist ardently. Nothing! nothing,—if every man and woman of us lived or died or married to ourselves alone. But if meat cause my brother to offend . . . Oh, what a sense of social responsibility St. Paul had—if my happiness in remarrying lessens in my brother's eyes the *racial* importance of the permanence of marriage, then will I give up my happiness.

The advocate of the remarriage of divorced persons replies to this, that to forbid remarriage would be to encourage sin. Perhaps. Yes, alas, perhaps; but it would discourage divorce, because it would make the matter of getting married far more serious; there would be, perforce, more soberness, discretion, and fear of consequences, if possible blunders could not be so lightly rectified by the divorce courts. Not that we should make it harder to get a divorce,—perhaps it is too hard now; but we should make marriage a far more solemn and difficult matter. And as for the increased sin which might follow legislation forbidding the remarriage of divorced persons, what shall we say? That sometimes the integrity of the greatest number is paid for by the wrong-doing of the few? That is a hard saying, but perhaps, when we say it, we are finding a deeper depth of truth in still another scripture: "It is expedient that one man should die for the people." But the individual does not wish to die for the people, he wishes to live—for himself; he does not wish to endure, so that the foundations of society may not be weakened by his search for happiness.

If only this pathetic creature, clamoring for personal happiness at any cost to the race,—if only he could realize that when individual happiness conflicts with any great human ideal, the right to claim such happiness is as nothing compared to the privilege of resigning it!

v

While this strident voice is crying in the wilderness for self-culture, self-advancement, self-satisfaction,—the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life,—it is crying, on the other side, for power to act for the public good; and that we call the sense of social responsibility. Women are taking part in many public matters in which a generation ago they were not in the least interested. They are making themselves heard in municipal affairs with no uncertain voice; city housekeeping seems to them a duty; they want clean streets, and decent markets; they see that penal institutions ought to be improved, and that the conditions of labor need investigation and legislation; and they say so, often with an impetuosity so nearly childish that it antagonizes legislators,—or amuses them, which is even worse. But how strenuous, and fine, and courageous it all is! Every one feels that; every one appreciates its obvious hopefulness; but it is the danger which accompanies the hope, it is *shallowness*, which is too apt to be overlooked.

This sense of social responsibility is expressing itself, first and foremost, in the determination of women to exercise the suffrage. Out of that determination spring, of course, many fine and noble purposes, which would contribute to the general well-being of the race. In the excitement of her high aims, and her dogged intention to have the ballot (even if she upsets the whole kettle of fish, so to speak) a curious thing has happened: she does not apparently realize that she has secured by intelligent influence, and plain unsensational common sense, a large number of rights and privileges without the ballot. But, all the same, she is eager to try her "prentice han'" in a government,

whose most complicated machinery is the ballot.

Incidentally, she proposes to force upon men the feminine view of morality: "Let me get the reins in my hands," she says, "and I will make men temperate; I will make them pure; I will cut corruption out of their politics. In fact, my vote shall make human nature cease to be human nature!" What the outside, gaping, anxious world thinks of us when we make such statements, we do not stop to hear, — perhaps we would not like it if we did! Curiously enough, however, even while the new woman insists upon the civil equality of men and women which will be secured by woman suffrage, there has come, upon her part, an insistence on their essential difference, which is most unlovely. She has her "Woman's Building" at the World's Fair, her "Woman's Editions" of newspapers, and the exploitation of "Woman's Inventions." Heretofore the work of women in the arts has been simply work, good or bad, as the case may be, and considered irrespective of sex; now, it is classified as "feminine," and loses immeasurably in consequence.

I hope I shall not be thought too dogmatic if I say that I believe there was very general regret among thoughtful women that there should have been a Woman's Building at Chicago in 1893, and that it was on the whole a mortifying and humiliating display. How much better if the few great things — the noble pictures, the valuable inventions, the dignified expressions of any art or science — had been placed among their peers, and not put aside as noticeable because women did them. Such insistence upon sex in work is an insult to the work, and to the sex, too. In fact, all this emphasis on the difference between women and men is too apt to remind one of what Dr. Johnson said of a woman in the pulpit: she

was like a dog standing on his hind legs, — the wonder was, not that she did not do it well, but that she could do it at all!

This sense of social responsibility which has, at least to some extent, dictated woman's demand for the ballot, is perhaps the most delicate spiritual possession of the human creature; and into eager, unused woman's hands has come this priceless toy — for indeed, in our dilettante charities, in our passionate reforms, in our light-hearted disrespect for law, in our sentimental cocksureness, can we honestly deny an excited, conceited, inconsequent empiricism which is saturated with self-consciousness, and treats this divine and spiritual instinct as a new plaything?

Yes, surely, the danger in the promise is *shallowness*.

Look at this very matter of suffrage, which the New Woman demands so that she may right the wrongs of time, — does she stop to reflect with what terrible elements she is playing? She is reaching out, panting for, insisting upon — power! True, it is power to make for righteousness. "Am not I," she cries, reproachfully, "I, an intelligent and educated woman, better qualified to vote than my ashman?" "True," replies public opinion, "but shall the suffrage therefore be given to your cook?" But to gratify that desire for power, the New Woman is willing to include her cook; she is willing to multiply by two the present ignorant and unconscientious vote, a vote which many thoughtful persons, anxiously doubting democracy, believe is already threatening our national existence. Universal man suffrage (saving your presence, gentlemen!) has certainly not yet proved itself a success; it is still in the experimental stage; but that does not discourage the New Woman, in the midst of the most critical experiment in government

which the world has seen, from asking for the further complication of universal woman suffrage. She has never, so far as I know, suggested for women an educational qualification far, far stricter than that which has accomplished so little for men; she does not even propose suffrage for widows and unmarried property-owning women, which would go a little way toward eliminating the irresponsible vote. Her cry is, "All of us — or none of us!" — just because many men, absolutely unqualified to do so, vote, let many absolutely unqualified women do the same! Could there be wilder (alas, that I must say so), more feminine logic than that?

We have suffered many things at the hands of Patrick; the New Woman would add Bridget also. And — graver danger — to the vote of that fierce, silly, amiable creature, the uneducated Negro, she would add (if logical) the vote of his sillier, baser female.

I hope I am not understood as being opposed to woman suffrage. I am only protesting against suffrage for all women; just as I would protest (if there was any use in doing so) against suffrage for all men. In other words, I protest against any extension of the suffrage. And my protest is not at all because of any traditional sentimentality as to woman's inherent unfitness. The objection of the Antis that the majority of women do not wish to assume the responsibilities of the suffrage, is, of course, entitled to respect; but the assertion that women cannot take time from their households, their bridge-playing, or their shops, to go to the polls, would be irritating, if it were not ridiculous; and that cant phrase (which is almost enough to make the hearer a suffragist on the spot!) to the effect that the hand that rocks the cradle is unfit or unable to cast a ballot, is as silly as it is unconvincing. If the hand is so foolish or so incapable as

that, it is more dangerous to the state to trust a cradle to it than to trust a ballot. No; my objection is only on the ground of expediency: all things are lawful, — to go back to St. Paul, — but all things are not expedient. If there could be a qualified suffrage for men *and* women, the case might be different. But the unqualified men won't give up what they have got, and the unqualified women are trying to get what they don't deserve; — so there you are!

In their passionate desire for the public good, women seem to have more heart, and less head, than men; they seem to be more single-minded, but with all their earnestness, there is a sentimentality, a lawlessness, an emotional shallowness, a lack of thoroughness, in the way in which they approach public questions, which, quite apart from the question of doubling the irresponsible vote, makes the matter of their exercising the suffrage alarming. And in nothing is their shallowness more alarming than in their indifference to law. The most majestic thing humanity has evolved is surely the abstraction called *law*. That the administration of law is defective is neither here nor there. Of course it is defective; but the idea itself, law itself, terrible and glorious, is the wonder of time. That we, poor "agglutinations of dust," as Stevenson calls us, that we should have evolved law, surely shows us to be part of the Eternal Law that is named God.

And how does the New Woman regard this majestic thing? She flouts it; she makes merry with it; she treats it as something to be used for her well-being, or her amusement, or else — down with it! Of course, this disrespect for law is at present an American, not merely a feminine, characteristic; but in the past, women, if they have not respected the abstraction, have at

least had a wholesome fear of the reality. And in so far as they were *afraid*, they were a balance to that spirit which bids the American man "make the law he flouts, and bids him flout the law he makes." But now woman's disrespect for law, as regards her own conduct, is especially alarming because of what her example means to the children.

Nevertheless women are ready enough to use the law for their emotional ends. As an instance of this, look at the way women have sprung up like mushrooms, in a night, to declare that they are capable of solving the riddle of the painful world, that riddle which is tangled up with the very fibres of human nature, which is full of mystery and misery, and which yet, in some strange, dark way, is built upon everlasting law. I mean prostitution. The New Woman, whose *métier* at this moment happens to be reform, says, lightly: "We'll close disreputable houses by law," and feels that all is settled. When man, sad enough, puzzled enough, and humble enough, too, if he is the right kind of man, says tentatively, "But may we not perhaps scatter the poison by that process?" see how the New Woman scorns him for his cowardice, or his baseness!

In this connection I recall a grim illustration of the effect of a shallow sense of social responsibility, mixed with sentimentalism. A company of good and earnest women took steps to secure the enforcement of a certain law in regard to disreputable houses; as a result a whole street full of these hideous places was closed, and the inmates went flocking out upon the town, like evil birds of prey. A young woman who had once lived in one of these houses was at that time in my care, and I asked her what would become of these poor creatures, whom the *good* women had sent out into the world —

each one of them a microbe of sin! I can never forget her reply: "Oh, they do a very good business on the street." Then she added, casually, four sinister words, "a better business, really." So, in one instance at least, did the new feminine sense of social responsibility, decking the law with sentimentality, do its part to retard righteousness in a community. The New Woman tried to reform details, to check symptoms. She would cut off the branches of evil, overlooking the root deep down in human nature; she would, in fact, produce spirituality by legislation, forgetting that the Kingdom of God is within us, — must be within us! But the process with which Nature works to build that kingdom is too slow for her fury of impatience for goodness.

Hot with her new sense of social responsibility, she says drunkenness is of the Devil; and the advocates of high license are procurers to the lords of Hell. She is going to shut up the saloon — just as the pressure of her influence has already abolished the canteen in the army, with a corresponding and awful increase of drunkenness. The education of self-restraint has no part in the New Woman's scheme of reform. She does not take into account the slow and painful process of evolution which has, in a hundred years, brought about a finer temperance than our forbears could have dreamed of, in the days when it was gentlemanly to roll under the table after dinner. Yet think what it means to character to be temperate, rather than to be carried about, whither one would not, in the strait-jacket of legally enforced total abstinence! — to say nothing of the criminals that such enforcement would inevitably create out of decent folk.

With the ballot in her hand, the New Woman would make laws to prevent drunkenness. In other words, she seems to confuse a purely individual

issue with a social issue. She would bend society to the needs of the individual, for her conviction of the necessity of legislative interference springs so often from personal experience. Women suffer from the curse of liquor as men do not. The drunkard suffers in his own person, as he deserves to do; but his wife or mother suffers because he suffers. Stinging, then, with her personal misery, the New Woman says, "I will close the saloons so that temptation shall be removed," — with never a thought for the education it would be to some other woman's son to learn to pass that saloon without going in; still less does she reflect upon that nobler education of moderation which means the sane use of liquor. Yet which is better, — to remove temptation, or to teach people to overcome temptation? To prevent badness is to prevent goodness, for an unwilling action has no moral significance. And certainly the highest righteousness includes the highest power of being bad if you want to be.

One cannot but think what it might mean in character to the race to have this passionate and noble New Woman, who would reform things, recognize the right of the individual (where society is not directly menaced) to choose between righteousness and baseness; and that implies his right to work out his own salvation, by suffering, yes, and by sinning, if it is necessary. Ah, but regeneration on those lines takes so long! We are so eager to make people good that we forget that the consequences of wrong-doing — suffering, pain, failure, and even death — may be the angels of God, those angels who are given charge over us, to keep us in all our ways. The thousand years of the Lord, we would put into one day! Our day — not His.

Indeed, the New Woman's intemperate temperance betrays her small

honor for human nature; her small belief in time, but her very large confidence in her own judgment. Archbishop Whateley said, with flippant but humorous discourtesy: "Women never reason; or if they do, they either draw correct inferences from wrong premises, or wrong inferences from correct premises — *and they always poke the fire from the top.*"

This new element in reform which seems to be poking the fire from the top, this New Woman, does not know how to wait. Haste! That is surely the danger which walks at the elbow of our most noble instinct of social responsibility. It is this haste which has lately driven some of us into ludicrous and wicked disrespect for law; it has made us, with mistaken kindness, seek to interfere with individual development which comes by wrong-doing and pain; it has robbed us of patience with differing opinions; it has created a god in its own image, and cries out that he shall be worshiped only in ways of which it approves. Oh, let us learn to wait; it does not follow that we must be idle because we refuse to be precipitate; it may only mean that we have a faith that is large in Time, and that which shapes it to some perfect end. Indeed, there seems to me a certain unhumorous arrogance in this bustling, feminine haste to make over the world — it is as if we thought ourselves so important that nothing could go right without us. It is the same sort of hurrying "anxiety to do" which every housekeeper of us knows so well in her little daily affairs, an anxiety that adds so successfully to the discomfort of our families. Yet, when you come to think of it, — it may not be flattering, — but when an illness sweeps us off our feet or some duty calls us upon a journey, how well our families do get along without us! I have often been struck by it in my own household.

It is this same fretting impatience that shows itself in the attitude of women toward reforms. But our sense of humor is surely in the eclipse when we take ourselves so seriously, for, after all, God has drawn this earth along its path among the everlasting stars, suns have burned and cooled, nations have lived and died, and human life has drawn nearer and nearer that "far-off divine event, to which the whole creation moves," — without us.

And fear not lest Existence, closing your
Account, and mine, should know the like no more;
The Eternal Saké from that Bowl has pour'd
Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour

When You and I behind the Veil are past; —
Oh, but the long, long while the World shall last,
Which of our Coming and Departure heeds
As the Sea's self should heed a pebble cast.

Beautiful, dark, true words; a lofty fatalism which declares that the Judge of all the Earth does right. But not the final words for us, who have come to know that we are workers together with the Eternal.

I suppose the plea for time is really a plea for *law*, and that always seems to me a statement of the faith that is in us: "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth —" Yes, of the new heavens and the new earth, which we hurrying, worrying, experimenting little human creatures would usher in — day after to-morrow!

Of course, if this high reminder that God will take care of His own business is meant for those of us who hurry and clamor to push on the processes of evolution, it is meant just as much for those who shrink and hold back, lest in all the shallowness of living, and all the selfishness of life, we should, like certain animals in the New Testament, rush violently down a steep place into the sea. Take courage to wait, one cries to the younger generation; take courage to go forward — to those who, fearfully, lag behind.

VI

But after all, in spite of their dangers, are not individualism and the sense of social responsibility the two working hands of one central heart, — a heart that we call Duty? Surely neither can be cut off from that life-giving source and live, and neither can work against the other without the destruction of the whole. It is, of course, Kant's categorical imperative, expanded into the homely terms of duty: *No one may do that which, if done by all, would destroy society.* In other words, the individual must see that when the gaining of his own poor little happiness involves an injury to a great human ideal, it is better to cut that happiness off and cast it from him, than to do his part to bring the body politic to hell-fire. When social responsibility conflicts with individualism, as exemplified by the removal of the chance to choose between good and evil, then society must wait and let the individual soul learn its own bitter lesson of sin, and righteousness, and judgment.

One is impelled to cry out to the older woman and the new, "Oh, see largely, see widely! Realize that this flash and minute of existence is but a line, a dot, in the horizon of time. Do not think that law is to be pushed on, just because we are in a hurry. Do not think that God will loiter, just because we are slow. This small, glittering fragment of time here under our eyes, blinded as we are by the dazzle of eternity, is almost nothing to the sum of the whole! Do not haste. Do not hold back.

Youth shows but half —

and she is still so young, this woman of our new and solemn and glorious day —

Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor be afraid!

THE SUPPRESSION OF IMPORTANT NEWS

BY EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

I

Most of the criticism launched at our daily newspapers hits the wrong party. Granted they sensationalize vice and crime, "play up" trivialities, exploit the private affairs of prominent people, embroider facts, and offend good taste with screech, blare, and color. But all this may be only the means of meeting the demand, of "giving the public what it wants." The newspaper cannot be expected to remain dignified and serious now that it caters to the common millions, instead of, as formerly, to the professional and business classes. To interest errand-boy and factory-girl and raw immigrant, it had to become spicy, amusing, emotional, and chromatic. For these, blame, then, the American people.

There is just one deadly, damning count against the daily newspaper as it is coming to be, namely, *It does not give the news.*

For all its pretensions, many a daily newspaper is not "giving the public what it wants." In spite of these widely trumpeted prodigies of costly journalistic "enterprise," these ferreting reporters and hurrying correspondents, these leased cables and special trains, news, good "live" news, "red-hot stuff," is deliberately being suppressed or distorted. This occurs oftener now than formerly, and bids fair to occur yet oftener in the future.

And this in spite of the fact that the aspiration of the press has been upward. Venality has waned. Better and

better men have been drawn into journalism, and they have wrought under more self-restraint. The time when it could be said, as it was said of the Reverend Dr. Dodd, that one had "descended so low as to become editor of a newspaper," seems as remote as the Ice Age. The editor who uses his paper to air his prejudices, satisfy his grudges, and serve his private ambitions, is going out. Sobered by a growing realization of their social function, newspaper men have come under a sense of responsibility. Not long ago it seemed as if a professional spirit and a professional ethics were about to inspire the newspaper world; and to this end courses and schools of journalism were established, with high hopes. The arrest of this promising movement explains why nine out of ten newspaper men of fifteen years' experience are cynics.

As usual, no one is to blame. The apostasy of the daily press is caused by three economic developments in the field of newspaper publishing.

II

In the first place, the great city daily has become a blanket sheet with elaborate presswork, printed in mammoth editions that must be turned out in the least time. The necessary plant is so costly, and the Associated Press franchise is so expensive, that the daily newspaper in the big city has become a capitalistic enterprise. To-day a million dollars will not begin to outfit a metropolitan newspaper. The editor

is no longer the owner, for he has not, and cannot command, the capital needed to start it or buy it. The editor of the type of Greeley, Dana, Medill, Story, Halstead, and Raymond, who owns his paper and makes it his astral body, the projection of his character and ideals, is rare. Perhaps Mr. Watterson and Mr. Nelson are the best living representatives of the type.

More and more the owner of the big daily is a business man who finds it hard to see why he should run his property on different lines from the hotel proprietor, the vaudeville manager, or the owner of an amusement park. The editors are hired men, and they may put into the paper no more of their conscience and ideals than comports with getting the biggest return from the investment. Of course, the old-time editor who owned his paper tried to make money, — no sin that! — but just as to-day the author, the lecturer, or the scholar tries to make money, namely, within the limitations imposed by his principles and his professional standards. But, now that the provider of the newspaper capital hires the editor instead of the editor hiring the newspaper capital, the paper is likelier to be run as a money-maker pure and simple — a factory where ink and brains are so applied to white paper as to turn out the largest possible marketable product. The capitalist-owner means no harm, but he is not bothered by the standards that hamper the editor-owner. He follows a few simple maxims that work out well enough in selling shoes or cigars or sheet-music. "Give people what *they* want, not what *you* want." "Back nothing that will be unpopular." "Run the concern for all it is worth."

This drifting of ultimate control into the hands of men with business motives is what is known as "the commercialization of the press."

The significance of it is apparent when you consider the second economic development, namely, the growth of newspaper advertising. The dissemination of news and the purveyance of publicity are two essentially distinct functions which, for the sake of convenience, are carried on by the same agency. The one appeals to subscribers, the other to advertisers. The one calls for good faith, the other does not. The one is the corner-stone of liberty and democracy, the other a convenience of commerce. Now, the purveyance of publicity is becoming the main concern of the newspaper, and threatens to throw quite into the shade the communication of news or opinions. Every year the sale of advertising yields a larger proportion of the total receipts, and the subscribers furnish a smaller proportion. Thirty years ago, advertising yielded less than half of the earnings of the daily newspapers. To-day, it yields at least two-thirds. In the larger dailies the receipts from advertisers are several times the receipts from the readers, in some cases constituting ninety per cent of the total revenues. As the newspaper expands to eight, twelve, and sixteen pages, while the price sinks to three cents, two cents, one cent, the time comes when the advertisers support the newspaper. The readers are there to *read*, not to provide funds. "He who pays the piper calls the tune." When news-columns and editorial page are a mere incident in the profitable sale of mercantile publicity, it is strictly "businesslike" to let the big advertisers censor both.

Of course, you must not let the cat out of the bag, or you will lose readers, and thereupon advertising. As the publicity expert, Deweese, frankly puts it, "The reader must be flimflammed with the idea that the publisher is really publishing the newspaper or magazine for him." The wise owner will

"maintain the beautiful and impressive bluff of running a journal to influence public opinion, to purify politics, to elevate public morals, etc." In the last analysis, then, the smothering of facts in deference to the advertiser finds a limit in the intelligence and alertness of the reading public. Handled as "a commercial proposition," the newspaper dares not suppress such news beyond a certain point, and it can always proudly point to the unsuppressed news as proof of its independence and public spirit.

The immunity enjoyed by the big advertiser becomes more serious as more kinds of business resort to advertising. Formerly, readers who understood why accidents and labor troubles never occur in department stores, why dramatic criticisms are so lenient, and the reviews of books from the publishers who advertise are so good-natured, could still expect from their journal an ungloved freedom in dealing with gas, electric, railroad, and banking companies. But now the gas people advertise, "Cook with gas," the electric people urge you to put your sewing-machine on their current, and the railroads spill oceans of ink to attract settlers or tourists. The banks and trust companies are buyers of space, investment advertising has sprung up like Jonah's gourd, and telephone and traction companies are being drawn into the vortex of competitive publicity. Presently, in the news-columns of the sheet that steers by the cash-register, every concern that has favors to seek, duties to dodge, or regulations to evade, will be able to press the soft pedal.

A third development is the subordination of newspapers to other enterprises. After a newspaper becomes a piece of paying property, detachable from the editor's personality, which may be bought and sold like a hotel or

mill, it may come into the hands of those who will hold it in bondage to other and bigger investments. The magnate-owner may find it to his advantage not to run it as a newspaper pure and simple, but to make it — on the sly — an instrument for coloring certain kinds of news, diffusing certain misinformation, or fostering certain impressions or prejudices in its clientèle. In a word, he may shape its policy by non-journalistic considerations. By making his paper help his other schemes, or further his political or social ambitions, he will hurt it as a money-maker, no doubt, but he may contrive to fool enough of the people enough of the time. Aside from such thralldom, newspapers are subject to the tendency of diverse businesses to become tied together by the cross-investments of their owners. But naturally, when the shares of a newspaper lie in the safe-deposit box cheek by jowl with gas, telephone, and pipe-line stock, a tenderness for these collateral interests is likely to affect the news-columns.

III

That in consequence of its commercialization, and its frequent subjection to outside interests, the daily newspaper is constantly suppressing important news, will appear from the instances that follow. They are hardly a third of the material that has come to the writer's attention.

A prominent Philadelphia clothier visiting New York was caught perverting boys, and cut his throat. His firm being a heavy advertiser, not a single paper in his home city mentioned the tragedy. One New York paper took advantage of the situation by sending over an extra edition containing the story. The firm in question has a large branch in a Western city. There too the local press was silent, and the

opening was seized by a Chicago paper.

In this same Western city the vice-president of this firm was indicted for bribing an alderman to secure the passage of an ordinance authorizing the firm to bridge an alley separating two of its buildings. Representatives of the firm requested the newspapers in which it advertised to ignore the trial. Accordingly the five English papers published no account of the trial, which lasted a week and disclosed highly sensational matter. Only the German papers sent reporters to the trial and published the proceedings.

In a great jobbing centre, one of the most prominent cases of the United States District Attorney was the prosecution of certain firms for misbranding goods. The facts brought out appeared in the press of the smaller centres, but not a word was printed in the local papers. In another centre, four firms were fined for selling potted cheese which had been treated with preservatives. The local newspapers stated the facts, but withheld the names of the firms, a consideration they are not likely to show to the ordinary culprit.

In a trial in a great city it was brought out by sworn testimony that, during a recent labor struggle which involved teamsters on the one hand and the department stores and the mail-order houses on the other, the employers had plotted to provoke the strikers to violence by sending a long line of strike-breaking wagons out of their way to pass a lot on which the strikers were meeting. These wagons were the bait to a trap, for a strong force of policemen was held in readiness in the vicinity, and the governor of the state was at the telephone ready to call out the militia if a riot broke out. Fortunately, the strikers restrained themselves, and the trap was not sprung. It is easy to imagine the headlines that would have been used if labor had been

found in so diabolical a plot. Yet the newspapers unanimously refused to print this testimony.

In the same city, during a strike of the elevator men in the large stores, the business agent of the elevator-starters' union was beaten to death, in an alley behind a certain emporium, by a "strong-arm" man hired by that firm. The story, supported by affidavits, was given by a responsible lawyer to three newspaper men, each of whom accepted it as true and promised to print it. The account never appeared.

In another city the sales-girls in the big shops had to sign an exceedingly mean and oppressive contract which, if generally known, would have made the firms odious to the public. A prominent social worker brought these contracts, and evidence as to the bad conditions that had become established under them, to every newspaper in the city. Not one would print a line on the subject.

On the outbreak of a justifiable street-car strike the newspapers were disposed to treat it in a sympathetic way. Suddenly they veered, and became unanimously hostile to the strikers. Inquiry showed that the big merchants had threatened to withdraw their advertisements unless the newspapers changed their attitude.

In the summer of 1908 disastrous fires raged in the northern Lake country, and great areas of standing timber were destroyed. A prominent organ of the lumber industry belittled the losses and printed reassuring statements from lumbermen who were at the very moment calling upon the state for a fire patrol. When taxed with the deceit, the organ pleaded its obligation to support the market for the bonds which the lumber companies of the Lake region had been advertising in its columns.

On account of agitating for teachers' pensions, a teacher was summarily dis-

missed by a corrupt school-board, in violation of their own published rule regarding tenure. An influential newspaper published the facts of school-board grafting brought out in the teacher's suit for reinstatement until, through his club affiliations, a big merchant was induced to threaten the paper with the withdrawal of his advertising. No further reports of the revelations appeared.

During labor disputes the facts are usually distorted to the injury of labor. In one case, strikers held a meeting on a vacant lot enclosed by a newly-erected billboard. Forthwith appeared, in a yellow journal professing warm friendship for labor, a front-page cut of the billboard and a lurid story of how the strikers had built a "stockade," behind which they intended to bid defiance to the bluecoats. It is not surprising that when the van bringing these lying sheets appeared in their quarter of the city, the libeled men overturned it.

During the struggle of carriage-drivers for a six-day week, certain great dailies lent themselves to a concerted effort of the liverymen to win public sympathy by making it appear that the strikers were interfering with funerals. One paper falsely stated that a strong force of police was being held in reserve in case of "riots," and that policemen would ride beside the non-union drivers of hearses. Another, under the misleading headline, "Two Funerals stopped by Striking Cabmen," described harmless colloquies between hearse-drivers and pickets. This was followed up with a solemn editorial, "May a Man go to his Long Rest in Peace?" although, as a matter of fact, the strikers had no intention of interfering with funerals.

The lying headline is a favorite device for misleading the reader. One sheet prints on its front page a huge "scare" headline, "'Hang Haywood

and a Million Men will march in Revenge,' says Darrow." The few readers whose glance fell from the incendiary headline to the dispatch below it found only the following: "Mr. Darrow, in closing the argument, said that 'if the jury hangs Bill Haywood, one million willing hands will seize the banner of liberty by the open grave, and bear it on to victory.'" In the same style, a dispatch telling of the death of an English policeman, from injuries received during a riot precipitated by suffragettes attempting to enter a hall during a political meeting, is headed, "Suffragettes kill Policeman!"

The alacrity with which many dailies serve as mouthpieces of the financial powers came out very clearly during the recent industrial depression. The owner of one leading newspaper called his reporters together and said in effect, "Boys, the first of you who turns in a story of a lay-off or a shut-down, gets the sack." Early in the depression the newspapers teemed with glowing accounts of the resumption of steel mills and the revival of business, all baseless. After harvest time they began to cheep, "Prosperity," "Bumper Crops," "Farmers buying Automobiles." In cities where banks and employers offered clearing-house certificates instead of cash, the press usually printed fairy tales of the enthusiasm with which these makeshifts were taken by depositors and workingmen. The numbers and sufferings of the unemployed were ruthlessly concealed from the reading public. A mass meeting of men out of work was represented as "anarchistic" or "instigated by the socialists for political effect." In one daily appeared a dispatch under the heading "Five Thousand Jobs Offered; only Ten apply." It stated that the Commissioner of Public Works of Detroit, misled by reports of dire distress, set afoot a public work which called for

five thousand men. Only ten men applied for work, and all these expected to be bosses. Correspondence with the official established the fact that the number of jobs offered was five hundred, and that three thousand men applied for them!

IV

On the desk of every editor and sub-editor of a newspaper run by a capitalist promoter now under prison sentence lay a list of sixteen corporations in which the owner was interested. This was to remind them not to print anything damaging to these concerns. In the office these corporations were jocularly referred to as "sacred cows."

Nearly every form of privilege is found in the herd of "sacred cows" venerated by the daily press.

The railroad company is a "sacred cow." At a hearing before a state railroad commission, the attorney of a shippers' association got an eminent magnate into the witness chair, with the intention of wringing from him the truth regarding the political expenditures of his railroad. At this point the commission, an abject creature of the railroads, arbitrarily excluded the daring attorney from the case. The memorable excoriation which that attorney gave the commission to its face was made to appear in the papers as the *cause* instead of the *consequence* of this exclusion. Subsequently, when the attorney filed charges with the governor against the commission, one editor wrote an editorial stating the facts and criticising the commissioners. The editorial was suppressed after it was in type.

The public-service company is a "sacred cow." In a city of the Southwest, last summer, while houses were burning from lack of water for the fire hose, a lumber company offered to supply the

firemen with water. The water company replied that they had "sufficient." Neither this nor other damaging information concerning the company's conduct got into the columns of the local press. A yellow journal conspicuous in the fight for cheaper gas by its ferocious onslaughts on the "gas trust," suddenly ceased its attack. Soon it began to carry a full-page "Cook with gas" advertisement. The cow had found the entrance to the sacred fold.

Traction is a "sacred cow." The truth about Cleveland's fight for the three-cent fare has been widely suppressed. For instance, while Mayor Johnson was superintending the removal of the tracks of a defunct street railway, he was served with a court order enjoining him from tearing up the rails. As the injunction was not indorsed, as by law it should be, he thought it was an ordinary communication, and put it in his pocket to examine later. The next day he was summoned to show reason why he should not be found in contempt of court. When the facts came out, he was, of course, discharged. An examination of the seven leading dailies of the country shows that a dispatch was sent out from Cleveland stating that Mayor Johnson, after acknowledging service, pocketed the injunction, and ordered his men to proceed with their work. In the newspaper offices this dispatch was then embroidered. One paper said the mayor told his men to go ahead and ignore the injunction. Another had the mayor intimating in advance that he would not obey an order if one were issued. A third invented a conversation in which the mayor and his superintendent made merry over the injunction. Not one of the seven journals reported the mayor's complete exoneration later.

The tax system is a "sacred cow." During a banquet of two hundred single-taxers, at the conclusion of their

state conference, a man fell in a fit. Reporters saw the trifling incident, yet the morning papers, under big headlines, "Many poisoned at Single-Tax Banquet," told in detail how a large number of banqueters had been ptomaine-poisoned. The conference had formulated a single-tax amendment to the state constitution, which they intended to present to the people for signature under the new Initiative Law. One paper gave a line and a half to this most significant action. No other paper noticed it.

The party system is a "sacred cow." When a county district court declared that the Initiative and Referendum amendment to the Oregon constitution was invalid, the item was spread broadcast. But when later the Supreme Court of Oregon reversed that decision, the fact was too trivial to be put on the wires.

The "man higher up" is a "sacred cow." In reporting Prosecutor Heney's argument in the Calhoun case, the leading San Francisco paper omitted everything on the guilt of Calhoun and made conspicuous certain statements of Mr. Heney with reference to himself, with intent to make it appear that his argument was but a vindication of himself, and that he made no points against the accused. The argument for the defense was printed in full, the "points" being neatly displayed in large type at proper intervals. At a crisis in this prosecution a Washington dispatch quoted the chairman of the Appropriations Committee as stating in the House that "Mr. Heney received during 1908 \$23,000, for which he performed no service whatever for the Government." It was some hours before the report was corrected by adding Mr. Tawney's concluding words, "during that year."

In view of their suppression and misrepresentation of vital truth, the big

daily papers, broadly speaking, must be counted as allies of those whom — as Editor Dana reverently put it — "God has endowed with a genius for saving, for getting rich, for bringing wealth together, for accumulating and concentrating money." In rallying to the side of the people they are slower than the weeklies, the magazines, the pulpit, the platform, the bar, the *litterati*, the intellectuals, the social settlements, and the universities.

Now and then, to be sure, in some betrayed and misgoverned city, a man of force takes some little sheet, prints all the news, ventilates the local situation, arouses the community, builds up a huge circulation, and proves that truth-telling still pays. But such exploits do not counteract the economic developments which have brought on the glacial epoch in journalism. Note what happens later to such a newspaper. It is now a valuable property, and as such it will be treated. The editor need not repeat the bold strokes that won public confidence; he has only to avoid anything that would forfeit it. Unconsciously he becomes, perhaps, less a newspaper man, more a business man. He may make investments which muzzle his paper here, form social connections which silence it there. He may tire of fighting and want to "cash in." In any case, when his newspaper falls into the hands of others, it will be run as a business, and not as a crusade.

V

What can be done about the suppression of news? At least, we can refrain from arraigning and preaching. To urge the editor, under the thumb of the advertiser or of the owner, to be more independent, is to invite him to remove himself from his profession. As for the capitalist-owner, to exhort

him to run his newspaper in the interests of truth and progress is about as reasonable as to exhort the mill-owner to work his property for the public good instead of for his private benefit.

What is needed is a broad new avenue to the public mind. Already smothered facts are cutting little channels for themselves. The immense vogue of the "muck-raking" magazines is due to their being vehicles for suppressed news. Non-partisan leaders are meeting with cheering response when they found weeklies in order to reach their natural following. The Socialist Party supports two dailies, less to spread their ideas than to print what the capitalistic dailies would stifle. Civic associations, municipal voters' leagues, and legislative voters' leagues, are circulating tons of leaflets and bulletins full of suppressed facts. Within a year five cities have, with the taxpayers' money, started journals to acquaint the citizens with municipal happenings and affairs. In many cities have sprung up private non-partisan weeklies to report civic information. Moreover, the spoken word is once more a power. The demand for lecturers and speakers is insatiable, and the platform bids fair to recover its old prestige. The smotherers are dismayed by the growth of the Chautauqua circuit. Congressional speeches give vent to boycotted truth, and circulate widely under the franking privilege. City clubs and Saturday lunch clubs are formed to listen to facts and ideas tabooed by the daily press. More is made of public hearings before committees of councilmen or legislators.

When all is said, however, the defection of the daily press has been a staggering blow to democracy.

Many insist that the public is able to recognize and pay for the truth. "Trust the public," and *in the end* merit will be rewarded. Time and again men

have sunk money in starting an honest and outspoken sheet, confident that soon the public would rally to its support. But such hopes are doomed to disappointment. The editor who turns away bad advertising or defies his big patrons cannot lay his copy on the subscriber's doorstep for as little money as the editor who purveys publicity for all it is worth; and the masses will not pay three cents when another paper that "looks just as good" can be had for a cent. In a word, the art of simulating honesty and independence has outrun the insight of the average reader.

To conclude that the people are not able to recognize and pay for the truth about current happenings simply puts the dissemination of news in a class with other momentous social services. Because people fail to recognize and pay for good books, endowed libraries stud the land. Because they fail to recognize and pay for good instruction, education is provided free or at part cost. Just as the moment came when it was seen that private schools, loan libraries, commercial parks, baths, gymnasia, athletic grounds, and playgrounds would not answer, so the moment is here for recognizing that the commercial news-medium does not adequately meet the needs of democratic citizenship.

Endowment is necessary, and, since we are not yet wise enough to run a public-owned daily newspaper, the funds must come from private sources. In view of the fact that in fifteen years large donations aggregating more than a thousand million of dollars have been made for public purposes in this country, it is safe to predict that, if the usefulness of a non-commercial newspaper be demonstrated, funds will be forthcoming. In the cities, where the secret control of the channels of publicity is easiest, there are likely to be founded financially independent news-

papers, the gift of public-spirited men of wealth.

The ultimate control of such a foundation constitutes a problem. A newspaper free to ignore the threats of big advertisers or powerful interests, one not to be bought, bullied, or bludgeoned, one that might at any moment blurt out the damning truth about police protection to vice, corporate tax-dodging, the grabbing of water frontage by railroads, or the non-enforcement of the factory laws, would be of such strategic importance in the struggle for wealth that desperate efforts would be made to chloroform it. If its governing board perpetuated itself by co-optation, it would eventually be packed with "safe" men, who would see to it that the newspaper was run in a "conservative" spirit; for, in the long run, those who can watch for an advantage *all* the time will beat the people, who can watch only *some* of the time.

Chloroformed the endowed newspaper will be, unless it be committed to the onward thought and conscience of the community. This could be done by letting vacancies on the governing board be filled in turn by the local bar association, the medical association, the ministers' union, the degree-granting faculties, the federated teachers, the central labor union, the chamber of commerce, the associated charities, the public libraries, the non-partisan citizens' associations, the improvement leagues, and the social settlements. In this way the endowment would rest ultimately on the chief apexes of moral and intellectual worth in the city.

While giving, with headline, cut, and

cartoon, the interesting news, — forgeries and accidents, society and sports, as well as business and politics, — the endowed newspaper would not dramatize crime, or gossip of private affairs; above all, it would not "fake," "doctor," or sensationalize the news. Too self-respecting to use keyhole tactics, and too serious to chronicle the small beer of the wedding trousseau or the divorce court, such a newspaper could not begin to match the commercial press in circulation. But it would reach those who reach the public through the weeklies and monthlies, and would inform the teachers, preachers, lecturers, and public men, who speak to the people eye to eye.

What is more, it would be a *corrective newspaper*, giving a wholesome leverage for lifting up the commercial press. The big papers would not dare be caught smothering or "cooking" the news. The revelations of an independent journal that everybody believed, would be a terror to them, and, under the spur of a competitor not to be frightened, bought up, or tired out, they must needs, in sheer self-preservation, tell the truth much oftener than they do. The Erie Canal handles less than a twentieth of the traffic across the State of New York, yet, by its standing offer of cheap transportation, it exerts a regulative pressure on railway rates which is realized only when the canal opens in the spring. On the same principle, the endowed newspaper in a given city might print only a twentieth of the daily press output and yet exercise over the other nineteen-twentieths an influence great and salutary.

THE THIRD GENERATION

BY AGNES REPPLIER

RICHARD POLWHELE the first, aged seventy, and Richard Polwhele the third, aged seven, were driving home from Fairmount Park in a state of profound and mutual satisfaction. Richard Polwhele the second, an excellent man of business, but otherwise of no especial significance, had been dead four years. To his father he was a fast-fading memory; to his little son, a name only, a name spoken occasionally in his mother's most impressive tones: "Your dear father, Dicky!" whereupon Dicky unconsciously assumed a *visage de circonstance*. He had the facile sympathy of a child, and a child's fortunate forgetfulness. Mrs. Polwhele believed that he still remembered his father, just as she believed that she still mourned her husband. Indeed, she naturally attributed one phenomenon to the other.

The truth was that grandfather and grandson were, for the time being, all-sufficient for each other. To Dicky his grandfather's house was a paradise of delights, where ginger-cakes, diamond and heart-shaped, dwelt in the unguarded seclusion of the pantry, where bulky and beautiful picture-books lay upon the centre-table, and where ivory chessmen assumed their proper functions as playthings for a child. To old Richard Polwhele, Dicky was simply the centre of the universe. He had been all his life a man of active interests and of calm affections. His wife had died when his only child was born. He had been, in technical language, "faithful to her memory," — that is, he had never felt

the smallest disposition to marry his housekeeper, or little Richard's governess, or any of the more eligible young women who had from time to time crossed his horizon. Those were the days when the firm of Polwhele & Shepperton, importers of woollens, was struggling in heavy waters, was righting itself bravely, was laying the solid foundations of wealth; and the senior partner had as little leisure to mourn his wife as to replace her.

The sandy-haired child in the nursery grew up to be a sandy-haired schoolboy — looked after with intermittent zeal by a dozen aunts and cousins — and was ready for college before his father had an opportunity to observe what, in another man's son, he would have been disposed to call dullness. It was not until after his admission into the firm that Richard the second manifested those sterling qualities which won the deep respect of Richard the first, and helped to make the name of Polwhele & Shepperton a synonym for success. When he married a widow with two little girls he was admittedly the best of husbands and stepfathers. Four years later he died, leaving one child, Richard the third, who had already begun to focus the rays of his grandfather's affection into perilous intensity.

By the time Dicky was seven, Mr. Polwhele's friends — elderly, unsympathetic gentlemen who had survived their own ardors and enthusiasms — grew visibly apprehensive whenever the grandson's name was mentioned. Dicky was not a child of brilliant parts, and the

anecdotes they were compelled to hear were lamentably akin to those related by the immortal Mr. Woodhouse in praise of his grandchildren. Even Mr. Polwhele's repeated and rapturous assurances that the little boy bore the most amazing resemblance to himself at that early age failed to interest other grandfathers who were enjoying a somewhat similar distinction. "The child can't and won't learn his multiplication-table," was one of the many confidences imparted to the long-suffering Mr. Shepperton, who had nine grandchildren of his own. "By George! I would n't either when I was a brat"; and the astute old merchant wagged his head over this remarkable inheritance of antipathy.

So it was that Richard Polwhele experienced a pure delight in driving two hours on a chill November afternoon with a fidgety little boy, who stood up every few minutes in the victoria, and dragged the carriage-rug from his rheumatic knee. So it was that his pleasure deepened when, as they neared town, the tired child nestled close to his side, and he could feel the pressure of the beloved little body against his own.

They had turned into 21st Street when Dicky raised his head. "Mother said I must go straight home," he announced.

His grandfather's face lengthened. "But I thought you were coming to see Alexander's kittens," he protested, with a note of almost ludicrous disappointment in his voice.

Dicky sighed. "Mother said I could see the kittens to-morrow. She said to tell you I went to dancing-school this morning, and Murray Nelson comed home with me to dinner, and we played at shipwrecks, and I was tired, and three things was enough for Saturday; and I had n't studied any lessons, and —"

"Well, well," interrupted Mr. Pol-

whele, who knew from experience that his daughter-in-law's arguments were cumulative rather than convincing, "you must do as your mother bids you"; and they drove for a few minutes in silence.

Then Dicky wrinkled his brows. His thoughts were still dwelling with Alexander. "Agnes says" — Agnes was his elder half-sister — "that cats don't like boys. She says they almost never do. Did cats like you when you were a little boy, grandfather?"

Mr. Polwhele hesitated. He had been a country lad, with the straightforward, unimaginative brutality of his class, and he felt a pang of late remorse when he contrasted his little grandson's gentleness with his own slaughter-stained childhood. "I am afraid not, Dicky," he said soberly; and then — glad of the diversion — "there is your mother coming up the street just in time to meet you."

Dicky sprang up joyfully, and Mrs. Polwhele quickened her step when she saw the carriage stopping at her door. She was a comely woman with brown inquisitive eyes, crisp hair, a serene temper, and a talent for discovering and interpreting the obvious.

"I am glad you brought him home early, father," she said. "He goes to a dancing-class on Saturday mornings, and to-day he had a little friend to dine with him, and they played so hard, and he seemed tired and fretful, and it is better for him to be indoors before dark, and you know he dines with you anyway to-morrow, and can play with the kittens all afternoon. It is not worth while to let children wear themselves out on Saturdays, simply because they don't go to school."

"Quite right, quite right!" interjected Richard Polwhele. "Don't stand in the cold, Emily. Good-night, Dicky. Drive on, James!"

And as the carriage rolled off, the

old gentleman tucked the rug snugly around his knees, and meditated on the conversational proficiency of women. "And Emily has had two husbands!" he muttered to himself. "Odd thing, very! To be sure, Richard — but Gordon Bright was a clever fellow, a really clever fellow. Far from domestic, though. Older than she was by a good bit, and *very* far from domestic." — And Mr. Polwhele chuckled softly. He had the indulgence common to threescore years and ten for long-remembered delinquencies.

It is a world of disappointments, even for good little boys. When Dicky arrived at his grandfather's house the next forenoon (Mr. Polwhele dined at two on Sundays, and his grandson had for the past year or so shared — with restrictions — this comfortable meal), Alexander's kittens were nowhere to be found. Alexander herself, with an assumption of innocence so elaborate that only Dicky could have been deceived, sat toasting her paws by the fire, and accepted with supercilious composure the little visitor's soft caresses and condolences. She had the arrogant and suspicious nature of an upstart. Lifted from obscurity to affluence by Dicky's notice and esteem, she received, as due to her own worth, the suddenly acquired luxuries of life. Dicky had brought her out of kitchen and cellar, to sit unmolested — where never cat had sat before — on Mr. Polwhele's hearth-rug. From Dicky's hands she had taken her first saucer of cream. He had named her after the conqueror of the world. He had established her rights in his grandfather's household, and for his sake her offspring had been welcomed as princes of the earth. But what should a base-born cat know of honor or confiding trust? Alexander's kittens had disappeared from their box, and Dicky's

bitter disappointment was smothered under pity for her bereavement.

Mr. Polwhele looked on with blissful amusement as his little grandson patted the sleek head, and sighed sympathetically over the maternal pangs. Then the idea of frustrating, without betraying, Alexander came into his mind.

"Listen, Dicky," he said. "Why don't you go and find those kittens? They must be somewhere about the house. She could n't have carried them — I mean they could n't have gotten out in the night when the doors were locked. Go and look until you find them, and tell Charles to search the cellar carefully."

Dicky scrambled to his feet. "But they are so little, grandfather," he said. "They don't know how to walk yet, and they can't see. Somebody must have stolen them."

"I think not, my boy. No great demand for kitten-stock in the market. If you look hard, you'll find them."

Dicky started for the door. Alexander raised her perfidious head as he went out; then, reflecting on the safety of her hiding-place, shut her eyes and settled down to a comfortable nap. Her drowsy purr bespoke contentment and a mind at ease. Mr. Polwhele finished his newspaper, and took up the *Voyage of the Beagle*. The fire glowed on the hearth. The autumn sunlight slanted through the windows. The room was wrapt in warmth and silence and security.

It was a long while before Dicky came back. He brought no kittens, but held in his hands an oblong tortoiseshell box. His face was flushed, his eyes troubled. He went straight to his grandfather's chair. "I broke this, grandfather," he said. "I let it fall, and it broke."

Mr. Polwhele closed his book. He looked first at his grandson, and then

at the tortoise-shell box. It was of beautiful workmanship. Delicate gold arabesques and scrolls ornamented the four corners, and from each corner a gold unicorn came leaping through the intricate tracery. There was no key, but the tiny gold hinges had been wrenched loose in the fall, and the lid hung half-open. On a gold plate was engraved the name Felicia Leigh. The box held nothing but letters.

"Where did you find this, Dicky?" asked Mr. Polwhele.

"In — in — you know, grandfather. — In the room that was grandmother's."

"Whereabouts in your grandmother's room?"

There was no answer.

"Whereabouts in your grandmother's room?"

No answer.

"Whereabouts in your grandmother's room?"

"In grandmother's desk." The voice quavered so pitifully that Mr. Polwhele stopped scrutinizing the box, and looked at his grandson.

"You are not going to cry, are you?" he said sharply.

Dicky rather thought he was. His little breast heaved, and the room, seen through a blur of tears, grew dim and wavering. But he struggled bravely and answered, "No, grandfather."

"That's right. You are not a girl, remember! You went into your grandmother's room to look for the kittens, Dicky?"

"Yes, grandfather."

"But you did not think the kittens were in your grandmother's desk?"

"No, grandfather."

"Why did you open it?"

A pause.

"I wanted to, grandfather."

Mr. Polwhele put out his arm, and drew his grandson to his side. "That is n't a good and sufficient reason,

Dicky," he said. "Do you know the meaning of the word dishonorable?"

Dicky's brows wrinkled. It was a trick the child had when thoughtful or perplexed. At present he believed he did understand what his grandfather meant; but definitions are difficult things, so he preserved a discreet silence.

"You had a right to go into your grandmother's room," said Mr. Polwhele remorselessly, "but no right to open your grandmother's desk. That was being a prying little boy. It is because I do not expect you to do such things that I trust you to play where and how you please. Do you understand that much, Dicky?"

The child nodded. Then he wedged himself closer to his grandfather, as though conscious that proximity was his best defense, and ventured upon a change of theme. "Charles says the kittens are not in the cellar," he murmured softly.

Mr. Polwhele accepted the flag of truce proffered with timid confidence. He understood Dicky's little well-bred effort to reestablish friendly relations. His mind flew backward over sixty years, and he saw himself — a convicted culprit — endeavoring to engage his mother in amicable conversation, while her darkened brow and the near prospect of his father's homecoming gave him just cause for uneasiness. A delicious warmth filled his heart as he contemplated the beloved little inheritor of his own proclivities. They were alike, though seemingly so different. In the drawer of his writing-table lay a daguerreotype of a boy, — a square-headed, snub-nosed boy in a clumsy jacket, — and many times had he traced with a cunning hand the points of resemblance between this picture and the smooth-browed, serious child at his knee. His sense of contentment grew strong and sweet when

Dicky's arm stole around his neck, and Dicky's gray eyes mutely begged for pardon. He was by nature stern, and held that all transgressions should be paid for heavily; but the dearest thing in life to him was his grandson's intimacy of affection. Not for worlds would he have risked the loss of this comradeship. The child was not characteristically fearless; he had learned that from his grandfather there was nothing to be feared.

Perhaps Mrs. Polwhele was right when she laid stress upon what no one else had ever been able to perceive, — Dicky's nervous temperament. Certainly the breaking of the box, or the loss of Alexander's kittens, or some other cause unknown, had lowered his spirits and subdued his customary activity. He ate very little dinner, and refused a second plate of ice-cream. Even Alexander's disappearance, which occurred immediately after the meal was eaten, failed to arouse him to pursuit; and he spent the afternoon looking languidly over his favorite books, Retzsch's *Outlines of Faust*, and Finden's *Beauties of Moore*. The latter volume was his soul's delight. Prone on the hearth-rug, he sped from engraving to engraving, dwelling amorously on the opulent charms which each lady so lavishly displayed. The Desmond's Love was preëminently a favorite, though Nourmahal and Zelica pressed her hard. Kathleen weeping over her unresponsive saint, and Lea dying in the arms of her radiant angel, thrilled his little heart; while to the adventurous damsel who wandered over Erin, encumbered with "rich and rare" gems, he paid the homage of an infant Galahad.

His absorption in his harem of beauties grew more profound as he surrendered his soul to their seduction; and when his half-sisters called for him at four o'clock, they found him — no

unusual occurrence — exceedingly unwilling to go home. He clung to his grandfather's chair, inventing one excuse after another to necessitate a few moments' delay; and, when departure became inevitable, his brow clouded, and only the timely recollection that he was not a girl saved him from the degradation of tears. Mr. Polwhele smiled as the troubled little face was lifted to his own. Even while enjoining obedience, he exulted secretly over Dicky's reluctance to obey. At the last moment the child's gray eyes sought his grandfather's with an impelling earnestness of gaze. A little choking sob rose in his throat. He made a futile effort to hold back as he was led through the doorway, an effort frustrated with pardonable impatience by the sisters. There was a slight but audible scuffle in the hall, and the door closed between grandfather and grandson. The Sunday's visit was over.

Mr. Polwhele stirred the fire, put on another log, lit a second cigar, picked up the *Voyage of the Beagle*, and abandoned it for the *Beauties of Moore*, which had been left open on an adjoining chair. He glanced with amusement at the Desmond's disheveled love, and at the still more disheveled Eveleen mourning in her dishonored bower. His mind was filled with the thought of Dicky lying on the hearth-rug, turning the pages with elaborate care, and seeking now and then a word of explanation. Why was the angel with beautiful folded wings called a Peri, and the lady sitting in the forest a "stricken deer"? Mr. Polwhele's smile broadened as the image of his grandson became more and more distinct, and he rehearsed meditatively the incidents of the day.

Then before his mental vision the seven-year-old Dicky grew to be seventeen, to be twenty-seven. What glorious chances would be his in life! Mr. Polwhele held, theoretically, that young

men should work their way through the world. He had well-defined views on the value of incentives, and subscribed cordially to the current American belief that scant education, hard toil, and early anxieties, make a strong and successful citizen. Yet, none the less, he exulted in the thought of the great wealth which would be his grandson's portion, and of the limitless opportunities it would give him. None the less he rejoiced in his heart that Dicky would not have to work as he had worked, to save as he had saved, to know the sharp insistent cares which had been familiar to his early manhood. He had sown; his grandson should reap. He had fought the battle; his grandson should enjoy the victory. Richard Polwhele the third, a fair and unstained name, for the old merchant held his honor high. There was good blood flowing in his veins, and Dicky should inherit traditions as well as wealth, — traditions which should rob wealth of its perils. In a reverie so deep and blessed that the waning of the November day was unperceived, Mr. Polwhele sat smoking by the fire, and tasted with the tranquillity of old age the unstinted sweetness of life.

The entrance of the butler aroused him from his dream. Charles lit the lamps, observed austere that the open window was chilling the room, and he wondered if Master Dicky had n't caught his death of cold, closed it with ostentatious firmness, drew the curtains, replenished the fire, put the *Beauties of Moore* back in its exact place on the table, with Retzsch's *Outlines* on top of it, straightened the chairs, and withdrew. He was an indulgent servant, although his manner was severe, and his master stood in no real fear of him. Mr. Polwhele merely raised the window again as soon as he was alone, and had once more opened the *Voyage of the Beagle* when his glance

fell on the tortoise-shell box with the broken lid. He sighed as he picked it up, and surveyed the damage wrought by Dicky's awkward little fingers.

Poor Felicia! How many years had sped by since she handled this pretty toy! That his wife's desk, his wife's toilet-table, his wife's little bookshelf, should have been left untouched since her death was not proof of any deep sentiment on her husband's part. Everything under his roof had remained for that length of time in its accustomed place. The *Beauties of Moore* had lain in the same spot on the table when Felicia was alive, and Retzsch's *Outlines* on top of it. The bronze thermometer with a scantily draped female leaning aimlessly against a fluted column, the hollow glass ball inclosing a winter landscape which, when reversed, was hidden by whirling snow, had cumbered his writing-table since the beginning of his married life. And for thirty-seven years, yes, fully thirty-seven, the tortoise-shell box with its gold unicorns had been hidden in Felicia's desk.

Poor Felicia! She must have had some presentiment of her fate, for she had grown sad and silent during the last months of her life, and there was the shadow of fear in her charming eyes. Mr. Polwhele had never been an imaginative man, and business cares were then pressing upon him mercilessly; but he had learned to know that look of disquietude, and to pity it. There were times when he had felt a pang of apprehension, and had wondered painfully if many young wives paid with their lives for what was after all their highest happiness as well as their supreme duty. The end had come suddenly. Felicia had been swept from his path as a leaf is swept by the blast. She had never rallied, never regained consciousness after the premature birth of her baby; and the sad eyes with the tortured look in them had closed wear-

ily and indifferently upon the world.

It was a great pity. Richard Polwhele's regret went no further than this pang of sympathy for the dead who had lost so much by dying. No sense of personal loss had survived thirty-seven years to stab his heart at sight of his wife's trinket. He looked with approval at the beautiful little box he held, and lifted the broken lid. It was more than half-filled with letters addressed to Felicia; but crushed on top of these was a sheet of her own writing, the lines slanting nervously downward in a fashion her husband well remembered. He had many times laughed at her inability to "write straight," and had offered to rule paper for her, as for a child. He thought of this now as he took up the flimsy crumpled sheet.

There was an intricate monogram in one corner, a foolish tangle of letters, and beneath it came leaping from the paper the words, "For God's sake, Dickon dear." — "Dickon!" Richard Polwhele lifted his head, and frowned. When had Felicia ever called him Dickon? He had been Richard all his life. Not even in boyhood had his name been softened into Dick, and Dickon was an unfamiliar substitute. He had never known but one Dickon, Dickon Voss, and his frown grew heavier at the recollection. With the unhesitating impulse which forces us to face some hidden menace and put it forever to flight, Mr. Polwhele opened his wife's letter and read: "For God's sake, Dickon dear, come to me and take me away! The baseness of my own soul is killing me. I cannot bear it, indeed I cannot bear it any longer. If you do not take me away before your child is born, I shall never —"

That was all. There was no date, nor any need of one. Those faltering downward lines were the last Felicia Polwhele had ever written. Death had come in

her lover's place, and had ended her degradation. As the meaning of the words forced itself upon Richard Polwhele's mind, and a confused throng of incidents, indications, details, whirled madly through his memory, his first conscious sentiment was pity, — pity chilled by abhorrence of the thing he pitied. What weeks and months of agony had been borne by his young wife, who was so unfitted, physically and spiritually, for endurance. He knew now why the shadow of fear had deepened in her eyes, the desperate fear of a weak creature caught in a trap. The thirty-seven years that had passed since Felicia's death dulled for a moment his own sense of wrong. He looked back through a soft obscuring haze upon his blighted home. The baby —

Suddenly, as if a swift and scorching fire shot through his veins, came the thought of Dicky, Dicky his little grandson. No, not his, not his at all. Dickon Voss's grandson. Not his. God! could it be? There came a roaring in his ears, a horrible spasm of pain gripped his heart, his breath labored fearfully. Dicky! He raised his ashen face, and his staring eyes saw in the lamplight the little figure still lying on the hearth-rug, — the beloved little figure that was all the world to him. Then there rushed upon him tumultuously, mercilessly, the memory of the happy hours he had spent with his grandson by his side, the memory of the happier minutes when he had traced his own features, his own gestures, his own personality, in the inheritor of his name.

The bitterness which flooded his soul was acrid, hideous, unbearable. There was even something grotesque in the excess of his affection for this child of alien birth, this innocent impostor who had awakened the first overpowering emotion of his life. Mingling with his sense of personal down-

fall was a confused impression of general disaster, as if the walls of his house were swaying in an earthquake. The social fabric, built of necessity on woman's fealty, the well-ordered processes of civilization, which have for their sole support a thing so frail as woman's virtue, crashed into nothingness. Sickened by the shock, he steadied himself with an effort, and, as his vision cleared, his desolation deepened. He stood dishonored and alone in his old age. He had no grandson, and the child whom he loved better than his life was but the symbol of degradation and defeat.

The logs smouldered in the fireplace, a few red embers glowed and darkened, the curtains swayed in the rising wind. The room, so full an hour ago of warmth and comfort, looked sombre and menacing; but Richard Polwhele sat quietly by his blackened hearth, with his dead hopes for company.

DEAR MR. POLWHELE, —

Mother bids me tell you that Dicky is ill. He was feverish all night. Dr. Ellis fears it is diphtheria. He is isolated on the third floor with mother and a nurse. She says you had better not come to the house. She will not be able to see anybody, but Esther and I will keep you informed by telephone. Dr. Ellis was here before breakfast, and is coming again in the afternoon. He thinks, if it is diphtheria, it will be a light case. Mother says please not to worry.

Affectionately,

AGNES BRIGHT.

This was the missive which, on Monday morning, carried consternation to the heart of Mr. Polwhele's household. The servants gossiped solemnly about their master's infatuation for his grandson, and reached a unanimous conclusion that Dicky's diphtheria was a "warning." They were all of them

fond of the child, who had been gently reared, and who, as the cook observed, gave no more trouble to anybody than the blessed Saint Aloysius himself; yet none the less were they convinced that Dicky would die, and that his death would convey a salutary lesson. As for Mr. Polwhele, there was that in his face which forbade any approach to condolence. Even Charles did not dare to do more than transmit to his master whatever messages the telephone might have brought in his absence.

For five days these messages swayed from bad to good, from good to bad again; and there was a moment of sickening suspense whenever the sharp insistent clamor of the alarm was heard in the silent house. Mr. Polwhele went every day to his office, dictated his correspondence, and met Mr. Shepperton's open-hearted concern with a leaden composure, extremely disconcerting to that honest gentleman, who had been long accustomed to smile whenever the word "Dicky" was spoken. But those five days wrought in the senior partner a change too startling to be overlooked even by the poverty-pinched, light-hearted office-boy, who stared furtively at his master's averted face.

Richard Polwhele did not know that his eyes looked like the eyes of his dead wife, — hunted and desperate. He knew only that, hour after hour through the long day and longer night, his mind revolved wearily, ceaselessly, around one grim confronting question. If Dicky died, — his heart contracted at the thought, — the question would be answered. If Dicky lived, how should he, Richard Polwhele, deal with Dickon Voss's grandson? It was the same child whom he had taken into his arms on Sunday. The serious eyes, the soft curved lips, the loving little heart, were all the same. Could he eliminate the stain of parentage, and hold the boy as his own, simply because he loved him?

Whenever this thought grew sweet and warm, there came a cold breath of pride, and chilled it in his soul. Tradition and the instincts of race were too strong to be routed by affection. There were times when the image of Dicky fighting for his life obliterated all other bitterness, and deadened all other pain.

"He cries out for you constantly," Agnes had telephoned on the third evening. "Almost always he calls the doctor 'grandfather,' and to-day for a long time he thought you were in his room, and kept begging you not to go."

Mr. Polwhele whitened to the lips when he received this message. He did not groan aloud, because Charles, always eager for news, was standing by his side; but his step, as he climbed the stairs, was so unsteady that the servant longed, but did not dare, to offer him assistance. He had never been a hale man, though this made little difference. No mere bodily vigor could have withstood the two-fold pressure, the unceasing, unresting conflict which was grinding his life away. Dicky cried for him. Dicky called the doctor "grandfather." The little grating laugh which followed this recollection was not good to hear. As well the doctor as another. In his misery he envied happier grandfathers whose little true grandsons lay dying. Their grief was sacred. If their hopes were broken, they had peace with honor; while from his roof peace and honor had forever fled. Dicky cried for him. Dicky, in his fever, begged him not to go. Dimly he perceived the sweetness which would have underlain fear and pain, had not sin robbed sorrow of its worth.

The sixth day brought a change of news. Dicky was better. The anti-toxine had done its work. The throat was clearing. The fever was gone. Dicky was very weak, but the doctor was encouraging, and they were all full of hope. So the messages ran, and the

servants in Mr. Polwhele's house, having kind Irish hearts, rejoiced in the downfall of their predictions, which is a generous thing to do. Sunday, the seventh day, brought many visitors, sympathetic and congratulatory, but Mr. Polwhele saw no one. On Monday morning he did not go to his office. He could not face the felicitations of his partner. He could not trust himself to say with a smile that his grandson was improving. He feared to let his haggard eyes rest on the eyes of friends. At breakfast-time word came that Dicky had slept well and was visibly stronger. At noon one of the sisters telephoned that Dr. Ellis pronounced the little patient to be "doing splendidly." In the evening the doctor himself informed Mr. Polwhele over the wire that he had just left his grandson, and considered him out of danger.

So it had come to this. There would be no intervention of Providence to take from him, Richard Polwhele, the duty of decision. Dicky would live. He would get well, and come again to the house, as in the old innocent days, and lie on the hearth-rug, and look at the *Beauties of Moore*, and play with Alexander's kittens, and lean his little fair head upon his grandfather's shoulder. The man who had been Richard Polwhele ten days ago would have been happier than the angels in Heaven at the bare thought of such felicity. The man who was Richard Polwhele to-night shivered and grew cold at heart. Dicky would live. He would grow up to inherit a name and a fortune which should never have been his father's, and to which he had no right. Dickon Voss's grandson. Mr. Polwhele knew the stock from which the child had sprung. Twenty years ago Dickon Voss had died, and the tongues which had spoken evil of him were silent now, because he had been forgotten by his world. But his was a tarnished mem-

ory to lie hidden under the shelter of an honest man's name.

Hour after hour, hour after hour, Mr. Polwhele bade himself decide. It had never been his life's habit to postpone any decision when the time for resolution had come; and, if the child were out of danger, the time had come to-night. Hour after hour, hour after hour, love fought a losing battle with pride, and shame, and anger, and with the invincible force of inherited purposes and principles. Love fought hard, bringing up again and again and again the image of Dicky in the fire-light, whispering with Dicky's voice, touching the bowed head with Dicky's gentle fingers, pressing soft kisses with Dicky's lips upon the withered cheek. But like a wall of ice around the old man's heart was the thought of Dickon Voss's grandson. At midnight the struggle was over. Love was routed. Mr. Polwhele wrote, with infinite difficulty but in a legible hand, a letter to his lawyer, appointing an hour for a meeting the next day. The letter, stamped and sealed, was found on his table in the morning, but no one thought to mail it, for Mr. Polwhele was lying unconscious on the floor, and at first the servants thought that he was dead.

He did not die until thirty-two hours later. Mrs. Polwhele, properly disinfecting and with the connivance of the doctor, hurried to his bedside, and tried to tell him, amid many tears, that Dicky was getting well, that Dicky sent him love. She looked worn and white with anxiety, and she gave every one to understand that Dicky's illness had been too much for the grandfather who idolized him. Striving tenaciously to force her way through the barriers which hedge the dying, she knelt for hours by the bed, saying over and over again, "Father dear, Dicky is not going to die. Dicky is going to live. Fa-

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ther dear, he loves you so, he longs so to see you. Father, do you understand?"

But there was no answering light in the old man's eyes, no least pressure of the old man's hand.

"Do you think he is absolutely unconscious?" Mrs. Polwhele asked the doctor; and the grim answer was: "No one has ever come back from this stage to tell us anything."

When night fell, Charles hounded the other servants to their beds, but refused, himself, to leave his master's side. He sat with the nurse, and watched the spark of life which was so feeble and yet so terribly hard to extinguish. With the earliest dawning of day Mr. Polwhele died.

"The fact is," observed Mr. Shepperton after the funeral, "that the shock of the boy's illness killed him. He looked like a dead man the first day he got the news. When I heard he'd had a stroke, I knew all was over with him, and I was n't a bit surprised either. I'd expected something of the kind from the start. There never was a man or woman so wrapped up in a child. And here's Dicky just as well as ever."

"I suppose the boy will inherit everything?" said Mr. Shepperton's son-in-law, freeing himself from his black gloves.

"Everything, without a shadow of a doubt. A few legacies off the lump, and all the rest goes to Dicky."

"It's a great deal too much for one boy," said the son-in-law peevishly. "Send him straight to the bad, in all likelihood."

"Well, I would n't say that," corrected Mr. Shepperton. "He is a nice little lad, and he has good blood in him, good blood."—And the junior partner sighed deeply. Richard Polwhele had been his lifelong friend, and he sorrowed sincerely for his death.

ANATOLE FRANCE: AN IMAGINARY INTERVIEW

BY CLAUDE C. WASHBURN

It was a November evening. Outside, the rain was sweeping in gusts against the windows; but indoors, with the curtains drawn and a fire burning on the hearth, my little sitting-room was warm and cheerful. I had spread my papers out on the table before the lamp, and put a new pen in the holder; but as I rose to light what I swore should be my last cigarette before going to work, one of the tiny logs in the fireplace collapsed with a shower of sparks. A sudden blaze followed that illumined the whole room, and shone especially on the green, gold-lettered back of a volume in one of the shelves opposite. I stepped across and took it down. It was *Le Mannequin d'Osier* of Anatole France, the book that I love the best in contemporary literature. I carried it over to my place by the fire and opened it, with that sweet sense of doing something a little wrong, to a favorite passage, intending to read only a few lines. But once under the spell of its incisive gem-like French, and the searching irony of its philosophy, I could not lay the book aside, but read on and on, turning the leaves in spite of myself, resolving as I began each new chapter that when it was finished I would stop, and each time breaking the resolution, until finally I reached the last word of the last page, and closed the covers with a sigh.

Then I glanced at my watch; it was one o'clock. Too late to do any work now, and there was no good in regretting; so I put my papers away, and sitting back, with *Le Mannequin d'Osier*

still in my hand, fell to reflecting on it, and wondering about its author.

It is strange how few among the great men of the past one wishes he might have known personally. I should like to have met Shakespeare and Mozart and Molière, it is true, and I would give all I possess to have been the humblest of Shelley's friends. But as for most of the others, I am content with what they have left me of themselves. Toward authors of our own day, however, our feelings are necessarily different. We are in sympathy with their point of view. Their ideas are ours, only completer, more logically developed, better expressed. Their faults especially, which we possess in a greater degree, endear them to us. Thus it frequently happens that in reading a contemporary author we feel him to represent what is best and most worth-while in us; we are conscious of a desire, that is almost introspective, to meet this higher self face to face. So it was with me, as I sat looking into the fire, and fingering abstractedly the familiar pages of the book I had just reread.

I ran over in my mind all the scattering information I had been able to gather concerning Anatole France—or Monsieur Thibaut, if you prefer his real name. He lived, some one had said, in a very small and closed society; and when he entered a *salon* every one was suddenly silent as at the entrance of a king. What means were there for an obscure foreigner to meet this genius, acquaintance with whom had become so rare and precious a thing for his own coun-

trymen? I might write to him, but my letter would be only one of perhaps fifty. It had doubtless been many years since he had been able to feel anything but weariness in glancing over these monotonous outbursts of anonymous praise. Perhaps he no longer read them, but employed a secretary just to throw them into the fire. Nevertheless the idea tempted me. There could be no harm in writing, and I did not need to send the letter. I drew up close to the table and began.

It proved a difficult undertaking. All the thoughts awakened by the Abbé Guitrel, the préfet Worms-Clavelin, and the observations of Monsieur Bergeret — thoughts that touch on nearly every subject under the sun, as you will know if you have read the book — clamored to be expressed, and go trailing page-long parentheses behind them. But this would not do. The language of a letter fit for the greatest modern master of French to read must be concise and straightforward. I ended by suppressing the thoughts. When I had finished and was considering the scanty result, I reflected that to have spent the evening in work would have been less laborious. But here is what I had written: —

MONSIEUR: —

It is only because, having just reread *Le Mannequin d'Osier* for the fourth time, I feel it would be ungrateful not to try to express something of the humble admiration I have for the creator of Monsieur Bergeret, that I venture to write to you. When I read *Le Livre de Mon Ami* and *Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard* I had self-restraint enough to repress the impulse I felt to tell you of the delicate pleasure they gave me; but with your *Histoire Contemporaine* it is different. Those four volumes have done more than afford me keen enjoyment: they have made me think

thoughts I should never have discovered by myself. Their point of view has helped to form my own. For the second one of the series I have a greater admiration than for any other prose work of the last twenty years. It would be useless to write you what I think of the book; if this were an intellectual letter it would be impertinent. Only permit me to say, monsieur, that we “transatlantiques,” as well as your own countrymen, appreciate the wholesome irony, the profound philosophy, the interest in humanity as it is, and the perfect art of *Le Mannequin d'Osier*.

It would have shown, I know, a truer gratitude on my part to have spared you this expression of enthusiasm, but I could not help myself. Before a splendid spectacle in nature one invariably utters a cry. The spectacle is not improved or in any wise changed, but the cry is irrepressible; it is uttered for one's self. Thus this letter is written really for myself. If you should take it in any other way I should fear that you thought me a seeker of autographs.

Croyez, monsieur, etc.

Here followed my name (written very legibly); I did not add the address (it was printed on the paper).

I laid the pen on the table, and pushed back my chair, then leaned over to throw more wood on the embers that were growing gray. In the morning I would send the letter.

Time passes as though one were only looking into the fire; events are scarcely more real than dreams. Could it be that the month had changed to December, and the rain to snow, when one morning Eugénie brought me, together with two wedding announcements from America (for five years my friends seem to have had nothing to do but marry), an envelope addressed to me in an unfamiliar hand, bearing the Paris postmark! I shall never

feel anything sweeter or more improbably perfect than my joy at the contents. They were simple, only a few lines on a sheet of thin paper: —

VILLA SAID,
AVENUE DU BOIS DE BOULOGNE,
December tenth.

MONSIEUR: —

Permit me to thank you for your flattering letter, and to express the hope that if you have no other engagement for Wednesday the fifteenth of December you will be kind enough to call on me that afternoon between four and five o'clock.

Be assured, monsieur, that I do not think you a "seeker of autographs," *et croyez, etc.*

ANATOLE THIBAUT
(Anatole France).

If I had no other engagement! I would have canceled anything, — even an appointment to take tea with Madame Steinheil!

Looked back upon, one's life is a series of disconnected scenes, islands floating in a sea of forgetfulness. There is nothing to prove to me that the days between that on which I received the letter and the Wednesday following existed; if they did, they must have been a period of impatient dullness. But the afternoon of the *rendezvous* is as distinct as yesterday in my memory, beginning with the moment when the servant led me from the door of the villa through a half-seen hallway to another door, the heavy hangings of which he held aside while I crossed the threshold, then let fall behind me. As I entered the room beyond, which I rather felt than saw to be a study, a man rose from an armchair beside an Empire table, and advanced to meet me. I was face to face with Anatole France.

My first impression, if I am to be honest, was not that he had wonderful

eyes, nor yet that he was below medium height, and was rather stout (though it might have been any of these), but a banal surprise that he should so strikingly resemble the portrait of him that I had seen at the Salon the preceding summer. It was less as though his likeness to it were remarkable (this, I suppose, because I had seen the picture first, was the perverse way I found myself putting the thought), than as though he actually were the portrait.

"You are very welcome, monsieur," he said, in French so exquisitely enunciated that the rasping quality of the voice itself was at once forgotten. "Pray be seated. Will you smoke?" Then, when he had lighted the cigarette he had proffered me, and his own, he sank into a chair opposite mine, and rested his chin in his hand. "You are even younger than I thought," he observed at last without seeming to look at me.

"You knew I was young?"

"Yes," he said, but in the tone in which he might have admitted that this was a large city or that we had been having cold weather. "You imagined that I had come to find letters of appreciation tiresome."

"You have not?"

"No," said Anatole France. "I still read them. Authors always do. I no longer get any pleasure from them except" — courteously — "such as yours, but were they to cease suddenly I should feel discontented and abused."

One end of his upper lip curled down into a cynical little wrinkle. He was like his own Monsieur Bergeret now, — and yet not like him either, less human somehow. I knew Monsieur Bergeret personally; I felt that I should never know his creator. I could not rid myself of the idea that he was just the portrait I had seen in the Salon.

"At all epochs," continued Anatole France, "the mind has been popularly considered as subject to none or to

strange and incomprehensible laws essentially different from those simple ones that govern the body. The murmurs of philosophy, whose persistent tendency has been to prove the contrary, have never reached the ear of the masses; and indeed had they done so, it is matter of doubt whether the masses would willingly have listened, for these popular misconceptions are obstinate and tenacious; it is through them that superstition and the belief in the miraculous maintain themselves. Philosophers welcome each reduction of complexity to simplicity as a new step toward the ultimate comprehension of the universe which is their dream; but the masses, cherishing the belief that certain things cannot be understood, look upon each such reduction with disapproval. Columbus was derided, and it is given to few to be as unpopular as Galileo."

I nodded approval. An immense pride was swelling in my heart. For I too had thought this out. The master whom I revered was expressing ideas I myself had felt. A desire to cry as much into his ear and force his admiration wrung me; but I suppressed it to listen again.

"The public, it is true, have," he went on, "some justification for the skepticism with which they have always treated the conclusions of philosophers, but I have only to turn my eyes inward to be increasingly convinced that here at least philosophy is in the right. The attributes of my mind — will, attention, and the rest — are, I observe with an instinctive displeasure, subject to the same laws that rule my body. The athlete experiences pleasure from his over-developed sinews during the brief time that he retains the memory of his former inferiority; afterwards, comparison becoming impossible once the recollection of what he was has faded, he is conscious of no

superiority. Nevertheless he has become the slave of his own strength. The muscles which he has trained into abnormal power must be ministered to, or a degeneration of his whole body will set in. Thus it is with the minds of authors. Their vanity has grown with pampering like the liver of a Swiss goose. Flattery, which at first afforded them enjoyment, has become a necessity."

He stopped, with a bitter smile.

"For pleasurable companionship," he added, "seek out men of affairs. Avoid authors and artists."

"And musicians," I suggested.

"And musicians," rejoined Anatole France fervently.

There was a little pause. I was unhappy; for my exultation that Anatole France had expressed my own thought was less than my dissatisfaction that he did not know it.

"There were so many things I wanted to speak to you of," I said at last helplessly, "and now they are all gone. Do you remember Heine's account of his meeting with Goethe? He had thought for years of the things he would discuss with the great man, but when he finally met him he found nothing to say except that the plums were ripe along the road he had followed."

"But I am very far from being Goethe," said Anatole France.

"Not so far as I from being Heine," I added hastily.

The author of *Thaïs* smiled again. "The compliment is neat," he observed.

I thanked him deprecatingly, but I felt secretly that he was right.

"You are the first American," he remarked, "to — you are American?" (I nodded) — "the first to write me concerning Monsieur Bergeret. I had fancied him unknown in your country."

"In America," I replied, "every one who reads French knows *Le Livre de*

Mon Ami, and every one who reads anything besides magazines and current fiction is familiar with *Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*; but those who delight in *Le Mannequin d'Osier*, emancipated as they are from social caste (for such emancipation is one of the essentials to understanding Monsieur Bergeret), belong, I think all the more, if unknowingly, to an intellectual caste, one of whose rules is that acquaintance with an author's books does not give one the right to infringe on his personal life. I have broken the rule. I am unworthy of my class."

"It was a foolish rule," said Anatole France.

His eyes sparkled, and I laughed. I was reminded of a fencing exhibition I had witnessed once at the exercises of a girls' school. There had been no lunging, but much saluting and courteous crossing of foils.

"You said in your letter," he remarked simply, "that you admired my *Histoire Contemporaine*, but you did not say why. I should like to know now — if you will tell me?"

I was flattered. It could be only interest in me that prompted his question; for he knew already a thousand times better than I why the books were masterpieces. He could learn nothing new about them from my reply, but he would learn what manner of person I was. My responsibility to myself was oppressive.

"There are so many reasons," I stammered. "I do not know where to begin."

"Beginnings are hard and invariably wrong," he observed thoughtfully, "so it does not matter; begin anywhere."

"I think most of all it is for their point of view," I said, "that I like the books, — the scrutinizing irony with which in them you look out on life, generalizing freely and acutely, but

honestly and carefully, never unworthily from the mere masculine love of generalization; and finding the most where it seems to me the most is always to be found, — in the little things. It was, unless I mistake, from the tearful brutish protest of the servant Euphémie that Monsieur Bergeret drew the profoundest reflection in *Le Mannequin d'Osier*, — that concerning the failure in the feminine mind to distinguish between the creative and the destructive forces."

"Yes," he assented.

"People have reproached you for treating too much the petty (*mesquin*) side of things, but that is because, accustomed to the heroics of most works of fiction, they forget that it is almost entirely of what is *mesquin* that life is composed. There are heroics — and heroism too — in your books; who will say that there were not both in the conduct of poor Madame de Bonmont? But, as nearly always in life, they were at the same time absurd; and this, too, was unpleasant to those readers."

"You are a warm adherent," said Anatole France with a smile. I flushed. "But what you say is discerning," he added kindly. "My *Histoire Contemporaine* will never be genuinely liked by the mass of readers, not even by the mass of intelligent readers: they have been fed too long on sweets, — though less here, I believe," he continued, "than in England or America."

"Oh," I exclaimed sadly, "in England and America it is considered praise to say of a book that it may without danger be placed in the hands of a sixteen-year-old girl. The effect on our prose has been appalling. That some books should be written for girls of sixteen, is well enough; that all books should be, is distressing. The result has been to bar our prose writers from the frank consideration of much that is

vitality important in life, and to force them often into hypocrisy."

"Yet you have had books which were not afraid to discuss things as they are."

"In the eighteenth century, yes; few since. Our poetry, thank God, has always been freer."

"Your poetry is inimitable; and your prose may yet be emancipated. Victorianism, Englishmen tell me, is dying."

"There was something else," I remarked a little timidly after a pause, "that I wanted to say of the *Histoire Contemporaine*. It will perhaps weary you, but I should feel an ingrate if I should go away without having said it."

"I should be sorry not to hear it," he returned. "What you have already said has interested me."

"It was," I continued, "that in the form of those books you have gone one step beyond the novel."

It seemed to me that, for the first time, I had really interested Anatole France. He looked at me keenly.

"The novel is a splendid form, — the best we have had," I went on, "and much has certainly been done through it; but even the novel truckles to romance. It has too sharp a beginning, too definite an ending; it is too much a whole to be capable of entire usefulness. In it the characters created fit together too nicely, so that in looking back from the end to the beginning one is aware of a rigid unity, a careful plan. To achieve such a work of art, to eliminate everything that has no bearing on the theme, to create only characters that serve in its development, must demand great talent; but, noble as the result is, it seems to me cramped by its own perfection. Life is not like that. It has both purpose and purposelessness. Things do not dovetail so accurately. Everywhere there are rag-

ged ends hanging loose. In the four books of the *Histoire Contemporaine* you let them hang. The characters you created have some influence on one another, but no more than they would have had if they had actually existed, and never for the furtherance of an artistic scheme. At times their lives touched, at times ran separately. And yet it seems to me that in standing aside as you did, in watching it all as an observer, in giving never your own view of life, but the view held by each of your characters, you achieved a wider and truer unity than was ever reached in a novel."

I paused apprehensively, abashed at my presumptuousness. But the author's look was kindly.

"Your appreciation," said Anatole France, "is very grateful to me. That was indeed what I attempted to do."

Then we talked on — mostly it was I who talked — of Monsieur Bergeret, of Madame de Gromance, of the Abbé Lantaigne, and the Abbé — later the Bishop — Guitrel, of the préfet Worms-Clavelin and his amazing wife, and of the dog Riquet.

"The dog Riquet," observed Anatole France, "has the character accorded by all novelists who are liked to their heroes. In his attitude toward life there are unselfishness, humility, and idealism. These qualities are, in fact, to be found only in dogs. That is why novels, as you have so justly observed, are untrustworthy."

I rose to go. "It would be useless to attempt to tell you, monsieur, with what gratitude and pleasure I shall remember this hour you have granted me," I said — and he must have recognized my sincerity, for his smile was kindly. "It is such courtesy as that you have shown me which makes me love Paris," I went on. (There were vague thoughts struggling to take shape at the bottom of my mind. I must ex-

press them; for I felt them to be worth while.) "Friends, I think, are for the big things of life" (I know I spoke confusedly), "to depend on or to help in the great emergencies, and the two or three friends one needs one can perhaps most readily find among his own people. But while the big things arrive only very rarely, the little things are with us every day; our very social existence is constructed of them. For them one has acquaintances; and acquaintances are more readily made here, I believe, than anywhere else under the sun. Friendship, after all, is somewhat barbarous, requiring on both sides a total loyalty which is unnatural, given the mutual knowledge of faults that must exist in so close an intimacy; acquaintanceship is less exacting and more civilized, binding one to nothing, and asking only that faults be kept discreetly out of sight for the time being. You knew, monsieur, that you would see me only for an hour and then perhaps never again, and yet there has been no hint of that in your kindness to me. You have talked with me as pleasantly as though we had dined together yesterday, and were to drive in the Bois to-morrow. Paris is the only civilized country in the world. That is why I love it."

"Thank you," said Anatole France. "That is a very pretty speech."

"It was a very long one," I replied.

"You live in Paris always?" he inquired, touching the bell.

"Yes."

"One has to be a little foreign to be a Parisian," he went on musingly. "Those Frenchmen who are not so already, hasten to marry an American or adopt an English accent. But you will go back."

"To my own people?"

"Yes."

"I am sorry you say that, for I have secretly known it all along."

"Why be sorry?" he asked. "Is it so dreadful — America?"

"No," I said quickly, "not dreadful. It is vulgar; but its vulgarity is only a sign of its exuberant vitality."

Anatole France nodded. "Vulgarity is to be found in whatever is great and young and splendid. Beethoven was vulgar, and Shakespeare, and Michael Angelo."

"No, truly it is not dreadful," I repeated remorsefully.

He smiled. "No one is so detached as he thinks himself," he said. "One destroys prejudice after prejudice and conviction after conviction, as a man in a balloon cuts the cords that connect him with the ground and prevent his rising to a point whence he can look down on all things with a just and comparing gaze; yet there are always a thousand delicate fibres that hold him back from perfect freedom. You are cutting, cutting, but you are not completely detached, nor will you ever be. When I asked you whether America was dreadful, you felt a swift shame at having insinuated as much. You are still patriotic."

"Perhaps," I murmured.

"Yet patriotism is just one of our innumerable prejudices. In a way, I confess to finding it admirable. I envy the ability of a man to hate passionately and inclusively a whole race simply because he does not belong to it. I envy him because such a hatred reveals an intensity of feeling of which I am incapable. I envy because I cannot understand. People are so pitifully alike [*se ressemblent si tristement*]," said Anatole France wearily.

"It is strange," he went on, "that patriotism should be so hard to shake off; for it is one of the most obvious prejudices. It is indeed no more than an expression of vanity, of the old thought, 'What's mine is better than what's yours.'"

"Perhaps that itself is the reason," I suggested. "Is not vanity very important?"

"True," he assented. "Not vanity but selfishness, of which vanity is a corollary. Selfishness is at the root of every creative impulse. Without it the world would stop—or that little scum on the face of the world, that senseless activity we call life—"

"L'espèce de corruption que nous appelons la vie organique," I quoted swiftly.

"I am flattered that you remember so well," said Anatole France. "Ambition, inspiration, love, — they are all forms of selfishness, love more than the rest, as it is the most intensely creative."

"But," I asked, "if patriotism is only vanity, why is it held to be something high and noble?"

"At all times," he replied, "men's vanity has made them contemplate incredulously their own futility, and led them to imagine themselves the tools of some higher force. With this premise, selfishness was no longer a conceivable motive. It does no harm for the philosopher to recognize that God is on the side of the greater numbers, but the common soldier must think differently. No war of aggrandizement, or of selfish interest, has ever been successfully waged without a noble catchword. 'God and My Right' was the slogan of Henry V as he laid waste France; the Germans sang '*Ein' Feste Burg ist unser Gott*' in the Franco-Prussian war, which was brought on by a forged telegram; and a poetess of your own country, I am told, has, in a popular hymn, made the armies of the North, in your late war, suggest that as Christ 'died to make men holy' they would 'die to make them free.'"

The servant had been waiting a long time. Anatole France took my hand.

"Your visit has given me a real pleas-

ure," he said kindly. "I hope you will believe me."

"I must because I want so much to," I answered wistfully.

Then when I was almost at the door, "You will go back sooner or later to your own country," he added, "but do not feel badly. You will never quite become part of it. Even from a captive balloon one has a wider, less biased view than from the ground."

I drifted out of the house and down the Avenue du Bois in a dream. Anatole France had said that my visit had given him pleasure. Anatole France had talked with me as with an equal. And, indeed, reflecting on the interview, I was not displeased with myself. That speech on friendship and acquaintance-ship had held ideas. The memory of the mocking little smile that had played around one corner of the great man's mouth from time to time barely troubled me. It was for others that his face had taken those lines; me he had not laughed at, I was sure.

But, in considering myself, which I have always done rather closely (with an intense, if amused, interest which my growing conviction, that what I see there is rarely unique, keeps from becoming fatuous), I am continually amazed at the abrupt changes in my moods. Thus I had proceeded but a little way before my exhilaration left me like a fog that, suddenly lifting, lays bare the barren country beneath. I had seen Anatole France and heard him speak, and my sole concern was for what I had said, for the impression I had made. I had been given such an opportunity as would not come to one American out of ten thousand, and I had squandered it. I had had an hour with Anatole France, and I had spent it in trying to show him that he might talk to me without stooping. Moreover, it was clear to me at present that this too had been at the root of my de-

sire to meet my hero. I understood the twisted smile now, and was swept with humiliation. Then, effacing this petty shame with a profounder regret, came the thought of what I might have learned if I had not been preoccupied with myself. I had been unworthy of my riches; they had been, I muttered, as pearls before — I would not finish the quotation. The word was too offensive in French, and I was still thinking in French. I had indeed seldom felt more French than now when I knew so well that I should some day go back to America. And, after all, whatever I had missed, my hour with Anatole France had been splendid. (You will know without needing to be told that, having reached the end of the avenue,

I was gazing up now at the Arc de Triomphe, if, like me, you too have stood before it and felt your own inner bickerings stilled by its white solemnity.) But the regret, though less acute, remained. There were so many things I might have learned! Why had I not at least asked . . .

The bell in a nearby church boomed two, and I started up in my chair with a smile. When one looks into the fire it is as though time were passing; dreams are almost as real as events. It was still November. My letter to Anatole France was on the table at my hand. I picked it up, laid it on the coals, and watched it as it curled inward, turned black, and burst into sudden flame.

BACHELORDOM

BY ROBERT GILBERT WELSH

THE typical old bachelor — crusty, irritable, solitary — seems to be passing away, if indeed he is not already extinct. Nowadays there is every encouragement for Bachelordom, until it has developed from a single state to a United Kingdom with royal palaces in all great cities.

There was a time when the typical bachelor was pictured seated alone in a sadly neglected room, pushing a reluctant needle through unyielding cloth, as he strove awkwardly to sew a button on his coat, using the side wall of his room for a thimble. That is all done away with now, when the Universal Valet Company, Unlimited, sends its motor to the door of the Bachelor Apartments, and carries away the garments

of Benedick, returning them at nightfall, every button reinforced, every spot and stain effaced. And in what careless comfort does Benedick live! Unhindered by feminine niceties, he sets down his pipe where he will, and swings about his room in easy half-dress, shouting the Stein Song at the top of his voice without let or hindrance.

Over his head lives Sonntag, musical director at the Varieties. Friends supping with him in his rooms at midnight have argued vociferously the pros and cons of Wagner's music till Sonntag, weary of ineffectual argument, has silenced it by rushing to the piano and pouring out the music of *Tristan and Isolde*. The instrument has fairly trembled under Sonntag's mighty hands!

When he reached the culmination of the love-song in the second act, have not Sonntag and his friends made the very walls echo their approval? Yet no protests from wakeful womankind, in quavering soprano tones, have followed this untimely outburst.

Of all the dwellers here, only Dobson on the eighth floor approximates the typical old bachelor. What hair he has, long since ceased to require the shears; yet Dobson invariably pays a monthly visit to Tony's, where a farcical clipping is performed. There is a rotundity in Dobson's figure which goes well with the twinkle that may, at times, be found in his brown eyes. But there is a hesitancy about his footfalls which speaks eloquently of punch-loving ancestors and hereditary gout. If one is inclined to resent Dobson's occasional bursts of ill-temper, let him remember this inheritance, and deal gently with the legatee.

Many a cosy supper have I had with Dobson. As we have many tastes in common, he often invites my company; and as I can never resist an opportunity to pore over his books, I seldom decline. More than once I have neglected, to the burning point, the toast I was supposed to be making, being lured away by some favorite author, — perhaps Florio's *Montaigne*. The mellow old essayist is always associated in my mind with Dobson's copy in red buckram, with bold, beautiful letters on a faintly yellow page.

Dobson entertains so seldom, and a feast means so much to him, that he surrounds it with symbols and sentiment. We were going off for a tramp, one Sunday, over the Orange mountains. He magnified the trip into an Alpine expedition, and planned what he called a Swiss breakfast before we started. The rolls came from a Swiss baker whom Dobson had discovered in his roamings, for he loves to ferret in

odd corners of the city. Doubtless the goat's milk was merely bovine. The honey, I know, came from Jersey, but better was never pilfered from the bees in the valleys about Monte Rosa.

As we sat and enjoyed the good fare, Dobson's talk was all of mountain-climbing and Alpine adventures, of perils encountered in crossing crevasse and glacier. Alas, the only really dangerous crossings we made in our subsequent trip were over barbed wire!

One June day, we tramped the Wheatley hills and returned to the city in the moist summer twilight, warm and wearied. Dobson's room was cool and quiet, and here we enjoyed the Feast of Strawberries. His sister had recently sent him some china from England, — Wedgewood it was, quaint in shape, cream-tinted, and bordered with tiny strawberry vines and pendent fruit. I hulled the berries while Dobson read in a low musical voice translations which he had made from the Sicilian poets, exquisite idyls which even in prose version were vibrant with life and passion. Over the heaped-up berries we poured purple Chianti, frosted them with sugar, and sat feasting in silence, watching the twinkling lights in the city below us — and dreaming — dreaming —

At Christmastide, Dobson had a distinctive feast. Madame Rampolli, who lives around the corner and keeps a queer grocer's shop full of wonderful things, *grassini*, *marrons glacés*, and the like, baked at his request a loaf called by her *pantoni*. Of airy lightness it was, and toothsome! As you ate, occasional tid-bits scattered through, nuts, citron, and kindred delights, gave your appetite an unexpected fillip. Long after it was stale, we toasted it into crispness and crunched it delicately. But at Christmastide its freshness needed no toasting, and we ate it gratefully, washing it down with Dobson's favorite Chianti, while he sat and told me a

tale which never wearied in the repetition, — how he had spent Christmas once, in a hamlet in North Italy. On the eve of the Nativity, he joined the simple peasants of the countryside in the little church. Here mass was sung, and at the hour of midnight, a shepherd came in from the hills, bearing in his arms, nestled against his shaggy coat, a little lamb, which he gave into the hands of the waiting priest, while the people fell upon their knees amid murmured blessings and prayers.

From this feast, so full of Christian ideals, it seems a far cry to a banquet savoring of heathendom. When he is in a chatty frame of mind, Dobson telephones me, and I join him on my way uptown for a mingled dish of tea and gossip. Two quaint *cooksoom* of Royal Medallion china with glittering brass bases stand in state upon his table, near the copper kettle bubbling over the blue flame. We brew the tea, a simple operation when done in true Chinese fashion by pouring the boiling water over the fragrant green leaves in the *cooksoom*. Dobson learned the art from the Celestials in Mott Street. Watch him lift the dish in those deft fingers, and with Oriental expedition pour the amber brew into his cup, tipping the cover sufficiently to permit a generous flow, yet retaining the floating leaves imprisoned in the *cooksoom*. In Dobson's presence, you dare not ask for sugar, lemon, or cream, those superfluities of the feminine mind, or arrack, that masculine adulteration. He who drinks with Dobson, drinks as do the squint-eyed wearers of the pig-tail in Chinatown.

Do the ogling belles of the Flowery Kingdom who ornament the Royal Medallion ware and who exchange confidences thereon, affect our conversation? Or is it the result of the gentle beverage, so intimately associated with the fair sex? I have observed that at

this ceremony Dobson's talk is of a personal, gossipy nature. It is at such times that my host refers, however slightly, to the lady whose portrait hangs over his mantel, the flower of a long line of seafaring New Englanders, they who brought these *cooksoom* overseas. She sleeps now in a quiet churchyard, within sound of the ocean her people loved and labored upon. It is in memory of her that Dobson, who was surely intended to be the head of some happy household, lives alone in Bachelordom.

The blue flame under the kettle flickers and dies. The light of the late afternoon grows fainter and fainter. Shadows creep out of the corners of the room. Our talk becomes intermittent, and ceases at last. Who is this that, with a rustle of silken draperies, glides softly out of the shadows? Surely it is the lady whose portrait hangs yonder! You recognize her by the tortoise-shell comb in the quaintly dressed hair, and by the shawl of china *crêpe* falling over her sloping shoulders. She steals about the room, banishing its untidiness. Books are straightened on the table, curtains which swung awry fall into graceful folds, flowers smile upon the mantel-shelf. There is an unexpected orderliness and comfort about the place.

Listen! She is singing under her breath. She pauses and looks up. Now you, too, may catch the sound which arrested her attention. It is the prattle and laughter of children who seem to be coming toward her.

You glance at Dobson in his chair, — is he nodding? The lady pauses at his side, her hand on his shoulder, her eyes turned toward the children in the shadows. She is about to bend over and kiss the bowed head, and with a feeling of guilty intrusion, I pick up my hat, tiptoe across the room, and slip noiselessly through the doorway, out of Bachelordom!

STANLEY'S AFRICA THEN AND NOW

BY JAMES M. HUBBARD

THE tenth of November, 1871, is the most notable day in the history of Equatorial Africa. For on that day took place the meeting between two men, Livingstone and Stanley, on which depended the future of that vast region: whether it should remain, as it ever had been, "Darkest Africa," or whether the light of civilization should dawn upon its night. To have seen the two, one would never have dreamed that the fate of millions hung upon their meeting. Livingstone was a prematurely old man, so nearly worn out by the hardships of a most strenuous life that in a few months his faithful followers would find "the great master," as they called him, kneeling at the side of his bed, dead. Stanley was a young man of thirty, whose sole aim in the meeting was to get material for the newspapers of which he was the correspondent. But his previous career was such as to render him capable of any task which required simply resourcefulness, energy, and faithfulness to duty.

His father having died in Stanley's infancy, and his mother having cast him off, he was brought up in a Welsh workhouse. Inhuman cruelty caused him, a boy of fifteen, to flee from the "house of torture," as he calls it in his recently published *Autobiography*,¹ and soon after to ship as cabin-boy on a vessel bound from Liverpool to New Orleans. His treatment here was such as to cause him to desert from "the floating hell," it having been the frequent cus-

tom in those days for shipmasters to treat their boys with such brutality that they would desert on reaching port and so forfeit their wages. The next few years were spent in stores, on plantations, and on a Mississippi flatboat.

At the outbreak of the Civil War he enlisted in the 6th Arkansas Regiment, was taken prisoner at Shiloh, and carried to Camp Douglas, Chicago. His sufferings were such in this "prison-pen," that, to secure his release, his sympathies also now being entirely with the North, he enrolled himself in the United States Artillery service. But after a few days the prison-disease laid him prostrate, and he was carried to a hospital and soon after discharged, a "wreck." Two years later he enlisted in our navy as "ship's writer," and served till the end of the war. Being present at the capture of Fort Fisher, his graphic account of the bombardment was published in the newspapers, and a career as correspondent opened before him.

Next we find him in Asia Minor, where he is taken prisoner by a horde of Turkomans, severely beaten, and robbed of all his money. Then he accompanies General Hancock in his bloodless campaign against the Comanches, and Lord Napier in the English Abyssinian expedition. After other varied experiences in Spain, Egypt, Turkey, and Persia, we find him at last on the shore of Lake Tanganyika, successful in his search for the great missionary explorer.

For four months the two men were

¹ *The Autobiography of Sir Henry M. Stanley.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1909.

together, and the affection of the youthful adventurer for his companion became so great that on their parting, he writes, "I was so affected that I sobbed, as one only can in uncommon grief. . . . For a time I was as a sensitive child of eight or so, and yielded to such bursts of tears as only such a scene as this could have forced." The nature of the change wrought in him by Livingstone's influence can be learned from this extract from his diary, written on the day he received the news of his death. "Dear Livingstone! Another sacrifice to Africa! His mission, however, must not be allowed to cease; others must go forward and fill the gap. 'Close up, boys! Close up! Death must find us everywhere.' May I be selected to succeed him in opening up Africa to the light of Christianity! . . . May Livingstone's God be with me, as He was with Livingstone in all his loneliness. May God direct me as He wills. I can only vow to be obedient, and not to slacken."

This was not a mere passing impression, for in less than a year, November 12, 1874, he is again on the East African coast, ready to take up Livingstone's unfinished work. Equatorial Africa was a region of over two million square miles in extent, at that time practically unknown except in the parts adjacent to the sea. A few Europeans had reached the lakes from the east; one had ascended to them by the Nile; and another had traced the course of the Congo for a distance of between one and two hundred miles. The only contact which this vast territory, two-thirds as large as Europe, then had with the outside world was through the ivory and slave trade. In the eastern part gangs of natives, 240,000 in number, every year as late as 1892, men, women, children, taken captive for the purpose by the Arab traders, brought the ivory down to the coast. The cara-

van routes were strewn with dead bodies, for barely one in six who started reached the coast alive. Those who did were shipped as slaves to Arabia, Persia, and Egypt. Two children out of three of every family of the coast-natives were also taken as slaves by the Arabs. The western region bordering on the Atlantic had been for four centuries simply a hunting-ground for slaves.

Stanley's previous experiences in this region had shown him the physical difficulties which confronted the intending traveler. For when the question presents itself to him, "Shall I attempt to solve its mysteries?" he writes: "The torrid heat, the miasma exhaled from the soil, the noisome vapors enveloping every path, the gigantic cane-grass suffocating the wayfarer, the rabid fury of the native guarding every entry and exit, the unspeakable misery of the life within the wild continent, the utter absence of every comfort, the bitterness which each day heaps on the poor white man's head, in that land of blackness, the sombrous solemnity pervading every feature of it, and the little — too little — promise of success which one feels on entering it. But, never mind, I will try it!"

His first work of exploration in the interior was the circumnavigation of the Victoria Nyanza, to find out whether it was really one lake or a cluster of shallow lakes or marshes. On the north shore he was met by a flotilla of war-canoes sent by the King of Uganda to greet the white man and beg him to come and see him. Stanley accepted the invitation and for three months was the guest of Mtesa. The thing which most impressed him was the anxiety of the king and his chiefs to learn about the stranger's country. At one interview, many chiefs being present, the subject of the white man's faith was broached. With keen regret that Liv-

ingstone was not there, Stanley did his best to give some rudimentary facts. "As I expounded," so he writes in an article,¹ "I observed fixed attention on the part of the king and courtiers such as I had not noticed before. The rule had been understood by all that talk should be brief and various, but now it became animated and continuous. Gestures, exclamations, and answers followed one another rapidly, and every face was lighted up by intense interest. When we finally adjourned, the subject was not exhausted, greater cordiality was in the hand-shakes at parting, and Mtesa urged that we should continue the discussion on the next day. And so we did for several days. It seemed that the comparisons of Mohammed with Jesus Christ were infinitely more fascinating than the most lively sketches of Europe, with its wonders and customs; and truly the description of the accusation of Christ, his judgment by Pilate, and the last scene on Calvary, was the means of rousing such emotions that I saw my powers of discerning character had been extremely immature and defective."

On the happy suggestion that he should leave behind some souvenir of his visit, he began, with the help of the king's drummer and one of his own boys, to write upon thin and polished boards of whitewood, about sixteen by twelve inches, some of the things he had told them. At the end of his stay "the translations which we made from the Gospels were very copious, and the principal events from the creation to the crucifixion were also fairly written out, forming a bulky library of boards. When the work was finished, it was solemnly announced in full court that for the future Uganda would be Christian and not Mohammedan."

¹ "How I acted the missionary and what came of it." *The Youth's Companion*, December 20, 1900.

On his telling the king that he must leave him, Mtesa exclaimed, "What is the use, then, of your coming to Uganda to disturb our minds, if, as soon as we are convinced that what you have said has right and reason in it, you go away before we are fully instructed?" He explained that he was not an instructor in religion, he was simply a pioneer of civilization, but that if the king really wished for instructors he would write to the people of England to that effect, and he was sure they would send proper men. "Then write, Stamlee, and say to the white people that I am like a child sitting in darkness, and cannot see until I am taught the right way."

Stanley did write immediately, and gave his letter to one of General Gordon's staff who had come to the country on a political mission. Colonel Linant was killed on his way back to Khartum, but the letter was found on his dead body and given to Gordon, who sent it to England, where it was published, November 5, 1875, in the *London Daily Telegraph*. On the evening of that day the Church Missionary Society received twenty-five thousand dollars from an anonymous giver, and in a short time one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars had been contributed to the Uganda fund. When, a year later, the first missionaries reached the country, they were received with great public demonstrations of joy. On their return to their tents after their welcome, a messenger came, saying that the king wished to see them privately. Upon their being ushered into his presence the first question Mtesa asked was, "Have you brought the book?"

After leaving Uganda, Stanley went to the headwaters of the Congo and followed the river in its downward course, until, three years after leaving the Indian Ocean, he gazed upon the Atlantic. His work of exploration was

done; now for the harder task, civilization. "That was henceforth the main purpose and passion of his life," writes Lady Stanley. "For him, the quest of wider knowledge meant a stage toward the betterment of mankind. He had laid open a tract comparable in extent and resources to the basin of the Amazon, or the Mississippi. What his vision saw, what his supreme effort was given to, was the transformation of its millions of people from barbarism, oppressed by all the ills of ignorance, superstition, and cruelty, into happy and virtuous men and women. His aim was as pure and high as Livingstone's. But as a means, he looked not alone to the efforts of isolated missionaries, but to the influx of great tides of beneficent activities."

At first he had hoped that the English people would seize the grand opportunity which had come within their grasp. He spoke in all the great commercial centres of the kingdom, setting forth the immense advantages to trade in the opening of this magnificent country with its well-watered soil, now neglected, but richer than any in the Mississippi Valley. But the government and the people turned a deaf ear to his appeals, and he was obliged to accept the offers of King Leopold of Belgium, who had become deeply interested in African possibilities. Stanley's work as founder of the Congo State, the greatest single enterprise of his life, occupied five and a half years, January, 1879, to June, 1884. Twelve months alone were spent in building a road over mountains and along precipices around the succession of cataracts and rapids which separate the navigable part of the river from the sea. Hammer and drill in his hand, he showed his men how to use their tools, and they called him *Bula Matari*, "breaker of rocks"; a name which has been graven on his tomb as most fitly characterizing "his

central quality — concentrated energy victoriously battling with the hardest that earth could offer, all to make earth goodly and accessible to man." During a year and a half he negotiated treaties with over four hundred chiefs, established stations for a thousand miles along the Upper Congo, and did his best to abolish the slave-trade and put an end to the intertribal wars, two evils which cost Africa annually a million lives. In this work he was promised the aid of "Gordon Pasha," who had arranged to take the governorship of the Lower Congo, under Stanley, who was to govern the Upper Congo; and, together, they were to destroy the slave-trade at its roots. General Gordon wrote a letter to him in which he said that he should be happy to serve under him and work according to his ideas. But the call of the Sudan came just at this time, and the new state was deprived of the services of one who might possibly have changed for the better the whole course of its history.

What is the present condition of that part of Africa which Stanley, more than any one man, has opened to the outside world? The most graphic idea of the marvelous change is to be obtained by comparing a map of this region published thirty years ago with one of the present day. In the old one, except on the coasts, there is little except a great blank. In the new one the natural features, mountains, rivers, lakes, are delineated with greater minuteness and accuracy than on maps of some parts of South America, and the blank space is dotted over with towns and stations. The political relations of the country are shown by the coloration, for the whole of the two million square miles has been appropriated by the great powers of Europe, — England, Germany, France, and Belgium.

The isolation of the interior, Stanley felt, was its curse. What has been done

to remedy that evil? According to the latest statistics at hand, there are twelve hundred miles of railway in operation, and a thousand more are in process of construction. The Victoria Nyanza is reached by one railroad, and the journey which it took Stanley one hundred and four days to accomplish, and which cost him the lives of twenty of his followers, can now be made in three days and as safely as in England. A railway has been built around the Congo rapids, and a connection is to be made between its head of navigation and the Rhodesian railway system, which will soon enable travelers to go from the Cape to the mouth of the Congo, some six or seven thousand miles, by rail and steamer. For there are lines of steamers on the river, as well as on the lakes, and on the Nile to the northern border of Uganda. There are five thousand miles of telegraph, and the post-offices in the Congo State and British East Africa alone transmitted in 1907 three million letters, papers, and packets. The foreign commerce in the same year, of the whole region, was valued at over sixty million dollars, borne on vessels of 5,535,000 total tonnage.

The best impression of the progress made, however, can be obtained from a brief summary of what has been accomplished in each separate country. On the east coast the German Protectorate extends over nearly 400,000 square miles of territory, with a population estimated at seven millions. In the course of its quarter-century of occupation two principal aims on the part of the government are evident: the creation of adequate means of transportation and communication, and the education of the natives. Two railways, aggregating over two hundred miles, have been built, connecting two of the ports with the interior. At the terminus of one of them there are four motor

carriages for the transport of passengers and freight to and from another town farther inland. Wide, well-kept roads — on some of which rest-houses and stores are provided — run all through the colony. A telegraph line connects Ujiji, the place of the meeting of Livingstone and Stanley, with the rest of the world; and in the whole colony there were a year ago thirty-five post-offices and twenty-three telegraph-stations.

To aid in developing the natural resources of the land, the government has created several experimental stations for tropical culture and cattle-rearing, and there are also plantations of cocoa-palms, coffee, vanilla, tobacco, rubber, cacao, sugar, tea, cotton, cardamom, cinchona, and fibre plants. The value of the exports — mainly of these products — in 1907 was over three million dollars, the leading articles being sisal and rubber. The educational work is done by thirty-one government schools, including four for instruction in handicrafts, and the schools of eight missionary societies; the whole number of pupils being over twenty thousand. In order to gain such a scientific knowledge of the natives as will enable their German rulers to govern them wisely and use intelligently the means to civilize them, a special commission has been appointed to study the natives' physical and mental capacities, and is probably now on the field. So impressed was Mr. Roosevelt with what had been accomplished that he sent a telegram a year ago to Emperor William expressing his "admiration for the wonderful development and growth of German commercial and colonial interests in East Africa."

Progress has not been so marked in British East Africa, the territory lying directly to the north of the German colony. The conditions are different both as regards the natural features of the land and the character of its popu-

lation; but the real reason lies in the fact that it was taken possession of mainly to secure safe and rapid communication between Uganda and the ocean, and therefore there has been comparatively little interest felt in its development. But the most serious barrier to the introduction of western civilization, the supremacy of the Ma-sai, a nomadic tribe of warriors who destroyed or drove away all other tribes, leaving an extensive tract practically a wilderness, the home of countless herds of wild animals, has been broken down. Their depredations have been stopped, and they are gradually settling down as cultivators of the land. The railroad has been built to the Victoria Nyanza, and its central station, Nairobi, more than three hundred miles from the sea, is a town, to quote from a recent traveler and sportsman, Dr. W. S. Rainsford, in his *Land of the Lion*,¹ with a "fine broad well-metalled main street that runs for more than a mile straight from the railroad depot to the Norfolk Hotel." On the roadway there may be seen farmers, Boers, civil officers (for it is the headquarters of the government of the Protectorate), soldiers very smartly dressed, Arab and Somali traders, Hindu merchants, and Englishwomen, all of whom, "on every sort of 'mount,' — pony, mule, donkey, bicycle, in 'rickshaw or wagon, motor-car or camel cart, — pass ceaselessly up and down."

More than three thousand square miles of rich farming and pasture land have been allotted to actual or intending settlers, and there are more than four hundred European farmers and fifty thousand natives in the immediate neighborhood of the capital. The education of the natives seems to be mainly in the elementary schools attached to the stations of the different missionary

societies, British, French, German, Italian, Swedish, and American. The foreign trade two years ago amounted to over seven million dollars, the principal exports being hides and skins, ivory, grain, and rubber. As compared with the trade in 1900 it shows a threefold growth, the exports alone having increased from less than half a million dollars to more than two and a half millions.

The Uganda Protectorate, consisting of five provinces, is the smallest of all the colonies, but some of its people, the Baganda, have attained by themselves a higher level of civilization than any other African race. While the supreme rule is vested in Great Britain, the native kings or chiefs, whose rights are in most cases regulated by treaties, are encouraged to conduct the government of their own subjects. The province of Uganda is recognized as a native kingdom and is governed by a regency of three chiefs assisted by a native assembly, the king, Daudi, grandson of Mtesa, being a minor. The material growth of the Protectorate since Stanley's visit has not been great, for various reasons, principally its isolation, internal wars, and, at the present time, the destructive plague of the sleeping-sickness. But in other directions it has grown marvelously. The Baganda have acquired a written language and literature, and the products of the native press are numerous and of a high character. Two years ago there were 433 schools with native teachers, the whole number of pupils, including those in the mission schools, being over 28,000. At the same time there were 1870 Christian church buildings, and a noble cathedral at the capital, Mengo, built wholly by the natives, of brick, and capable of seating four thousand people. There are steamers on the Nile and the two great lakes, Victoria and Albert; telegraph-lines to the coast and

¹ *The Land of the Lion*. By W. S. RAINSFORD. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1909.

to Cairo; and a mail service by relays of runners, with money and postal orders and parcel-post exchange systems. The native Protestant church is now self-supporting, and does foreign missionary work among the contiguous pagan tribes.

The reports in regard to the Congo Free State, now the "Congo Belge," are so conflicting that it is difficult to give a correct impression of its present condition. But there can be no question that some of the elements of civilization have been successfully introduced. Lines of steamers run upon the river for over twelve hundred miles of its course, and transportation by rail is possible for nearly five hundred miles in different parts of the country. Numerous stations have been established, some of which are certainly centres of healthy influence upon the natives, while others are merely trading-posts and the headquarters of the native troops, who collect, mainly by force, the rubber tribute demanded by the government, or the company to whom the territory has been ceded. The foreign commerce has increased from about nine million dollars in value in 1895 to forty millions in 1907, the exports being almost wholly rubber and ivory. Of the imports, it is not surprising, but it is disheartening, to see that that which ranked fourth in value was the present curse of western Africa, spirituous liquors. Education is principally in the hands of the nearly six hundred missionaries, at about one hundred and fifty stations. The government, however, is not wholly inactive, for there are three agricultural colonies where children are collected and taught, and there are also governmental rubber and coffee plantations.

But the conditions at the best are far from being those which Stanley dreamed of and worked for during the best years of his life. From his *Auto-*

biography we learn that his interest in the country never flagged, and that the late King Leopold evidently appreciated what he had done and often asked him to go back to the Congo. "But to go back," he writes, "would be to see mistakes consummated, to be tortured daily by seeing the effects of an erring and ignorant policy. I would be tempted to reconstitute a great part of the governmental machine, and this would be to disturb a moral malaria injurious to the reorganizer. We have become used to call vast, deep layers of filth 'Augean stables'; what shall we call years of stupid government, mischievous encroachment on the executive, years of cumbersome administration, years of neglect at every station, years of confusion and waste in every office?"

There is little information to be given in relation to the last of the five colonies into which the Africa of Stanley has been divided, the French Congo, the great region lying between the Free State and the German Kamerun Protectorate. Its development has been checked largely by the lack of means of communication with the interior, and also, it is to be feared, by the misgovernment of the natives. But it has great natural wealth, as is shown by the fact that the value of its foreign commerce two years ago was over seven million dollars, which is more than double what it was four years before. The educational work seems to be entirely in the hands of the missionaries, who maintain over fifty schools, ten of which are for girls, with about thirty-six hundred pupils.

To forecast the future of this vast and most interesting part of the Dark Continent is extremely difficult. For there is every reason to believe that the progress by 1940 will have been greater than that of the past thirty years. Of one thing there can be very little doubt,

and that is, that immense tracts of what are now forest and jungle will then be cultivated, and the wealth of the world will have been greatly increased. Great quantities of all the products of the tropics will be raised and carried to the markets of the world; while the wants of the now civilized native, who will also be vastly greater in numbers, will have to be supplied from the mills of Europe and America. There is no part of the earth of equal extent which has such great undeveloped natural wealth, and this consists of things in rapidly growing demand, as rubber, cotton, sugar, and coffee, to say nothing of the incalculable store of valuable wood in the forests, and the iron and copper, of which large deposits have been found. And, it should be noted, there will be no difficulty in bringing these things to the world-markets, for there is practically no part of the Belgian and French territories which does not have a navigable river. In the three eastern colonies good roads and railways will connect the plantations and mines of the interior with the principal ports.

But who is to develop this untold wealth, and enrich the world by the products of intelligent industry? There can be but one answer to this question. It is preëminently the black man's country. With the exception of a small tract on the east coast, it is a land in which no white man can live for any length of time and retain his faculties in a normal condition. There can be no doubt that much of the misgovernment of the Congo native is due to the terrible influence upon the Belgian official of the climate and the unnatural surroundings. More than one traveler has called attention to the fact that some of the officials in the isolated stations are practically insane. The African then will change this wilderness into a highly cultivated and densely

populated land, and his rulers will be of his own people, and doubtless chosen by him. For it is now more and more the policy and avowed aim of some of the great Christian powers so to govern subject peoples of a lower grade of civilization that in time they will be able to govern themselves righteously. To secure this great end the missionary is a most cordial co-worker, and in the coming years there will be a great increase in the number of well-manned stations, and no part of the continent will be neglected.

One of the lights on the dark cloud that has hung over the Congo State since its creation is the fact that the interest of the Western world has been drawn to it to such an extent that a reform of the abuses of administration is certain to come within a short time. Another encouraging fact is the growing conviction that the education of the African should be, not simply that of the "three R's" as in the past, but largely industrial, as Dr. Rainsford has so forcibly shown from his recent experiences in East Africa. I myself am strongly inclined to believe that the corps of foreign educators will be greatly reinforced by men from Uganda. If in the time of their infancy as a Christian people, they carried the Gospel to their heathen neighbors, will they not now do still more to lift them to their own level? It may be quixotic in the extreme, but I look forward with much confidence to a day when there will be a union of the independent Equatorial African States, the capital and administrative centre of which shall be on the Uganda shore of the great Victoria Nyanza. But the one thing about which there can be no uncertainty is that in thirty years the one supreme aim of Livingstone and Stanley will have been accomplished, the civilization of Europe will have been poured into the barbarism of Africa.

LITTLE GRAY SONGS FROM ST. JOSEPH'S

BY GRACE FALLOW NORTON

IN the winter of 1903, a cold night and a colder dawning sent girls shivering to their work in the mills of an American town; among them Leonie X——, the still girl who never told her name. She, frail and weary as she was, slipped upon the icy pavement and fell. The hurt proving dire, she was carried to a small Franciscan hospital hard by, where she lay for two years — true to herself — saying little with her lips and much with her mournful eyes.

During the illness she wrote many "little letters to herself," which were hidden beneath her pillow, and which the good Sister Jérôme, who was her sole nurse, lovingly preserved after her death.

"Une odeur d'ether un jour de soleil."

I

THERE be some that seaward roam,
Adventurers of mere and main;
They watch the wave, follow the foam.
There be those that hunt at home,
Adventurers of pain.

There be those that leave the vale,
And from the hearthstone turn away,
Heart-homeless if their footsteps fail
Some houseless snowy height to scale,
Ere light dies with the day.

There be some would know the North,
And some would plant the desert-place;
Daily their feet are driven forth,
Their hands have measured the round earth —
Adventurers of space.

And they that hunt at home — that lie
Unhelped, alas, of near and far?
O gulfs as great gather their cry,
And hosts as fair their victory —
The seekers of the Star.

To leap to some sharp peak of pain,
To scream white-mouth'd upon those heights,
Transported by a truth made plain —
From mad despair to wrest the rein —
To delve in breathless nights

As they were mines of gold for men —
Bravely to launch on each new day
A hope, wave-racked and wrecked again —
To conquer through the fever-fen —
Toward Death to lead the way.

O, there be some that seaward roam,
Adventurers of mere and main —
They watch the wave, follow the foam;
There be those that hunt at home,
Adventurers of pain.

II

Nay, we are loads for them to lift,
And straws to show their current's drift,
And we are riddles they must sift —
Even riddles they must read.
And we are signs of their unthrift —
Ay — signs of tasks that they have left.
They shall be shriven with this shrift —
“Go make their need your need.”

III

There is a desert of despair,
Where never seed was sown;
There is a wilderness called night,
Wherein I lie alone,
And there my voice goes crying forth.
O were a sound a star!
My cry is all there is of light
In a land where no lamps are.

IV

If my dark grandam had but known,
Or yet my wild grandsir,
Or the lord that lured the maid away
That was my sad mother,

O had they known, O had they dreamed
What gift it was they gave,
Would they have stayed their wild, wild love,
Nor made my years their slave?

Must they have stopped their hungry lips
From love at thought of me?
O life, O life, how may we learn
Thy strangest mystery?

Nay, they knew not, as we scarce know.
Their souls—O let them rest;
My life is pupil unto pain—
With him I make my quest.

V

Mary, mother of Christ's body,
I have no songs to sing to thee;
The long, long years for thy grief's rack;
Mine eyes turn forward and not back.

The long, long past from thee to me
Is full of mothers' misery,
And griefs of girls and Stranger Sons—
The long, long hope before us runs.

The incense they have burned to thee,
O puzzling strange it is to me;
Slaughter of sons in thy son's name,
And motherhood turned to maiden's shame.

Mary, mother of misery,
Here I give thanks, girl that I be,

No son of mine shall drain the cup
That Jesu's hand hath fillèd up.

(Here I give thanks — girl that I be —
O the young torn heart of me!
Branch at the window telleth of Spring;
My body hath no burgeoning.)

O will-less, mute Maternity —
(Mary, mother of slavery).
No link I be in the long, long chain
Of human sighs and human pain.

VI

With cassock black, baret and book,
Father Saran goes by;
I think he goes to say a prayer
For one who has to die.

Even so, some day, Father Saran
May say a prayer for me;
Myself meanwhile, the Sister tells,
Should pray unceasingly.

They kneel who pray; how may I kneel
Who face to ceiling lie,
Shut out by all that man has made
From God who made the sky?

They lift who pray — the low earth-born —
A humble heart to God;
But O, my heart of clay is proud —
True sister to the sod.

I look into the face of God,
They say bends over me;
I search the dark, dark face of God —
O what is it I see?

I see — who lie fast bound, who may
Not kneel — who can but seek —
I see mine own face over me,
With tears upon its cheek.

VII

Friend, thy page says "Pleasure,"
Friend, my page says "Pain."

But what is the end of our reading?
O it is the same!
Knowledge each will be heeding.

Friend, thy path is pleasure,
Friend, I go with pain.

What is the end of our going?
O for each the same;
Ourselves we shall be knowing.

Friend, thy food is pleasure;
My bread and meat are pain.

What is the end of our living?
For each, for each the same!
Deep sight it will be giving.

VIII

My dearest, fairest hope
(O life's full bitter tide)
Had his Gethsemane last night
On the lone mountain-side.

Then out upon bare Golgotha
How great and sure he died.
At the right side of him and left,
Two fears were crucified.

IX

That day whereon I die they'll say,
 "How bright doth shine the sun!
A little cloud hath flown away,
 Its race with darkness done.

"A little cloud hath fallen in tears,
 That covered up the morn;
See now the earth sky-beauty wears
 And starry flowers are born.

"See now the earth fresh-clad, arrayed
 In robes that bear the rose;
A little stormy cloud that strayed
 Now homeward, homeward goes."

Yea, of my journey o'er the skies,
 My flight unto the flowers,
I pray more beauty shall arise,
 I pray — more light be yours.

THE DRAMATIC UNITIES

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

I

IN the ever-delightful pages in which Dickens describes the unexpected characters with whom Nicholas Nickleby is brought in contact during the days of his association with the strolling players under the management of Mr. Crummles, we are made acquainted with a worthy country gentleman, Mr. Curdle, who poses as a patron of the drama. When Mr. Curdle is informed that Nicholas Nickleby is the author of the new play in which the Infant Phenomenon is to appear, he expresses the hope that the young dramatist has "preserved the unities." He insists that incident, dialogue, and characters are "all unavailing without a strict observance of the unities."

"Might I ask you," said the hesitating Nicholas, "what the unities are?"

Mr. Curdle coughed and considered. "The unities, sir," he said, "are a completeness — a kind of universal dove-tailedness with regard to time and place — a sort of general oneness, if I may be allowed to use so strong an expression. I take those to be the dramatic unities, so far as I have been enabled to bestow attention upon them, and I have read much upon the subject, and thought much."

Very likely the creator of Mr. Curdle and Mr. Crummles would have found it difficult to give any better definition of the unities than this which he put in the mouth of one of his comic characters. But then Dickens himself did not pretend to have read much upon the

subject and thought much. Probably many a playgoer who has heard about the dramatic unities, and about the duty of "preserving" them, has no more exact idea as to what they really are than had Mr. Curdle. Indeed, we may find the term used by some dramatic critics of to-day with a haziness of meaning recalling the vagueness of Mr. Curdle's definition. Yet the term has a precise content, known to those who have really read much upon the subject and thought much; and the theory of the dramatic unities has a history which has been made clear only comparatively recently.

It is not uncommon to read references to the "unities of Aristotle"; and yet Aristotle knew them not and did not discuss them at all. It has happened of late that they have been termed the "unities of Scaliger"; and yet they were not completely declared by Scaliger. They are to be found formulated with the utmost sharpness in Boileau's *Art of Poetry*; but they were familiar to Sidney when he penned his *Defense of Poesy*. Ben Jonson "preserved" them; and Shakespeare refused to let them shackle him. Lope de Vega admitted their validity and yet evaded their rule, as he regretfully confessed. Corneille had never heard of them when he wrote his fieriest play; and they were at the bottom of the famous "Quarrel of the Cid," in which Richelieu involved the French Academy he had recently established. Lessing analyzed them unfavorably in the eighteenth century; and in the nineteenth Victor Hugo de-

ridden them in his flamboyant preface to *Cromwell*, wherein he raised the red flag of the romanticist revolt. And yet the dramatic unities are "preserved" once more in the *Francillon* of the younger Dumas, son of Hugo's early rival, and in the *Ghosts* of Ibsen, the austere Norwegian realist, — although in all probability neither of these latter-day dramatists had paid any attention to the theory which insisted that the unities must be preserved.

What then are these unities which some dramatic poets believe in but reject, and which others "preserve" without taking thought. What are they, and where do they come from? Why should anybody want to "preserve" them? How could anybody achieve this preservation without effort? To find the answer to these queries we must be willing to go on a loitering excursion through literature after literature: straying from French into Italian, and then wandering back into Greek, before strolling forward again into English, — an excursion which will force us to fellowship with Boileau and Aristotle, with Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, as well as with the ingenious critics of the Italian Renaissance, and with the ardent playwrights of French romanticism.

II

The clearest and most succinct declaration of the dramatic unities was made by Boileau when he laid down the law that a tragedy must show "one action in one day and in one place." It must deal with only a single story: this obligation is the Unity of Action. It must never change the scene, massing all its episodes in a single locality: this is the Unity of Place. And it must compact its successive situations into the space of twenty-four hours, into a single day: this is the Unity of Time.

When a tragedy presents a simple,

straightforward story without change of scenery, and without any longer lapse of time than a single revolution of the sun, then and then only are the three unities "preserved," as Boileau understood them. And in thus laying down the law which must bind the tragic poet, the French critic believed that he was only echoing the regulations promulgated by Aristotle, the great Greek, whose authority then overawed critics and poets alike. Yet Boileau would have held with the Abbé d'Aubignac, his predecessor as a critic, and with Corneille, his contemporary as a poet, that the strict observation of the three unities is demanded, not only by authority, but by reason also. Two and three hundred years ago, all men of letters seem to have agreed that even if the ancients had not prescribed these limitations, they would have been arrived at by the moderns independently, as a result of the strenuous search for the perfect form of the ideal play.

It was lucky for the theory of the three unities that its advocates sought to prop it up by this appeal to reason, since it was not actually supported by the authority of Aristotle. Although they were long called the Aristotelian Unities, only one of the three is formally set forth by the Greek philosopher, even if a second has been implied from one of his statements. Boileau and his contemporaries, like their Italian predecessors, made the natural mistake of thinking of Aristotle as a theorist, like unto themselves, as engaged in working out an ideal system for the drama. But this was just what Aristotle was not. Whether he was considering the constitution of Athens or the construction of the Attic drama, the Greek inquirer was unfailingly practical. He dealt with the thing as he saw it before his eyes, taking it as he found it, relishing the concrete and eschewing the abstract.

III

Of the three unities, only one is to be found formally stated in Aristotle's treatise. This is the Unity of Action; and it is as valid in the modern drama as in the ancient. The Greek critic declared that a tragedy ought to have a single subject, whole and complete in itself, with a beginning, a middle, and an end. This is true of every work of art, tragic or epic, pictorial or plastic. Every work of art ought to make a direct and simple impression, which it cannot make without a concentration upon its theme, and without a rigorous exclusion of all non-essentials. It is true that there are great works of literary art, in which we perceive two stories intertwined and demanding equal attention, — the *Merchant of Venice*, for example, and *Vanity Fair*, and *Anna Karénina*. But they are great in spite of this bifurcation of interest; and they number very few among the masterpieces of literature. In most of these masterpieces we find only a single theme, as in the *Œdipus* of Sophocles, and in the *Tartuffe* of Molière; in the *Scarlet Letter* of Hawthorne, and in the *Smoke* of Turgeneff.

Shakespeare is often careless in the construction of the plots of his romantic-comedies and of his dramatic-romances, — *Much Ado about Nothing*, for example, and the *Winter's Tale*; but he is very careful to give essential unity to the loftier tragedies in which he put forth his full strength, in *Othello*, and in *Hamlet*, in *Macbeth*, and in *Julius Cæsar*. In these supreme efforts of his tragic power he achieves not only the needful unity of plot, but also the subtler unity of tone, of color, of sentiment. With his customary acuteness Coleridge dwells on the "unity of feeling" which Shakespeare observes. "Read *Romeo and Juliet*," he declares; "all is youth and spring; — youth with all its follies, its

virtues, its precipitancies, — spring with its odors, its flowers, and its transiency; it is one and the same feeling that commences, goes through, and ends the play. The old men, the Capulets and the Montagues, are not common old men; they have an eagerness, a heartiness, a vehemence, the effect of spring; with Romeo, his change of passion, his sudden marriage, and his rash death, are all the effects of youth: — whilst in Juliet love has all that is tender and voluptuous in the rose, with whatever is sweet in the freshness of spring; but it ends with a long deep sigh like the last breeze of the Italian evening."

In asserting the necessity of the Unity of Action, the only unity which is to be found plainly set forth in his fragmentary treatise, Aristotle was anticipating the demand of Mr. Curdle that the dramatist should give to his work "a completeness, — a kind of universal dovetailedness, a sort of general oneness." Apparently the Unity of Action was the only one of the three unities that Mr. Curdle knew anything about, even though he had "read much upon the subject, and thought much." And it is the only one which has imposed itself upon all the greater dramatists, whether Greek or English, French or Scandinavian. It is the only one of the three which is now accepted as imperative beyond all question; and it is the only one the acceptance of which by the dramatic poet is everywhere and everywhen to his abiding advantage.

Thus we see that Boileau was justified in demanding that tragic poets should deal only with a single theme. Was he right also in insisting that they should limit the action to a single day and to a single place? And what was his warrant for believing that they should impose these limitations on their freedom? His justification was twofold: the appeal to reason and the appeal to authority, — to what had been

read into Aristotle's treatise, although it had not been explicitly expressed therein. Yet there is possibly some slight foundation for the belief that Aristotle had declared the Unity of Time, as well as the Unity of Action. The Greek drama was acted outdoors in the level orchestra of the theatre; and the single story of the play was unrolled before the audience without any such intermissions as our modern inter-acts. The Greek playwright was therefore under strong pressure to relate his successive episodes as closely as he could, to avoid distracting the attention of the spectators from his plot to the mere lapse of time. Therefore he tended to avoid all mention of time, and to present his situations as following swiftly one after the other.

IV

"Tragedy endeavors," so Aristotle tells us, "so far as possible to confine itself to a single revolution of the sun, or but slightly to exceed this limit." But the great critic is not here laying down the law; he is merely declaring the habitual practice of the playwrights whose works he was studying, to spy out their secrets. He is not asserting that this must be done; he is only informing us that it was done as far as possible. He could not help knowing that it was not always possible, and that when it was not possible the Greek dramatists did not hesitate to extend their plot over as long a period as they might think necessary. For example, the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus begins with the Watchman on the tower looking for the flaming signal which was to announce the fall of Troy, flashing from beacon to beacon, from hilltop to hilltop, across leagues of land and sea. At last the Watchman catches sight of the blaze, and he descends to tell Clytemnestra that her husband is that day set

free to depart on his long voyage homeward. It would be many more days before the hero could be expected to arrive; and yet in the middle of the play Agamemnon appears and enters his palace to meet his death. Here is a long lapse of time, foreshortened by the dramatist, because it was not possible otherwise to deal advantageously with the story.

It may be admitted that the *Agamemnon* is the only extant Greek play which covers so protracted a period. But that Æschylus should have ventured to do this is evidence that the Greeks themselves had accepted no hard-and-fast rule compelling them to limit the duration of the story to twenty-four hours. Now, if the Unity of Time was not always observed by the Greek dramatic poets, and if it was not formally prescribed by Aristotle, how did it come into being? Thanks to Professor Spingarn's illuminating investigation into Italian criticism during the Renaissance, this question is now easy to answer. Giraldo Cinthio — from one of whose tales Shakespeare was to derive the suggestion for his *Othello* — wrote a *Discourse on Comedy and Tragedy*, in which he limited the time of a play to a single day, thus converting Aristotle's statement of a historical fact into a dramatic law, and changing Aristotle's "single revolution of the sun" into a "single day." A little later, another Italian critic, Robortelli, cut down the time to twelve hours, "for as tragedy can contain only one single and continuous action, and as people are accustomed to sleep in the night, it follows that the tragic action cannot be continued beyond one artificial day." And a little later still, yet another Italian, Trissino, declared that the Unity of Time is imperative on all playwrights, although it is disobeyed "even to-day by ignorant poets."

This final sneer is very significant.

In the Italian Renaissance, all literature — and criticism more especially — was frankly aristocratic. It made its appeal, not to the many, but to the few; it was not for the plain people, but only for the cultivated, who were alone capable of understanding the artist. This attitude is not dead in America to-day; it was universal in Italy four centuries ago. The educated classes had come into the splendid heritage of the classics; and they felt themselves more than ever elevated above the common herd. What the common herd could enjoy was by that very fact discredited. The men of letters kept aloof from the vulgar throng; they were artists working for the appreciation of their fellow dilettantes. To take this attitude is ever dangerous, even for the lyric poet; for the dramatist it is fatal. The drama is of necessity the most democratic of the arts, making its appeal to the people as a whole, educated and uneducated alike. But the Italian critics despised the popular acted drama of their own day; and they deemed it wholly unworthy of consideration. However much they as individuals might enjoy the rollicking comedy-of-masks or the more primitive sacred-representations (as the Italians called their passion-plays), they as a class despised these unpretending folk-plays. So Sidney, who had been nurtured on Italian criticism, despised the popular drama, which was the connecting link between the rude mediæval mystery and the noble Elizabethan tragedy.

Here indeed is the difference between Aristotle and his Italian commentators. He was a regular playgoer; and the principles he sets forth are only the results of his study of a great dramatic literature as this was vividly revealed in the actual theatre. They had never seen a good play well acted. What they had beheld on the stage was not good according to their standards; and what

they esteemed good they could not behold on any stage. This explains their academic theorizing, their pedantry, their insistence upon conformity with arbitrary limitations. While Aristotle, with the hard-headed common sense of the Greek, had his eye fixed on the concrete as he saw it, they, with the super-ingenuous subtlety of the Italian, bent their gaze on the abstract.

V

The Unity of Action was proclaimed by Aristotle; the Unity of Time was elaborated into a rule from one of Aristotle's casual statements of fact; and the Unity of Place was deduced by the Italian critics from the Unity of Time, as Professor Spingarn has made plain. Almost suggested by Scaliger, it was actually formulated first by Castelvetro, who differs from his contemporaries in that he takes account of the desires of a possible audience. It is true that Castelvetro, in spite of his talk about the actual stage, knew quite as little about it as any of his contemporaries. Yet he declares it to be the duty of the dramatist to please the spectators, of whatever sort, and to consult always their capabilities. He has no high opinion of the intelligence of these spectators, believing that they cannot imagine a lapse of time or a change of scene. At least, he suggests that they would be annoyed if the action was not confined to one day and contained in one place.

The fallacy underlying Castelvetro's theory is the result of his assumption that the spectators, while sitting in their seats, suppose themselves to be witnessing reality. He fails wholly to appreciate the willingness of an audience to "make-believe" almost to any extent. And his own logic breaks down when he convinces himself that the spectators cannot imagine two or three

places in turn, just as well as one at a time, and that they are not ready to let the author pack into the three-hours traffic of the stage the events, not of twenty-four hours only, but of twelve months or more. He does not grasp the conventions which must underlie every art, and which alone make an art possible. Every artist must be allowed to depart frankly from the merely actual, if he is to please us by his representation of life as he apprehends it.

Probably the Unity of Place would not have taken its position by the side of the Unity of Time and the Unity of Action, if it had not seemed to be supported by the practice of the Greek dramatic poets. In the surviving specimens of Attic drama there are a few instances where the action is apparently transported from one spot to another. But in the immense majority of the Athenian pieces which have come down to us we note that the story begins and ends in the same place. And the reason for this is not far to seek. The Greek drama had been evolved out of the lyrics of the chorus; and to the end of the Athenian period the chorus continued to be a most important element of a tragic performance. When the chorus had once circled into the orchestra, it generally remained there until the end of the tragedy. Now, this presence of the chorus before the eyes of the spectators prevented the dramatist from shifting the location of his action even if he had desired to do so. He could ask his audience to imagine a change of place only when the orchestra was empty, which was very rarely the case. Furthermore, we must keep in mind the fact that the theatre at Athens was in all probability devoid of scenery, and that therefore there was no way of visibly indicating a change of place.

This, then, is the theory of the three unities, long credited to the great Greek

critic, but now seen to have been worked out by the supersubtle Italian critics of the Renaissance. Indeed, there is little exaggeration in saying that they evolved it from their inner consciousness. From Cinthio, Scaliger, Castelvetro, and Minturno, the theory passed to Sidney and Ben Jonson in England, to Juan de la Cueva and Lope de Vega in Spain, to the Abbé d'Aubignac and Boileau in France.

VI

For two centuries and more this law of the three unities, and also the other rules elaborated at the same time by the same Italians, were accepted throughout Europe by almost every critic of the drama. There was an established standard of "correctness," which imposed on all playwrights a strict obedience to the critical code. This body of laws was supposed to be supported by the inexpugnable authority of Aristotle; but it was also believed to have its basis in reason. It dominated the drama of France until early in the nineteenth century; and even if Corneille now and again chafed under it, Voltaire was insistent in supporting it. Yet it was not obeyed by the popular playwrights of Spain, not even by Lope, who frankly declared that he knew better than he practiced. And it was absolutely rejected by the Elizabethan dramatists in England, excepting only Ben Jonson.

And this raises two interesting questions. If the code of correctness, including the rule calling for the preservation of the three unities, was accepted by all those who discussed the art of the drama, why did the practical playwrights of England refuse to be bound by its behests? And why did the practical playwrights of France submit to be cribbed, cabined, and confined by its restrictions? The most obvious ex-

planation is to be found in the fact that the great expansion of the drama arrived in France at least half a century later than it had in Spain and in England. A really literary drama, rich in poetry and vigorous in character, had been developed out of the popular mediæval folk-play far earlier in Spain and in England than it had in France; and the Spanish and the English playwrights, having succeeded in pleasing the playgoing public with a large, bold, and free drama, saw no good reason why they should surrender their liberties, and risk their popularity, by conforming to a standard of correctness which might gratify the cultivated few, but which would deprive the uneducated many of the variety the main body of spectators had been accustomed to expect in the theatre. Indeed, this is the excuse which Lope de Vega makes for himself in his significant address on the *New Art of Writing Plays*.

While this may have been the main motive of the chief of the Spanish playwrights, there is no difficulty in surmising that the chief of the English dramatic poets had a better reason for rejecting the law of the three unities, and for refusing to submit himself to its chains. Shakespeare was pre-eminently a practical man, with a keen eye to the main chance. He could find no profit in foregoing any part of the liberty which had enabled him to catch the favor of the groundlings who welcomed his "native wood-notes wild." And he could not help fearing an obvious and immediate loss if he should choose to let himself be governed by the Unity of Time. No small part of Shakespeare's incomparable power as a dramatist is due to his understanding of the forces which modify character, transforming it under pressure or disintegrating it under stress of recurring temptation. Now, character is not modified in the twinkling of an eye,

nor can it disintegrate in twenty-four hours. If Shakespeare had chosen to preserve the Unity of Time he would have been compelled to suppress all the earlier episodes of *Julius Cæsar*, for example, which are so significant and which revive in our memories when we are witnesses of the later quarrel of Brutus and Cassius; and he would have had to present Macbeth only in the final stages of his moral delinquency, without showing us the manly soldier before the virus of mean ambition had poisoned his nobler nature.

This concentration of action into the culminating moments of the story was not a disadvantage to the Greek dramatic poets, since they were expected to present a trilogy, three separate plays acted in swift succession on the same day to the same audience, whereby they were enabled to show the tragic hero at three different moments of his career. But the obligation to preserve the Unity of Time was a sad restriction upon the French dramatic poets, who had not the privilege of the trilogy, and who were compelled always to present characters fixed and unchanging. By his compulsory obedience to this rule Corneille was robbed of not a little of his possible range and sweep, although Racine, with his subtlety of psychological analysis, may even have gained by an enforced compacting of his story and by a limitation to its culminating moments.

Shakespeare did not care to discuss the principles of his craft, as Ben Jonson was wont to do. He digressed in *Hamlet* into a disquisition on the art of acting; but he nowhere expressed his personal opinions on the art of play-writing. He was no more a theatrical reformer than he was a dramatic theorist. He was content to take the stage as he found it, and to utilize all its conventions, and all its contemporary traditions. If he declined to listen to the

precepts of the critics, and if he refused to "preserve" the unities, he had his own reasons; and we can see that they were sufficient. But it is unimaginable that he did not know what he was doing, or that he was ignorant of these theories. It is simply inconceivable that he had not in his youth read Sidney's *Defense*, in which the rule of the three unities is stated for the first time in English. It is most unlikely that in his maturity, and when he and Ben Jonson were engaging in their wit-combats at the Mermaid, he had not had occasion to hear the whole code of the drama proclaimed again and again by his robust and scholarly friend.

We have seen that an Italian critic dismissed the playwrights who failed to preserve the unities as "ignorant poets." Probably the reproach of ignorance of the rules was one that Shakespeare would bear with perfect equanimity. Yet, although he himself drew no attention to it and, for all we know, may not even have bidden Jonson to remark it, he was moved once in the later years of his labors in London to "preserve the unities," as if to show that it was not ignorance, but a wise choice, which had led him to reject them in all his other plays, tragic and comic. The *Tempest* is in all likelihood the last play which Shakespeare wrote without collaboration; and in the *Tempest* he chose to "preserve the unities," — as they were then understood in England, and as they were then preserved by Ben Jonson in his comedies. The Unity of Place required that the action should be confined to a single place, but place was interpreted liberally. A single place meant one palace or one town, not necessarily a specific room in this palace or a specific house in this town. It meant a single locality, but not a single spot. The action of *Every Man in his Humor* passes in London, which is a single locality, but it is not restricted to

a single room or even to a single house in that city.

The *Tempest* sets before us, as Professor Lounsbury has pointed out, a single story, direct and swift and uncomplicated; and therefore it preserves the Unity of Action. It is compassed within a single revolution of the sun, as the author takes care to tell us more than once; and therefore it preserves the Unity of Time. It has for its locality an island with the waters immediately surrounding that island; and therefore it preserves the Unity of Place (as that was then liberally interpreted). As we study the *Tempest*, it is as though we could hear its author saying, "Go to! I can play this game as well as any of you. And if I have not been willing to play it hitherto, that is not from any ignorance of the rules, but simply because I did not deem the game worth the candle!"

That Shakespeare wrote the *Tempest* is plain proof, if any were needed, that he knew the "rules of the drama" quite as well as Lope de Vega did. That both the English and the Spanish dramatic poets refused to abide by them is equally evident. And this brings up again the question why the doctrine of the unities should have been accepted willingly by the professional playwrights of France after it had been rejected by the professional playwrights of England and of Spain. One answer to this query has already been suggested, — that the outflowering of dramatic poetry was later in France than in England or in Spain, and therefore after the doctrine of the three unities had hardened into a dogma. Another answer might be, that the French are the inheritors of the Latin tradition, that they like to do things decently and in order, and that they relish restraint more than the English or the Spaniards. We might go further and say that the French are naturally the most artistic of the three

ances, and that to an artist there is always a keen joy in working under bonds and in grappling with self-imposed obligations. But there is a third explanation of the apparent anomaly, which comes nearest to being adequate.

VII

The drama of every modern literature is the outgrowth of the drama of the Middle Ages, — of the passion-play, and of the popular farce. But the development from this unliterary folk-drama into true tragedy and true comedy is different in the different countries; and it is only by tracing back this evolution in France that we can lay hold of the chief reason why the Unity of Place was accepted in France even though it had been rejected in England, where the theatre had followed a slightly different line of development.

The full-grown passion-play was the result of putting together the several episodes of the gospel-story, which had been shown in action in the church on different days, more especially Christmas and Easter, as an accompaniment of the service. Each of these episodes had been set forth in the most appropriate part of the edifice, — the Holy Child in the manger on the chancel-steps, the Raising of Lazarus near the crypt, the Crucifixion near the altar. These scattered places where the separate parts of the sacred story were represented in action and in dialogue were known as "stations"; and when the overgrown religious drama was finally thrust out of the church and confided to laymen, the useful device of the stations was taken over by the new performers. In England the several stations became ambulatory, each of them being set up on a platform on wheels, a "float," such as we still see in Mardi Gras parades; and they were known as "pageants." In France another plan

was adopted, and the passion-play was presented on a long and shallow platform with the successive stations ranged side by side at the back; and they were known as "mansions." In a mystery acted at Valenciennes in the sixteenth century, the spectators had in view on their extreme left Heaven, and on their extreme right Hell, with summary indications of the stable at Bethlehem, the Temple at Jerusalem, the sea of Gennesaret, and so forth, ranged in between. In other words, all the important places in the play were set on the stage at once, each coming into use in its turn and as often as need be, while most of the acting was done in the neutral ground further forward on the platform.

After the performance of the mysteries in Paris had been confided to the Brotherhood of the Passion, this body established itself in the Hôtel de Bourgogne, the stage of which was prepared to accommodate as many mansions as the story might demand. In time, dramatizations of the lives of the saints followed the dramatization of the life of Christ; and after a while these were succeeded by dramatizations of the lives of heroes, at first of history, and afterward of romance. Thus the sacred drama gave way to the profane, which had been slowly developed out of it. Yet the lay playwrights, though they might borrow their plots from modern legends, retained the mediæval device of the mansions, finding it very convenient, since it enabled them to show on the stage all the many places where their hero met with his manifold adventures. However incongruous this simultaneous set may seem to us, accustomed as we are nowadays to a succession of sets, it was familiar to French audiences, and acceptable to them well into the seventeenth century. But in time its disadvantages became more and more obvious. The spectators who

had not found it hard to follow the well-known Bible story, and to identify the Temple at Jerusalem, the House of the High-Priest, and the other mansions it demanded, began to be a little confused when Hardy put before them unknown stories acted amid mansions only summarily indicated by the carpenter and decorator. Hardy cluttered the stage with all sorts of strange places, bringing together in one play a ship, a palace, a bedroom, and a cave on a mountain; and the audience had to strain its ingenuity to recognize all these localities.

It was for a stage thus fitted up that Corneille composed the *Cid*, the action of which takes place in a neutral ground, backed by the residences of the chief characters. When he wrote this play he had never even heard of the doctrine of the unities, which had been ignored by the Spanish dramatist from whom he borrowed his plot. He soon found himself severely criticised for his ignorance of the rules of the drama; and, although his play was overwhelmingly successful, he confessed his error. In all his following plays he preserved the Unity of Place, discarding the medley of mansions that he had employed freely in his earlier pieces; and we cannot doubt that this simplification of the scenery on the stage was most welcome to the spectators, who were no longer forced to guess at the significance of accumulated bits of scenery. And so powerful was the prestige of Corneille that his contemporaries and his successors followed his example, and showed one action in one place in one day.

Corneille himself often found it rather irksome to conform to the rules; and Molière, in his adaptation of the laxly constructed Spanish piece, *Don Juan*, was forced for once to disregard them. But they imposed no painful bonds on

Racine, who was satisfied to deal only with the tense culmination of a tragic complication.

What Corneille and Racine had done, Voltaire was glad to do, although he and his contemporaries might be reduced to the absurdity of making conspirators hold their meetings in the palace of the monarch they were leagued against. For two centuries the serious drama of the French was chained in the triple-barred cage of the unities; and it was not released until Victor Hugo brought out *Hernani*, long after freedom had been won in other countries.

After *Hernani* had blown his trumpet, and the hollow walls of classicism had fallen with a crash, the doctrine of the three unities was finally disestablished; and Mr. Curdle is easily excusable for not knowing exactly what it was. Perhaps its evil effect even upon the drama of France has been overestimated; at least we may doubt whether Molière and Racine, Marivaux and Beaumarchais, really lost anything by accepting it. On the other hand, we have reason to rejoice that it was rejected by the dramatic poets of England and of Spain.

In our own time no playwright ever gives a thought to the "preservation of the unities." And yet even to-day, when a dramatist is dealing with the result of a long series of events, and when he seeks to set this forth as simply and as strongly as he can, we find him compacting his single action into a single day, and setting it in a single place. This is what the younger Dumas did in *Francillon*, and what Ibsen did in *Ghosts*. Probably either of them would have been not a little surprised if he had been told that in these plays he had "preserved the unities."

OUT OF THE DEEP

BY PAUL MARIETT

CERTAINLY it was not a beautiful room — according to modern traditions of simplicity and severity; yet it reflected a personality as simpler rooms might not, for every wall bore a book-case filled with rare editions and costly bindings; and, above these, in riot and incongruity, were tiers upon tiers of pictures, pictures of many times, lands, and schools, yet all — like the books — chosen with unerring taste. For the rest, a very disorderly table, piled perilously with manuscripts, themes, blue-books, bound notes, and such scholarly débris, bespoke both masculine neglect and the college instructor.

The spirit of the room was sitting in a far corner, deep in a comfortable chair, removed from light, silent. He too was incongruous — a short, fat man, past the prime of life, his face, unhealthily pallid, graven with sober, pondering lines. He was relaxed in the chair, in an attitude of exhaustion, fat hands sprawled on bulky knees. His eyes were closed; but this could not be seen, for he wore heavy dark glasses — glasses like automobile goggles, that completely covered his eyes, excluding every ray of light not sobered by their smoky lenses.

Edward Sayward at fifty years of age was going blind. There was no denying the fact, no avoiding the cruel issue coming so surely, inexorably. He had always worn glasses, — true; but not until a year previous, after a severe illness, had he been conscious of anything more serious than ordinary weak sight. Then, illusive spots, black and elfish,

dancing before his vision, caused him to seek his oculist. Then it was another oculist. Finally, a great specialist. The verdict had been the same. His sight was worn out. A man does not spend with impunity twenty years of his life busied all day, almost all night, reading and writing. He would become perfectly blind. The specialist had even been able to set the date. It was now two weeks hence, crawling slowly toward you when you watched it; when you forgot it, hastening hideously.

As an instructor he had done his work efficiently. He had gone up in his department steadily, reassuringly. Another sabbatical would have seen him a full professor, quoted and respected — a power in the university where already he was well recognized. Now all was swept away by a force greater than he, a force impossible to combat, unlike the other forces he had fought, in his struggle up from penury, where a good issue was at least likely. Somehow, in those keen battles, he had never dreamed of treachery, never thought that the body he was trying to stay with flagons and apples would so disastrously turn against him, making all his work supererogation.

It was the extra work. Had he been content, as were so many of his colleagues, merely to plod the daily path of an English instructor, correcting the daily themes (a monstrous task), marking the blue-books, attending to the conferences and the reading-assignments; and, after this his work was

done, if he had been content to go out and enjoy himself in recreation of some sort, — not using his poor eyes, in every minute he could snatch, on that useless biography he had been writing for ten years, — this might not have happened.

He saw it all now. It was wrong. He was vaguely glad that he had no family, that he lived in two rooms in an old house kept by an invisible slattern, a home chosen by him because of its inaccessibility to work-disturbing friends. Yet he realized that if he had cultivated humanity in the flesh, rather than creatively, upon paper, all might have been different.

And now — two weeks! For some time he had been practicing blindness, anticipating the narrowness, the peculiar condition of a blind existence. He had walked much with closed eyes; he had begun counting paces, memorizing the aspects of streets that he daily used, in order to facilitate his later progress. He had practiced eating with closed eyes, for he had a morbid distaste of personal uncleanness, and he had heard that the blind did not, could not, take care. But most of all he drilled his finger-tips, touching, feeling, shaping everything sedulously, that by constant application he might school the sensitive flesh-pads to take the place, to some extent, of the vanishing eyes.

This afternoon Sayward had come to a crisis. He was alone, as usual; had sat in the chair two hours, perfectly still, pondering. There were two weeks of light left — but such light! Day and night he must wear his heavy glasses, for the white glare of daylight was utter destruction for him. Day by day the sight would imperceptibly dim a little, until came the final blotting-out. So, ignominiously, and in twilight, the day would go for him. Why not hasten it? Why not cut it off in the full glory

of full sight? Better that than this murky exit.

Having arrived at this conclusion, he was suddenly invigorated; he rose quickly, ready to put his thought into action. Two blocks away from his house was a park — a remarkably pretty park — where, in summer, lovers idled; where, in autumn, thinkers paced; where, in spring, the world trembled into being before any other spot in the city. It was ordered, restrained, chastened beauty in nature that Sayward loved — the full brilliancy of cultivated flower-beds, formed of plants of whose names he was totally ignorant; the level green of rich sward; trees planted symmetrically and kept well; clean gravel paths; a silver fountain playing; all relieved against stonework, massive and clear-cut — these were Sayward's demands. The country was vaguely a terrifying place; he had not been out of urban districts since boyhood; there was a vast lawless license about the country or the sea that frightened him, drove him in on himself. But in small, prim parkways his soul expanded, and was genial, unafraid. This, then, was the place for the exquisite sacrifice.

He took his hat and his cane (a cane above all things) and went out. He could see nothing through his glasses but a uniformity of gray; yet he knew the day had in it all of singing spring: the urchins shouted and bubbled with laughter over their street ball-game; the air was like a rose-petal on his cheek. Farther on, a great-jowled, deliberate tom-cat was rolling on the ground with the zest of a kitten; the movements of every one were more blithe. And his spirits rose, too, with his quick step; he was inexpressibly glad that he was to see the light again.

He turned into the park, walked down a long avenue, and came out on his favorite spot, the objective point of

the curiously regular and monotonous walks he took for exercise. It was a large platform of stone, the head of a flight of steps, that, broad and shallow, sloped to a smaller inclosure below. At either side was a wall, and one could stand here, lean over, and look down on the freshness. The smaller park was merely an oval of grass, inclosed like an island by the dividing of the avenue; but here was the silver fountain, and round about it the beds of flowers — not scatteringly planted, but solid blanks of color set into the grass like an enamel. And behind him was the shapely row of young trees, now newly leafed in drops of vert-gold, or in faint shades of mauve and gray, all very gratefully relieved against boles of black, wet bark.

Sayward came and stood where he could feel the rough granite of the coping reassuringly warm in his hands under the mellow spring sun. He waited a moment. To the left there was another figure, a slim erect young man. Sayward saw him and frowned. Well, what did it matter? He could not wait for him to go; besides he would not interfere with Sayward, or even be cognizant of what was taking place behind his back.

Sayward tore off the glasses. The beauty of the spot rushed upon him, many times intensified by his longing, and his actual color-starvation. That was what he lacked — color: riotous, crude color, — reds, blues, greens, — such color as the flowers, the lawn, and the sky gave; half-shades, too — the faint pink of the granite beneath his fingers, the exquisite tint of yellow-green, and lady-gray, against the black bark; the silver fountain, diamond against the watchet of the sky; even the circumscribed glimpse of the distant hills — how multitudinous their changing shades, governed by the eager, drifting smoke-haze of the city!

To his left, a small aspen answered the faint breeze, and its delicately-hung leaves broke into a ripple of laughter, in twinkling silver-green, both visible and audible laughter. Even his hearing seemed keener — the gray veil over his eyes had been a real obstruction in his ears. The whole good gift of light and sound was his again; he lived in an exquisite world, in an illumined ripple.

And then, abruptly, swarming specks. And after that, with appalling swiftness, the vision dimmed, as though a sinister night was settling down upon it. The sunlight on the lawn turned to a bilious hue, lost meaning as sunlight, became a light spot in a fog of gloom, was gone. Upon the heels of its departure came a darkness the like of which he had never imagined, not even on the blackest of impenetrable nights.

A sense of being dropped into an immense formless chaos or void overcame him; he reeled, clutched giddily at the stone before him; cried out faintly — an inarticulate sound.

Thereupon his soul came to his lips, and, like a man upon high places, he spoke aloud, forgetful of time, place, being — because for him there was none of those things. "I am blind," he said; "I, Edward Sayward, am blind!"

It was some time before he was very conscious of anything. Then it was of a hand hard on his shoulder, and a voice beating at his ears. He roused himself to attention, gripped himself; finally he put up a hand to that hand, and found it firm and strong, very reassuring; and so, with that grip, Sayward came down from the high places, and remembered that he was puny and blind and helpless.

The voice was very helpful — rather an unusual voice; it spoke out loud and clear, young, with none of the tremors of the young.

"Mr. Sayward? Are you in trouble?" and, "Can I help?"

"I am blind! I have just become blind!"

Sayward heard a breath drawn sharply; then an arm came vigorously under his, the cane was taken from his hand, he was propelled forward gently. "I will take you home," said the voice.

For a time Sayward suffered himself to be led on the gravel path; then he hungered suddenly for the strong voice. "Who are you?"

The answer came, prompt. "Thomas Hervey. I'm in the college, Mr. Sayward. In fact, I had the pleasure — last year — of hearing your lectures in English 17. I am a junior."

Sayward spoke again. "Are you taking me home? Take me home."

He abandoned himself, spoke even as a little child.

He volunteered his tale, explained the curious situation, found the young man understood immediately with no unpleasant exclamations of wonder or surprise — only the hand closed tighter on Sayward's arm, and he said simply, "I, too, come to the park."

Hervey — the name was not familiar to Sayward — asked a curt direction as to the house, guided the blind man across the street, perilous with gutters and curbs; and, in a moment, the two were standing at Sayward's door. Hervey opened it with Sayward's proffered latch-key, and immediately mounted the stairs, still supporting Sayward.

Sayward's brain was all askew and he asked how Hervey knew the way.

"I came here for three conferences," replied the young man.

At the head of the stairs was the room. They went in, Sayward more at ease. He found his chair and unsteadily sank into it.

Hervey stumbled against a chair, and he heard a low stifled cry, and

then a laugh of amusement as his visitor sat down. "I'm clumsy," said Hervey.

Again in his room, the meaner, usual thoughts crowded thickly upon Sayward, in a commonplace reaction from all the bright beauty that he had seen, that had filled his soul. In anguish, in utter despair, he bowed his head on his hands, at last fully realizing the tawdry words, "I am blind."

"Is there anything I can do? Do you want an oculist? Can I notify any one?"

To these questions Sayward answered with a groan. No one. He had been wont to congratulate himself on having no one to look after; now he realized that there was no one to look after him. He stated this dispassionately, and lapsed into a dogged silence. He was like a man in great physical pain; it hurt to speak. He forgot where he was and gave himself up to the great darkness, closing his eyes to make it seem more natural. It followed that he fell asleep.

Four hours later he awoke. That awakening was not pleasant to see. The brain, made forgetful by sleep, forced staring eyelids wider and wider in an effort to get the light that unaccountably was denied them. Sayward gasped, clutched at the air, cried out. Then he was fully awake and conscious. He remembered that he was blind; he remembered Hervey. He spoke.

Hervey's voice was prompt in reply. Sayward heard steps come to him, felt a good material hand on his shoulder.

"What time is it? Have I slept long?"

"Eight o'clock. You have slept four hours."

Sayward considered the extraordinary statement slowly, stupid from his sleep. "Have — have you been here?"

"Yes; I thought you might need something."

"But—but are n't you hungry?"

"Are n't you?" countered the voice merrily.

"Yes." Then Sayward hesitated, shrinking. "I hate to go out to my restaurant—I eat at a restaurant."

But Hervey was already on his feet. "Stay where you are!" he commanded. "I will bring you something," and he was gone.

He was back in ten minutes. The cheerful noise he made coming up the stairs was a great relief to the racked Sayward, haunted by the dead silence of the old empty house. As soon as Hervey was in the room Sayward smelt food. He found it to be hot egg-sandwiches, plebeian and satisfying, tender sliced chicken, milk, even a triangle of apple-pie—a heterogeneous meal, but a meal, which, shared with the steadily talkative and merry Hervey, was extremely comforting. He felt better. He said so.

Then Hervey announced that Sayward must go to bed. He insisted. The older man was as clay in his hands. In a short time he had helped him undress, found his night-clothes for him, got him into the narrow bed, and adjusted the window. He even wound the "blind-clock" which Sayward had anticipatively purchased. "Sleep till you please, to-morrow," he said.

Sayward remonstrated drowsily. Fellowes came in the morning for conferences.

"Well, let the first one wake you," said Hervey charitably. "And now—good-night."

And he was gone; almost at once Sayward fell deeply asleep.

As it happened, the boy that forethought had hired for a street-companion, a leader-to-meals, waked him in good season, the next day. The excitement of immediate duties kept

thought sufficiently in abeyance until the afternoon; for, in the morning, young men thronged his room, and he catechised them on the weekly reading. This required no eyesight. The condensed literature of England for a thousand years was neatly packed away on a shelf in his brain; some of his eyesight had gone for *that*—the enormous, stupendous burden of rhyme and reason he carried with him. And yet, conversely, it would perhaps now illuminate the dark places. Correcting the theses was another matter. Yet he compromised for a time by having the boys read their work aloud to him, while he slashingly criticised, for his feeling for the balance of words was very apt. So went the morning, with human companionship, and with good healthy noise about, very grateful to the blind man. Yet the fellows, though courteous, were distant. It was after all nothing to them—he would reflect in these days when reflection was not a luxury but a necessity—that their mentor in a branch of knowledge which they, reveling in the happy field of an elective system, had chosen for cursory delight and even more cursory labor, was blind. A momentary flash of sympathy, a hand readier than usual to help, if he stumbled, that was all. Unconsciously cruel, they left him, to pass to their young lives of sunshine, immediately forgetting him and his gloom.

So it happened that they receded from him. Instead of using them—as had been his intention—to train himself in the difficult but imperative task of the blind, distinguishing personality by the voice, he found that they became not individuals but a characterless mob, composites,—so many dummies. They entered. He queried. They spoke a name. He counted down a row of blue-books, found the right number, and drew it forth, questioned,

answered, taught, dismissed, put down a grade-letter scrawlingly in the cover of the book, returned it mechanically to its place, was ready for the next entity. And, as he grew used to the process and the noise, and as the morning progressed, his duties became more and more mechanical, and desolation spread insidiously into the corners of his mind.

After lunch, and back again in his room, he descended into veritable hell. He had read of hell as a place of darkness, with unseen weeping and wailing sounding blindly in the dark. He believed it. With sight, much fire and brimstone would have been very welcome, very pleasant, very flower-soft, beautiful. He sat huddled in his chair; there was nothing to do, no one to speak to. He might have walked the streets, but he was acutely fearful of being struck; out there it seemed as if a blow were always imminent, and yet never falling; he winced and shuddered at every little noise, and, when a chance pedestrian jostled him gently, trembled with the shock for minutes afterward. He had, on first coming in, opened a window, and had sat by it a moment; but the velvet air, and the merry noise of children below, had driven him away, back into the far corner of the room, where he could sit in absolute silence; for the stir of outdoors bespoke the visible beauty of spring, denied to him, of all mortals. Then, for a space, he wept silently; great slow tears that hurt rolled incongruously enough—and to a not very sentient person, ridiculously—on his fat cheeks. Finally he lost that relief, and sat staring in dull hopelessness.

He was wondering if it was worth while. Would it not be better to end it somehow—with a convenient revolver or drug? He was very near death for a while: had he possessed a revolver he might have used it; he was too shaken and limp to go out for means of

death. It appeared, grimly, hard even to die. Yet he did not believe very whole-heartedly in an after life; he had thought but superficially about it, pushing religion, philosophy, and all such abstruse things into later life, along with other culture (he had art-longings), to a remote region dissociated with the pressure of continual work, when he should have time thoroughly to master or explore them, vaguely realizing that they demanded time. And now time was no object; and neither was life. He preferred the complete blank of death to this partial and irritating blank of life.

A knock at the door! It roused him; he wanted to be alone. Immediately he reflected that it was the landlady with the mail—and therefore he *would* be alone. That reflection chilled him in spite of desires. His heart sank. But the door promptly clicked open, and a voice, a voice he knew, spoke.

"Mr. Sayward?"

"Here," said Sayward from the depths of the chair.

"May I come in? I'm Hervey. Are you busy?"

The voice waited for no reply; but Sayward heard the young man enter, draw up a chair, and sit near him.

"It's you," said Sayward dully; "it's you." He roused himself from that deadly lethargy, spoke with less naked emotion in his voice, with more of everyday courtesy. "I'm glad to see you. Is there anything I can do for you?"

This last was mechanical, the invariable, inevitable query that had to be put to all young men who called. No one ever called who did not want something of him.

"Oh, no," replied the voice. "I merely came to call. If I'm not welcome—pitch me out!"

There was a cheerful laugh, which evinced no fear of such an event.

Some one interested! It warmed Sayward like an actual material glow. He sat up straighter. "You're very welcome," he said simply. "These first days are a bit — troublesome." Shaken and weak though he was, pride would not let him admit — even to sympathy — how very troublesome indeed the first days were. "It's good of you to come in. I have n't much to do in the afternoons and evenings. It's a little strange, you see, at first. I am used to doing a great deal of writing." And then, at a sympathetic noise from Hervey, he hastily dismissed self. "Who are you?" he said directly; "tell me about yourself. What do you look like?"

The other laughed easily. "Well," he said, "they tell me I'm brown-haired and brown-eyed, and very childish for my twenty-three years, and that it's time I was a man. But I say the best men are only children at heart, and if on certain occasions I want to stand on my head on a soft-feeling lawn, say, or yell, detractions from manliness can go hang!"

Fingers touched Sayward's shoulder and ran lightly down his arm to his hand, which was seized and lifted till it touched Hervey's face.

"Try this," said the young man. "Touch me with finger-tips. Perhaps that will convey an impression. You'll have to learn this trick, you know."

Sayward had a momentary reflection that it was strange to have a man find his hand *via* his shoulder and arm; but put it aside as he touched a human face. He felt delicate features, no more; his callous fingers responded only to crude details.

"Bad," said Hervey; "let me show you." A hand touched his shoulder again, ran up to his chin, and then over his face like a touch of velvet, so light that it tickled. "Touch gently," said Hervey.

"You seem to be very much initiated," said Sayward wonderingly.

The other answered directly: "An uncle of mine is blind"; and then, while the hand gripped Sayward's shoulder hard, "that's why I come to see you, and shall, if you don't mind, because" — he paused — "because — I know, when you first get like this — you — it's pretty gloomy — morbid. You need a little quickening, a little lifting out of self. You feel like suicide — and all that."

What things the man knew! Sayward felt astonished, guilty.

"And then — at first — it's hard mingling with other people. They don't seem to understand. They are not interested. Like all hurt animals you want to crawl to a hole. Now that's bad."

The over-strained Sayward gave way at that. Merciful tears welled; he bowed his head on his hand and shook with anguish and a trembling weakness new to him. Despair had fortified, hope weakened him. He put his hands to his eyes, that the other might not see. The deeper things in this new experience came to the surface and were shaken from him in disjointed words; proud, aloof man, he told this calm boy whose hands were so firm, of the pain, pain, crushing pain, of it all, of the awful gloom of this enshrouded life of his, of the unbearable agony of it.

"I know — I know," said the comforting voice at intervals, and the strong grip on his arm never loosened.

Slowly he came to himself; and he withdrew into his shell.

"But don't forget," said Hervey, "that I am with you."

Sayward clutched at the significant unsaid; then, all but in the shell, released it. He could n't make demands on any one's time that way. Indeed, no! He was much obliged, grateful, but —

Hervey cut him short.

"I particularly wanted to ask you to tell me about the 1749 period of English literature"; and Sayward heard him settle decisively in his chair.

This diversion grew into a respectable engagement. Sayward found it far from a random query: the boy was keen as a hawk; he evidently wanted information; could supply the usual generalities, most of the specifics, and wanted the particulars. It was Sayward's favorite period, the field of his biography; in a trice they were deep in words. In reply to the clever, irritating, "Do you think," and "Tell me abouts," that Hervey so constantly interjected, Sayward began to assume his old instructorial air, — fat fingers held judiciously before his stomach, the tips neatly juxtaposed, grave head bowed over them, fact and fancy streaming from his mouth. In Hervey he found an unusual opponent, and, conversely, a warm partisan. The afternoon waned swiftly.

When a clock struck six they were both surprised. Hervey rose at once. At the door he seemed to pause. "Mind if I drop in after dinner?" he said abruptly.

Sayward murmured something about being selfish and grasping, which meant that he did not mind.

Hervey, with perfect tact, chose to regard himself favored.

"I particularly want to hear about Walpole and his duchesses," he said. "About eight, then." And he was gone.

During the week that followed, Hervey came regularly in the afternoons and evenings. Sayward's whole being cried out to him for aid, and when that was secured by Hervey's presence, basked in it, drawing strength from the other's strength.

It was quite selfish: he never tired of Hervey; seemed unable to comprehend, except dimly, that Hervey could

tire of him. Hervey amused him, enthralled him; in short, was the one link between him and the world. The young man was very skillful in the small devices that set people talking; he drew out Sayward constantly, with a queer eagerness, as if seeking to absorb all that he knew. Yet he told little about himself, scarcely more than an afternoon's acquaintance would ordinarily reveal.

Literature was their best common ground; on other topics they were not so successful. Hervey appeared to have an extraordinary ignorance of all art, a thing which Sayward loved; painting being his particular hobby. He would wave his hand toward the walls of his room. Did not Hervey know such a common picture as that — the one above his desk, for instance, the Hireling Shepherd? or this, third from the door, the Botticelli? Remarkable! His education had been neglected. Sayward would remedy the neglect. Take his room, for example. Here was the foundation of an interest in art: all the schools of importance represented on its walls. He had a clear mental vision of those walls, and he went the rounds, naming and describing the famous reprints, and the brace of prized originals, to an indifferent and unusually silent Hervey. Sayward, however, could not remember one painting, the one just over the hearth. He racked his brain. Finally, vexed, he asked the young man to describe it. There was a silence. Then he heard Hervey walk slowly to the wall, evidently with intent to examine the work. He said nothing. To repeated questionings he replied falteringly that it was a characterless thing, hard to describe.

"Characterless?" echoed Sayward. "What is it, landscape, portrait, or interior?"

"Interior," said Hervey, after another pause.

Sayward suddenly remembered. "Interior! Why, no, it is n't either! It's a Corot landscape: the Dante and Virgil in the Wood. It's a dim thing — but it's not an interior! You *must* be inartistic indeed!"

He was moved to chuckle at the extraordinary error. Hervey reaffirmed his large ignorance of art; Sayward went and felt the frame of the etching and was confirmed in his decision. He told Hervey he had better stick to literature, where a future for him was not inauspicious. Hervey laughed and acquiesced. The afternoon ended in gayety; some light was beginning faintly to pierce the utter darkness.

He had two other visitors that week: the oculist, who chid him gently for his rash act, but, in his very tones, proclaimed the fact that it had merely been a hastening of the inevitable; and the head of his department, who was sympathetically businesslike, and who, having found out that Sayward could do all of his work without sight, assured him cordially that his position was still his, and departed, leaving Sayward coldly comforted.

He groped for Hervey, — Hervey who comforted warmly, Hervey who amused. Hervey was the only one he had yet found who knew instinctively the disabilities of the blind without over-reaching the mark and omitting to notice the remaining assets. For, he confidently asserted to himself after ten days of experience, a blind man is not necessarily a dead man: except for his blank eyes, he is whole. The head of the department had treated him as if he were a baby; the fellows shied at him as if he were some new and interesting animal. Also Hervey showed Sayward many valuable little tricks of step-counting, of judging direction and distance by sound; he purchased a "blind typewriter" for him, and Sayward learned clumsily to manipulate

the instrument, and to read the ribbon it stamped; aboveall Hervey gave constant encouragement. To learn was very difficult for Sayward; it is hard to acquire a new language after middle age, and he would often give up in gloom and despair; whereupon Hervey's voice would urge him to renewed effort. Doubtless without this patient tutelage he would never have learned.

One would not have recognized him now. His flaccid cheeks had taken on a healthier tone; his step was firmer; he had forgotten to wince at the blow that never fell; he had acquired an interest in life. It was, after all, pleasant to live — even sightless. The emotion came back to him like blood into paralyzed veins, all with the joy of the spring, a joy no longer antagonistic, but sympathetic. Hervey and he walked in the streets. He had insisted, though Hervey had been strangely reluctant at first. They had gone several times to the park, and once, Sayward, in defiance of rude park sign-boards, handled growing things, getting exquisite pleasure from the soft hairy surfaces of leaves or the satin petals of flowers. He even had his little joke. "Can't read the park rules," he said, "don't see 'em, you know." And this the man, two weeks ago, contemplating suicide!

Another time when they went out, he heard a cryptic sentence that disturbed him. Arm in arm with Hervey, he passed footsteps and rustling garments. A voice exclaimed low, but penetrating to sharp blind-ears: "Look at that! Two of them!" He asked Hervey what it meant; Hervey had n't heard; he congratulated him gayly on his hearing.

That evening Sayward unlocked the innermost recess of his heart. He told Hervey for the first time of his work — the immortal biography, the blighted fruit of ten years' labor. Hervey was at once interested, so Sayward went exhaustively into details, of the hun-

dreds of works he had consulted, of the condensation and the great scope of the whole. Hervey was more interested; how near was it to completion? Three-quarters done, sighed Sayward. Later he suggested guilelessly that it might — might be finished, if he had an able amanuensis, one who knew the period with the knowledge of a scholar and the devotion of an enthusiast. Hervey seemed to think such an amanuensis a rare, unusual jewel. Silence fell.

Deep in his heart Sayward, with the unconscious selfishness of a blind man, had expected Hervey to volunteer; but he did not. Finally Sayward stirred and said, "You'll find it in the lower drawer, a fat pile, the notes and quotations are on top, my work at bottom."

He heard fumbling in the drawer subsequently, and then much fluttering of paper. He waited a time for Hervey to read. "What do you think of it?" he asked after four or five minutes of silence on Hervey's part, for he was very anxious to get a good

opinion, nervous as a sculptor unveiling his first statue to a critical public.

"It's very good. It's beyond me. The style is vigorous, effective."

"Is n't it?" said Sayward, moving his feet delightedly. Then: "Read me a little. I'm hungry to hear a little."

But the boy opposite rose abruptly. "I'm — I'm overdue for an appointment already. I'm sorry, I must go —"

Sayward was disappointed clearly. "But you'll read a little to-morrow."

The boy queried suddenly, "May I take it with me overnight, to read?"

Sayward demurred, astonished. "Why, if you have time to read it to-night, why not read it here?"

There was a long silence. He heard the other breathing slow and hard.

"Why not?" he pressed.

The other answered strangely: "I cannot."

"Cannot!"

Hervey's voice came to him very simply: —

"No. For I, too, am — blind!"

THE CLUE

(On reading N. S. Shaler's Autobiography)

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

LIFE is a clearing in a wood
Where stays, mid-flight, the Soul — a thrush —
Bathes in the beam and finds it good,
Peoples with song the solitude,
Then, singing, dares the dark, the hush.

A DIARY OF THE RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD

GIDEON WELLES

II

[PRESIDENT JOHNSON, whose vindictive attitude toward the Southern States had at first alarmed even the radical leaders, reversed his position very early in his administration, and soon began to develop a policy of reconciliation substantially like that of Lincoln in theory though not in execution. Upon states lately in rebellion, the President, says Mr. Rhodes, imposed three conditions "which they must comply with before they should be entitled to representation in Congress. These were, the repeal of their ordinances of Secession, the abolition of slavery by their conventions and the ratification of the Thirteenth Amendment by their legislatures, and the entire repudiation of their state debts incurred in the prosecution of the War."]

Saturday, August 19, 1865.

Sumner bewails the unanimity of the Cabinet; says there is unexampled unanimity in New England against the policy of the administration; thinks I ought to resign; says Wade and Fessenden are intending to make vigorous opposition against it, etc.

The proceedings of the political conventions in Maine and Pennsylvania leave no doubt in my mind, that extensive operations are on foot for an organization hostile to the administration in the Republican or Union party. The proceedings alluded to indicate the shape and character of this move-

ment. It is the old radical anti-Lincoln movement of Wade and Winter Davis, with recruits.

That Stanton has a full understanding with these men, styling themselves radicals, I have no doubt. It is understood that the Cabinet unanimously support the policy of the President. No opposition has manifested itself, that I am aware. At the beginning, Stanton declared himself in favor of Negro suffrage, — or rather in favor of allowing, by federal authority, the Negroes to vote in reorganizing the rebel states. This was a reversal of his opinion of 1863 under Mr. Lincoln. I have no recollection of any disavowal of the position he took last spring, although he has acquiesced in the President's policy, apparently; certainly he has submitted to it without objection or remonstrance. The radicals in the Pennsylvania convention have passed a special resolution indorsing Mr. Stanton by name, but no other member of the Cabinet. Were there no understanding on a point made so prominent by the radicals such a resolution would scarcely have been adopted or drafted. Convention resolutions, especially in Pennsylvania, I count of little importance. A few intriguing managers usually prepare them, they are passed under the strain of party excitement, and the very men who voted for them will very likely go against them in two weeks. At this time, however, unusual

activity has been shown by Forney, Kelly, and others, and the resolution has particular significance.

Tuesday, August 22, 1865.

The President said he had invited an interview with Chief Justice Chase as a matter of courtesy, not knowing but he might have some suggestion to make as to time, place of trial, etc.; but the learned Judge declined to hold conference on the subject, though not to advise on other grave and important questions when there was to be judicial action. I see the President detests the traits of the Judge. Cowardly and aspiring, shirking and presumptuous, forward and evasive, an indifferent lawyer, a poor judge, an ambitious politician, possessed of mental resources yet afraid to use them, irresolute as well as ambitious — intriguing, selfish, cold, grasping and unreliable when he fancies his personal advancement is concerned.

Tuesday, August 29, 1865.

The President sent for the Chief Justice a few days since with a view to confer with him as to the place, time, etc., of holding the court, but Chase put himself on his judicial reserve. Of course the President did not press the subject. Yesterday, Chase called voluntarily on the President and had some general conversation, and was, in the President's opinion, not disinclined to talk on the vast subject which he the other day declined; but he little understands the character of President Johnson if he supposes that gentleman will ever again introduce that subject to him.

[During the summer of 1865 Johnson did not call Congress together in extra session, but proceeded to execute his policy by executive decrees. That policy tended to bring the Southern States into alliance with the Demo-

cratic party of the North, and was hated and feared by the radicals as fraught with possibilities that the fruits of the Civil War might be lost.]

Wednesday, August 30, 1865.

There is an apparent determination among those who are ingrained abolitionists to compel the government to impose conditions on the rebel states that are wholly unwarranted. Prominent men are striving to establish a party on the basis of equality of races in the rebel states, for which the people are not prepared; perhaps they never will be, for these wary leaders do not believe in social equality, nor will they practice it. Mr. Sumner, who is an unmarried man, has striven to overcome what seems a natural repugnance. A Negro lawyer has been presented by him to practice in the Supreme Court, and extra demonstrations of that kind have been made by him and Chief Justice Chase. Sumner, I think, has become a devotee in this matter; it is his specialty; and not being a constitutionalist in politics, he is sincere I have no doubt in his schemes. I cannot say quite as much in favor of the Chief Justice. His work is connected more closely with political party aspirations. Sumner is not divested of them.

Thursday, October 12, 1865.

The radicals of Massachusetts are preparing to make war upon the President. This is obvious, and Sumner has been inclined to take the lead. But there is no intimacy between Banks and Sumner. They are unlike. Sumner is honest but imperious and impracticable. Banks is precisely the opposite. I shall not be surprised if Banks makes war upon the Navy Department; not that he has manifested any open hostility to myself, but there is deep-seated animosity between him and Admiral

Porter and other naval officers of his command who were on the Red River expedition.

Friday, October 13, 1865.

Met General Thomas of the Army of the Tennessee at the President's. He has a fine soldierly appearance, and my impressions are that he has, intellectually and as a civilian, as well as a military man, no superior in the service. What I saw of him to-day confirmed my previous ideas of the man. He has been no courtly, carpet officer, to dance attendance at Washington during the war, but has nobly done his duty.

Little was done at the Cabinet. Three of the assistants being present instead of the principals, there was a disinclination to bring forward measures or to interchange views freely. Stanton took occasion before the President came in to have a fling at my circular against party assessments, which seems to annoy him. I told him the principles and rule laid down in that circular were correct; that the idea, which he advocated, of a tax upon employees and office-holders, was pernicious and dangerous, would embitter party contests, and if permitted to go on would carry the country to the Devil. Stanton said he then wished to go to the Devil with it, that he believed in taxing office-holders for party purposes, compelling them to pay money to support the administration which appointed them. Weed and Raymond¹ are in this thing, and mad with me.

Saturday, October 21, 1865.

Wendell Phillips has made an onset on the administration and its friends, and also on the extremists, hitting Banks and Sumner as well as the Pre-

¹ Thurlow Weed, and Henry J. Raymond, editor of the *New York Times*, both warm friends of Seward and in general sympathy with his views.

sident. Censorious and impracticable, the man, though possessed of extraordinary gifts, is a useless member of society and deservedly without influence.

Secretary Seward has been holding forth at Auburn in a studied and long prepared speech, intended for the special laudation and glory of himself and Stanton. It has the artful shrewdness of the man and of his other half, Thurlow Weed, to whom it was shown, and whose suggestions I think I can see in the utterances. Each and all the Departments are shown up by him — each of the respective heads is mentioned, with the solitary exception of Mr. Bates, omitted by design.

The three dernier occupants of the Treasury are named with commendation, so of the three Secretaries of the Interior and the two Post-Masters General. The Secretary of the Navy has a bland compliment, and as there have not been changes in that Department its honors are divided between the Secretary and the Assistant Secretary. But Stanton is extolled as one of the lesser deities, is absolutely divine. His service covers the war and months preceding — sufficient to swallow Cameron, who is spoken of as honest and worthy. Speed, who is the only Attorney-General mentioned, is made an extraordinary man of extraordinary abilities and mind; for like Stanton he falls in with the Secretary of State.

It is not particularly pleasing to Seward that I, with whom he has had more controversy on important questions than with any man in the Cabinet (I, a Democrat who came in at the organization of Lincoln's Cabinet and have continued through without interruption, especially at the dark period of the assassination and the great change when he was helpless and of no avail), it is not pleasing to him that I should alone have gone straight through with my Department while there have

been changes in all others, and an interregnum in his own. Hence two heads to the Navy Department — my assistant's and mine. Had there been two or three changes as in the others, this remark would probably not have been made. Yet there is an artful design to stir up discord by creating ill blood or jealousy between myself and Fox, whom they do not love, which is quite as much in the vein of Weed as of Seward. I have no doubt the subject and points of this speech were talked over by the two. Indeed Seward always consults Weed when he strikes a blow.

His assumption of what he has done, and thought, and said, are characteristic by reason of their arrogance and error. He was no advocate for placing Johnson on the ticket as Vice-President as he asserts, but was for Hamlin, as was every member of the Cabinet but myself. Not that they were partisans, but for a good arrangement.

Sunday, December 3, 1865.

Told the President I disliked the proceedings of the Congressional caucus on Saturday evening. The resolution for a joint commission of fifteen, to whom the whole subject of admission of representatives from states which had been in rebellion [should be referred] without debate, was in conflict with the spirit and letter of the Constitution, which gives to each House the decision of election of its own members, etc. Then in appointing [Thaddeus] Stevens, an opponent of state rights, to prevent [action] if there was something bad [in prospect]. The whole was in fact revolutionary, a blow at our governmental system, and there had been evident preconcert to bring it about.

The President agreed with me, but said they would be knocked in the head at the start. There would be a representative from Tennessee who had

been a loyal member of the House since the war commenced, or during the war, who could present himself, and so state the case that he could not be controverted. I expressed my gratification if this could be accomplished, knowing he alluded to Maynard; but suggested a doubt whether the intrigue which was manifest by the resolution, the designation of Stevens, and Colfax's speech, had not gone too far.

Tuesday, December 5, 1865.

The organization of Congress was easily effected. There had been manifestly preliminary arrangements, made by some of the leading spirits. Stevens's resolution was passed by a strictly party vote. The new members, and others, weak in their understandings, were taken off their legs, as was designed, before they were aware of it.

In the hurry and intrigue no committee was appointed to call on the President. I am most thoroughly convinced there was design in this, in order to let the President know that he must wait the motion of Congress.

I think the message which went in this P. M. will prove an acceptable document. The views, sentiments, and doctrines are the President's, not Seward's. He may have suggested verbal emendations, nothing except what related to foreign affairs. But the President has vigorous common sense and on more than one occasion I have seen him correct Seward's dispatches.

I became satisfied subsequently that none of the Cabinet had any more than myself to do with it.¹

Wednesday, December 6, 1865.

Seward, apprehending a storm, wants a steamer to take him to Cuba. Wishes to be absent a fortnight or three weeks. Thinks he had better be away.

¹ The actual writing of this message was done by George Bancroft the historian.

[The most influential figures in the Senate during these troubled days were Fessenden of Maine, Trumbull of Illinois, and Sumner of Massachusetts. The cardinal doctrine of Sumner's political creed was that all civil rights, including the suffrage, be bestowed upon the Negroes throughout the Confederate States.]

Friday, December 8, 1865.

Friday, Sumner called on me with young Bright. We had quite a talk on the policy of the government, and his own views. Sumner's vanity and egotism are great. He assumes that the administration is wholly wrong, and that he is beyond peradventure right. That Congress has plenary powers, the Executive none, in establishing the Union.

He denounced the policy of the President on the question of organizing the rebel states, as the greatest and most criminal error ever committed by any government. Dwelt on what constitutes a republican government, says he has read everything on the subject from Plato to the last French pamphlet. Tells me that a general officer from Georgia had informed him within a week that the Negroes of that state were better qualified to establish and maintain a republican government than the whites. He says that Seward, McCulloch, and myself are the men who have involved the President in this transcendent error, — I, a New England man, New England's representative in the Cabinet, have misrepresented New England sentiment. McCulloch was imbued with the pernicious folly of Indiana, but Seward as well as myself was foully, fatally culpable in giving our countenance and support to the President in his policy.

I insisted it was correct, that the country aside from heated politics did not oppose it, and asked if he supposed there was any opposition to that policy in the Cabinet. He said he knew Stan-

ton was opposed to it, and when I said I was not aware of it, he seemed surprised. He asked if I had read his Worcester's speech. I told him I had, but did not indorse it. He replied, "Stanton does. Stanton," said he, "came to Boston at that time. The speech was thrown into the cars and he had read it before I (Sumner) met him. Stanton complimented the speech. I said it was pretty radical or had pretty strong views. Stanton said it was none too strong, that he approved of every sentiment — every opinion and word of it."

I told Sumner I did not understand Stanton's occupying that position, and I apprehended the President did not so understand him. I told him that I well recollected that on one occasion last spring, when I was in the War Department, he and Dawes and Gooch came in there. Sumner said "Yes, and Colfax was there." I recollect he was. "Stanton [said I] took out his project for organizing a government in North Carolina. I had heard it read on the last day of Mr. Lincoln's life, and had made a suggestion respecting it, and the project had been modified. Some discussion took place at the War Department on the question of Negro suffrage. Stanton said that he wanted to avoid that topic. You (Sumner) wanted to meet it. When that discussion opened I left, for I knew I could not agree with you."

Sumner said he well recollected that meeting. That he and Colfax had proposed modifications of the plan, and put it in an acceptable shape, but that we had upset it.

One other member of the Cabinet had written him a few days before he left home, expressing sympathy with him, and one other had spoken equally cordially to him since he arrived here. "You may have had a letter from Speed," I remarked. "No," said he,

"but Speed has had a conversation with me."

I think Harlan must be the man, yet my impressions were that Harlan held a different position. Perhaps Iowa has influenced him.

Our conversation, though earnest, was not in anger or with any acrimony. He is confident that he shall carry Stevens's resolution through the Senate, and be able to defeat the President in his policy.

Monday, December 11, 1865.

I gave the President a full relation of my interview with Sumner. He was much interested and maintains well his position. I think they will not shake him. Sumner sent me through the mail a newspaper containing a memorial for the impeachment of the President. He marked and underscored certain passages which he said, wrote on the margin, were answers to some of my questions put to him in our conversation. The attack upon the President is coarse and unworthy of a thought.

[General Grant had recently made a tour of the Southern States inquiring into conditions upon which a policy of reconstruction should be based. His report was favorable to the course laid down by the President, while the opinion of General Schurz, who had been dispatched on a more extended tour, was decidedly adverse to the Johnson plan.]

Thursday, December 14, 1865.

General Grant was in the council room at the Executive Mansion to-day, and stated the result of his observations and conclusions during his journey South. He says the people are more loyal and better disposed than he expected to find them, and that every consideration calls for the early re-establishment of the Union. His views are sensible, patriotic, and wise. I expressed a wish that he would make a

written report, and that he communicate also freely with the members of Congress.

Saturday, December 16, 1865.

Senator Sumner called again this evening. He is almost beside himself on the policy of the administration, which he denounces with great bitterness. The President had no business to move, he says, without the consent and direction of Congress. I asked him if the Southern States were to have no post-masters, no revenue officers, no marshals, etc. I said to him, "There are two lines of policy before us. One is harsh, cold, distant, defiant; the other, kind, conciliatory and inviting. Which," said I, "will soonest make us a united people?" He hesitated and gave me no direct answer, but said the President's course was putting everything back. This, I told him, was a general assertion; that conciliation, not persecution, was our policy, — and there we totally disagreed with him.

It was not right to accuse him, he said, of a persecuting spirit. He had advised clemency — had taken ground against the execution of Jefferson Davis, and asked if I was opposed to his being hung. I told him that I was not prepared to say that I was, but while he was so charitable towards Davis, he was very different toward all others South, though a large portion of the people were opposed to secession. I stated to him the views of General Grant, who had found the people disposed to acquiesce and become good citizens, — that he found those who had been most earnest and active in the rebellion were the most frank and thorough in their conversion.

Sumner closed with a violent denunciation of the Provisional Governors, — especially Perry and Parsons, — and said that a majority of Congress was determined to overturn the President's policy.

Monday, December 18, 1865.

On my way, returning to the Navy Department, I called and had an interview with the President. Told him of my conversation with Sumner, and that I was confirmed in the conviction that a deep and extensive intrigue was going on against him. He seemed aware of it, but not yet of its extent or of all the persons engaged in it. I remarked that the patronage of the Executive had, I believed, been used to defeat the policy of the Executive, and a summary removal of one or two mischievous men at the proper time would be effective and salutary. He said he should not hesitate one moment in taking off the heads of any of that class of busybodies. I showed him a copy of the *New Orleans Tribune* which Sumner had sent me, with passages underscored in a memorial for the impeachment of the President. He wished the copy and I gave it to him.

Called on Dennison¹ this evening and had a full and free interchange with him. He inquired if I had ever heard a distinct avowal from Seward on the question of Negro Suffrage or the provisional governments, or from Stanton explicitly in its favor. I replied that I had not, and he said he had not. He tells me that he hears from some of Stanton's intimates that he will probably soon resign. This is mere trash, unless he finds himself about being cornered, then he will make a merit of what cannot be avoided. Dennison ridicules the flagrant humbug which Seward and the papers have got up of Stanton's immense labors, which are really less than his own, McCulloch's, or mine. Grant, Meigs, and others discharge the labors for which S[anton] gets credit.

Wednesday, December 20, 1865.

Senator Sumner, by his impetuous violence, will contribute to put things

¹ William Dennison, Postmaster-General.

right beyond any other man. The President's message and General Grant's letter seem to have made him demented. Some who have acted with him and been indoctrinated in his extreme views are suddenly roused to consciousness.

Saturday, December 23, 1865.

Governor Pease left to-day. His brother John went three or four days since. Yesterday, when all the others had withdrawn from the Cabinet council but the President, Seward, and myself, and perhaps Chandler, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, who had been present, — Seward inquired if there was any truth in the report or rumor that Stanton had left, or was about to leave, the Cabinet. The President replied warmly, as it seemed to me, that he had not heard of any such rumor. Seward said it was so stated in some of the papers, but he had supposed there was nothing in it, for he and Stanton had an understanding to the effect that Stanton would remain as long as he did, or would give him notice if he changed. The President said he presumed it was only rumor, that he reckoned there was not much in it. He had heard nothing lately and we might as well keep on for the present without any fuss. Seward said he knew Stanton had talked this some time ago. "I reckon that is all," said the President.

Seward had an object in this talk. He knows Stanton's views and thoughts better than the President does. The enquiry was not therefore for information on that specific point. If it was to sound the President, or to draw out any expression from me, he wholly failed, for neither gave him an explicit reply.

Tuesday, December 26, 1865.

Have ordered Raphael Semmes² to be arrested. He was, I see by the papers, taken in Mobile, and will soon be

² The famous commander of the Alabama.

here. There are some nice points to be decided in his case, and I should have been glad had he absented himself from the country, though his case is one of the most aggravated and least excusable of the whole rebel host. He did not belong in the rebel region, and has not therefore the poor apology of those who shelter themselves under the action of their states. He was educated and supported by that government which he deserted in disregard of his obligations and his oath. He made it his business to rob and destroy the ships and property of his unarmed countrymen engaged in peaceful commerce. When he finally fought and was conquered, he practiced a fraud, and in violation of his surrender broke faith, and without ever being exchanged fought against the Union at Richmond. Escaping from that city, he claims to have been included in Johnston's surrender, and therefore not amenable for previous offences. Before taking this step, I twice brought the subject before the President and Cabinet, each and all of whom advised or concurred in the propriety of the arrest and trial of Semmes. It is a duty which I could not be justified in evading, yet I shall acquire no laurels in the movement. But when the actors of to-day have passed from the stage, and I with them, the proceedings against this man will be approved.

Monday, January 1, 1866.

Henry Winter Davis, a conspicuous member of the last Congress and a Maryland politician of notoriety, died on Saturday. He was eloquent, possessed genius, had acquirements, was eccentric, ambitious, unreliable, and greatly given to intrigue. In politics he was a centralist, regardless of constitutional limitations. I do not consider his death a great public loss. He was restless and active, but not useful. Still there will be a class of extreme

radicals who will deplore his death as a calamity and eulogize his memory.

When at the Executive Mansion the memory of the late President crowded upon my mind. He would have enjoyed the day, which was so much in contrast with all those he had experienced during his presidency.

[From the outset of the struggle with the President, tremendous party pressure was exercised to keep the Congressional majority in line against the Executive. The most powerful figure in the lower House was Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania, whose views represented the extremest radicalism. He proposed, says Rhodes, "the reduction of those [the Confederate] States to territories, no account therefore to be taken of their ratifications of the Thirteenth Amendment, three-fourths of the loyal States being sufficient; a constitutional amendment changing the basis of representation in the House from population to actual voters; measures to confer on the Negroes' homesteads, to 'hedge them around with protective laws,' and to give them the suffrage."]

Monday, January 8, 1866.

The Members of Congress since their return appear more disposed to avoid open war with the President, but yet are under the discipline of party, which is cunningly kept up with almost despotic power. I am confident that many of those who are claimed as Republicans, and who are such, are voting against their convictions, but they have not the courage and independence to shake off the tyranny of party and maintain what they know to be right. The President and the radical leaders are not yet in direct conflict, but I see not how it is to be avoided. When the encounter takes place there will be those who have voted with the radicals, that will then probably go with the Presi-

dent, or wish to do so. This the leaders understand, and it is their policy to get as many committed as possible, and to get them repeatedly committed by test votes. Williams of Pittsburg, a revolutionary and whiskey-drinking leader, introduced a resolution to-day, that the military should not be withdrawn, but retained until Congress, not the President, should order their discharge. This usurpation of the Executive prerogative by Congress is purposely offensive, known to be such, yet almost every Republican voted for it in the House; the Representatives who doubted and were opposed dare not vote against it. While thus infringing on the rights of the Executive, the radical leaders studiously claim that they are supporting the President, and actually have most of his appointees with them. Were the President to assert his power and to exercise it, many of those who now follow Sumner and Stevens would hesitate. The President will sooner or later have to meet this question squarely, and have a square and probably a fierce fight with these men. Seward expects but [shuns] it, and has fled to escape responsibility.

Saturday, January 13, 1866.

I had this P. M. quite an animated talk with Senator Sumner. He called on me in relation to Semmes. Wished him to be tried on various important points which would bring out the legal status, not only of the rebels, but their cause. He thinks that many of the important points which we have from time to time discussed, and on which we have generally agreed, might be passed upon by a commission. I am not, however, inclined to make the trial so broad.

Passing from this, we got on to the question of reconstruction. I was anxious to get an inside view of the movements and purposes of the radicals, and

in order to do this, it would not do to put questions direct to Sumner, for then he would put himself on his guard, and be close-mouthed. I therefore entered into a discussion, and soon got him much interested, not to call it excited. We went over the ground of the status of the states, their political condition. He, condemning unqualifiedly the policy of the President, said [that] while he would not denounce it as the greatest crime ever committed by a responsible ruler, he did proclaim and declare it the greatest mistake which history has ever recorded. The President, he said, was the greatest enemy of the South that she had ever had, worse than Jeff Davis; and the evil which he had inflicted upon the country was incalculable. All was to be done over again, and done right. Congress, he says, is becoming more firm and united every day. Only three of the Republican Senators, Doolittle, Dixon, and Cowan, had given way, and he understood only a like proportion in the House. Asked if I had read Harris's¹ speech which Foot and Fessenden indorsed. Understood Fessenden was as decided as Foot, but not being on speaking terms, had not himself heard Fessenden. All Congress was becoming of one mind, and while they would commence no war upon the President, he must change his course, abandon his policy. The President had violated the Constitution in appointing provisional governors, in putting rebels in office who could not take the test oath, in reëstablishing rebellion, odious, flagrant rebellion. Said he had three pages from one general in Arkansas, thanking him for his speech denouncing the President's "whitewashing" message.

I told him the Executive had rights and duties as well as Congress, and that they must not be overlooked or omitted.

¹ Senator Ira Harris of New York, a member of the Committee on Reconstruction.

ted. That the rebel states had an existence and would be recognized and sustained although their functions were for a time suspended by violence. That under military necessity, martial law existing and the President being Commander-in-Chief, provisional governors had been temporarily appointed, but the necessity which impelled their appointment was passing away, the states were resuming their position in the Union, and I did not see how, without abandoning our system of constitutional government, they were to be disorganized or unorganized and deprived of their local, civil government and the voice of the people suppressed.

He spoke of them as a "conquered people," subject to terms which it was our duty to impose. Were his assumption true, and they a foreign conquered people, instead of our own countrymen, still they had their rights, were amenable to our laws, and entitled to their protection. Modern civilization would not permit of their enslavement. Were we to conquer Canada and bring it within our jurisdiction, the people would retain their laws and usages when they were not inconsistent with our own until at least we should make a change. I thought our countrymen were entitled to as much consideration as the laws of nations and the practice of our own government had and did recognize as belonging to a conquered people who were aliens. This was the policy of the President. He had enjoined upon them, it was true, the necessity of making their constitutions and laws conform to the existing condition of affairs and the changes which war had brought about. They had done so, and were each exercising all the functions of a state; had their governors, legislatures, judges, local municipal authorities, etc. We were collecting taxes of them, appointing collectors, assessors, marshals, post-masters, etc.

I saw I had touched on some views that impressed him, and our interview and discussion became exceedingly animated.

"The President, in his great wrong," said Sumner, "is sustained by three of his Cabinet. Seward is as thick-and-thin a supporter of the whole monstrous error as you or McCulloch."

I asked him if he supposed the Cabinet was not a unit on the President's policy. He said he knew it was not. Three of the members concurred with him, Sumner, fully, entirely.

I expressed doubts. Why, said he, one of them has advised and urged me (Sumner) to prepare and bring in a bill which should control the action of the President and wipe out his policy. It has got to be done. Half of the Cabinet, as well as an overwhelming majority of the two houses of Congress, are for it, and the President must change his whole course. If he did not do it, Congress would.

Monday, January 15, 1866.

Was much disturbed by what Sumner said in regard to a member of the Cabinet who had urged him to bring in a bill adverse to the President's policy. Sumner is truthful, and therefore his statement is reliable. Although he is credulous, I cannot think he was deceived, nor is he practicing deception.

Tuesday, January 30, 1866.

I had another long talk with Senator Sumner, who called on me on Saturday. It was of much the same purport as heretofore. He is pleased with a speech of Secretary Harlan, made the preceding evening, which I had not then read, and said it came up to the full measure of his requirements. Then, said I, he probably is that member of the Cabinet who has been urging you to bring in a bill to counteract the President's

policy. "No," said Sumner, "it was not Harlan but another member. There are," continued he, "four members of the Cabinet who are with us and against the President." "Then," replied I, "you must include Seward." This he promptly disclaimed.

I told him he must not count Denison. He was taken aback. "If you know from D[enison]'s own mouth, have it from himself, I will not dispute the point," said Sumner. I told him I knew D[enison]'s views; that last spring he had, at the first suggestion, expressed himself for Negro Suffrage, but that he had on reflection and examination come fully into the President's views. He replied that he had known D[enison]'s original position and had supposed it remained unchanged.

Sumner told me he should make a very thorough speech this week on the great question, the treatment of the States and people of the South, but should avoid any attack on the President; would not be personal.

Wednesday, January 31, 1866.

The new shape of affairs shows itself in the social gatherings. At Mrs. Welles's reception to-day, a large number of the denizens of Washington who have not heretofore been visitors, and whose sympathies and former associations were with the rebels, called. So many who have been distant and reserved were present as to excite her suspicions, and lead her to ask if I was not conceding too much. There were some friends evidently aware of existing differences in the Administration. I noticed at the reception at the Executive Mansion last evening that there was a number in attendance as if by preconcert. This I attribute more to the insane folly of the radicals, who under Thad Stevens are making assaults

on the President, than to any encouragement which the President has given to rebel sympathizers. If professed friends prove false and attack him, he will not be likely to repel such friends as sustain him. I certainly will not.

Thursday, February 1, 1866.

Colonel Bolles and Eames have prepared an order for the President to sign for a mixed commission to try Semmes. I took it to the President this P. M. He expressed himself strongly against a military trial or military control. Wished the Navy to keep the case in its own hands. Said he wished to put no more in [Judge-Advocate-General] Holt's control than was absolutely necessary, that Holt was cruel and remorseless, made so perhaps by his employment and investigations; that his tendencies and conclusions were very bloody. The President said he had a large number of Holt's decisions now, pointing to the desk, which he disliked to take up, that all which came from that quarter partook of the traits of Nero and Draco. I have never heard him express himself so decidedly in regard to Holt, but have on one or two previous occasions perceived that his confidence in the Judge-Advocate-General was shaken.

I long since was aware that Holt was severe and unrelenting, and am further compelled to think that, with a good deal of mental vigor and strength as a writer, he has strange weakness. He is credulous and often the dupe of his own imaginings. Believes men guilty on shadowy suspicions, and is ready to condemn them without trial. Stanton has sometimes brought forward singular papers relating to conspiracies, and dark and murderous designs in which he had evident faith, and Holt has assured him in his suspicions.

(To be continued.)

OUR SUPERIORITY IN RELIGION

BY ERNEST CUSHING RICHARDSON

PROGRESS is a wonderful thing, and not the least wonderful thing about it is its inevitableness. The world evolves, we must progress. However much we deprecate the fact, we cannot help it; we are better than our forefathers. Compare King Edward's automobile with the chariot of Khaemhat, Togo's cannon with the bow of Rameses, the Dreadnought with a Roman galley, the Eiffel Tower with the Pyramids! Hammurabi never so much as heard of sociology, Homer of a literature seminar, Aristotle of Pragmatism, the Pompeians of chromo-lithography. Even "that wonderful thirteenth century" knew nothing of movable types, the Italian Renaissance nothing of the colored Sunday supplement, the Reformation nothing of steam or electricity. A million copies of a New York journal in a single day would have been inconceivable to Tacitus! We humbly anticipate being outstripped in turn by posterity, but we are, up to date, the best thing on record, towering as far above the mental stature of our nomad ancestors as a forty-four-story sky-scraper above their tents.

Nowhere, perhaps, is our superiority more marked than in the matter of religion. Three recent contributions have brought this out clearly. "An American Woman," in the *American Magazine* for last August, shows our astonishing progress in general; Dr. Williston Walker, in the *Congregationalist*, shows the leaps and bounds that we have taken in the last twenty-five years; and our hopes for the religion of the future have been

set forth by President Eliot in the October number of the *Harvard Theological Review*.

"An American Woman" points out that men have learned "in the last few centuries" that religion is born and waxes strong independent of churches; that they need no church; that religion, to be a living thing, must be accompanied by works; and many other things unknown to "oldtime religion." They have learned, it seems, that the oldtime religion was a "hard, cold, humorless, merciless, selfish thing . . . everybody absorbed in a rush for individual salvation; 'God save my soul and the Devil take the hindmost' . . . its motto." Having learned all this, we have quit the churches, not because we have got beyond religion, but simply because our religion has got beyond the churchgoers. There is, as "An American Woman" acutely says, "plenty of trouble with the churches, but no real trouble with the times. Men have deserted the churches but religion has not deserted men." — We have not got beyond religion; on the contrary, it would seem, we have progressed; pure religion, free from all the cold, hard, humorless, merciless, selfish elements of the oldtime religion, has come to take up its abode with us. We have "less of the fear of God" and more of the love of man.

Dr. Walker's article, in the *Congregationalist*, on our progress in the last twenty-five years, is, as might be expected, very different in its tone. He is scholarly, his statement of the doc-

trinal position then and now, fair and lucid; he inspires conviction, at points, that there has been real progress, and his whole attitude is not only not contemptuous of the old, but seems quite free from any sense of personal superiority. He does not even call it progress, but "changes" and "contrasts." The article does, however, give a certain aid to those who love to dwell on our superiority to our ancestors in religion, for Dr. Walker brings out the fact of the "obliteration of the line, once so sharply drawn, between the natural and the supernatural" by the modern doctrine of divine immanence, and implies that "to-day, no conception of God's character which does not justify itself by the test of what is highest in man" can be entertained. In the "altered view of to-day" Jesus Christ is not perfect God joined with perfect man, the divine nature "practically more important" than the human, but "the perfect revelation of what God is and man may be." God is no longer alienated from man, but only man from God. The Bible is no longer miraculous, but the work of conscientious, if erring, men. Redemption is no longer chiefly individual, but chiefly social: "not merely to fit some men for Heaven," but to right ancient wrongs and make this world what it is not now, a reign of righteousness.

It is perhaps a reasonable paraphrase of these temperate statements into the language of progress to say that we have got beyond thinking of the Creator as overlapping in any degree in his being the boundaries of his creation, or overtopping in any way in character "what is highest in man"; beyond the idea that God's thoughts are higher than our thoughts or his ways than our ways; beyond the idea that where divine and human coexist in one person, the divine is "practically more important" than the human — or indeed that they

do coexist; beyond the idea of God's alienation from man to the idea that man is simply alienated from God; beyond a miraculous Bible; beyond the idea of individual redemption to the idea of social redemption. These are the changes and contrasts which others call evolution, progress, and superiority. Hell and the Devil are not considered; since, it may be supposed, they have been dead for more than twenty-five years.

From President Eliot's *Religion of the Future* it appears that the "progress of the nineteenth century far outstripped that of similar periods" — as far perhaps as that of the last twenty-five years has in turn outstripped it. The "new ideas of God" which it has produced give the basis for a new twentieth-century religion superior to all others. Some of these new ideas are: monotheism, immanence, God's love, the adoration (*dulia* not *latria*) of all righteous persons, and the "tendency towards progress." It rejects polytheism, apotheosis, tribal religion, sudden change of character, mediation, dogma, mystery, sacraments, the fall of man, alienation from God, and the condemnation of the majority. It abjures the Devil and will attack all his works quickly; it will teach that he is best who loves best and serves best, and the greatest service will be to increase the stock of good-will. It will comprehend only the civilized. As with the other two modern versions of religion, the primary object of the religion of the future will not be the safety of the individual: it will be the common good; its priests will strive to ameliorate social conditions. The religion of the future will moreover not perpetuate "the Hebrew anthropomorphic representations of God," but will substitute an up-to-date, New England, East-Central Massachusetts anthropomorphism.

It will occur to every one, as it does to their author, that some of these ideas are not so new as they are true. The newness of this religion (save for the hyper-Calvinistic doctrine of the election of the civilized only, and the doctrine of the adoration of all superior persons) lies in the fact that it is to do rather than to profess, and its progress will consist in its doing better than earlier and inferior religions. Its votaries are, therefore, superior rather in being better than in being different.

It will be noticed that, whatever differences there may be between these three noteworthy utterances on modern religion, they are agreed that our religion is superior to the "oldtime religion" in three respects: (1) in that it "does not afford safety primarily to the individual," is not a "rush for individual salvation." (2) It is superior also in the fact that it "thinks first of the common good"; its priests strive to ameliorate social and industrial conditions. It realizes that "this very earth" is the Hell of our horror, and has the desire to make the world a "fit abiding-place for spirit and body." (3) Above all it is agreed that we have made progress; are wiser or better than our ancestors, or both, and since the beginning of the nineteenth century, and especially during the last twenty-five years, we have been progressing in geometrical ratio. We not only have less of the fear of God and more of the love of man, but very much less and very much more than apostles, Church fathers, scholastics, and reformers, and especially than our Puritan forefathers — not even to mention prophets, now quite discredited by the Higher Criticism and hardly to be admitted into the society of "civilized" saints.

Now one of the maxims of superior religion is that it is healthy to doubt. One may therefore venture to doubt, not that we are superior but that our

ancestors were as bad as they are made out to be by these three versions of modern progress.

Far be it from us to deny that there is progress. Heaven forefend that we should throw ourselves into the jaws of the modern Inquisition by failing to make quite clear our subscription to this cardinal doctrine of progress — our progress. We shall need all our address to escape the confiscation of our goods if we merely suggest that our ancestors were not so bad as they are painted, and that the most tangible progress suggested by recent utterances is a progress from the old "unhumorous" religion to one of unconscious humor, and from the idea of individual to the idea of corporate redemption. Of course the Newer Inquisition would not take our purse. In the place of death, we now have pillory in the daily press; in the place of the old excommunication, we have the cold, stern punishment of the denial of publicity; and in place of financial mulcting, we have evolved a subtler pain. No, it would not take our purse, but it would take our good name as "scholar"; we should indeed be "no scholar," and one would be rash enough who would neglect safeguarding himself here by restrained and ingenious phrase. And yet the world does move! Some day perhaps one may freely say from every housetop that the old religion not merely had its humor, but that, in those very days when the selfish friars were embracing poverty and celibacy, preaching and developing the Inquisition with all their might to save man from alleged damnation, they quite generally allowed themselves a range of humor in their sermons which is apt to shock the taste of our more humorous age. But for the nonce enough.

With doubting it is different: to doubt is virtue. We doubt, therefore, if our ancestors were so hard, cold,

merciless, selfish, as Dr. Eliot implies and "An American Woman" asserts. Having a certain modest degree of acquaintance at first hand with a few of these oldtime religionists, especially of the earlier centuries including the thirteenth, we shall try to suggest that we have found most of them less selfish than ourselves, many of them in a mad rush for the salvation of others, and a few of them with a rather nice sense of humor.

The cold, hard, and merciless doctrine of our friends Saint Francis and Tauler, Saint Dominic and Varagine, even if it had prevented proper interest in social welfare and the making of this world a fit abiding-place (and we shall venture to more than doubt that it did prevent such interest), at least did not prevent a most passionate concern for the welfare of other men in the other world, as Dante testifies.

The gentle institution of the Inquisition also was not established to secure the personal salvation of the inquisitors, but was, on the contrary, most obnoxious to the beneficiaries, for the very reason that it interfered with the right of others to be damned if they pleased. The inquisitors tried to save the heretics willy-nilly, or, failing that, to save others whose eternal welfare might be endangered through heresies, by plucking them, like tares from a field of wheat, and burning them. A drastic effort, a "rush," if you like, a mad rush for social betterment or social redemption, but not an absorbed rush for self-salvation. And further, we ask again, were the orders of preaching friars founded to promote their own salvation by preaching? Granted that the great Dominican apostles of the thirteenth century, like the great Irish missionaries of Germany before them and the great Jesuit missionaries to Canada after them, as well as the old-

time New England missionaries to India, and China, and Africa, really did hope to promote their own salvation at the same time with that of the "uncivilized" men for whose salvation they yearned, suffered, and died, what of it? If most of these men did not have their hearts set passionately on *not* letting the Devil take even the hindmost of those savages who showed them the most ill-will, then there are no standards by which we may judge whether anybody ever has, or ever will, in any new religion, have, any concern save for his own individual welfare.

Of all those who have suffered under this ancient libel, perhaps none have suffered more than the hermits. There were doubtless selfish men among them, but for many the hermit's life was not selfish: it was an agonizing for world-salvation. To understand the hermits, one thing must be understood clearly. Granted that it was childish and un-Highercritical and all wrong, nevertheless these people really believed what the New Testament says about prayer — really believed it, remember. They thought that faith was the main thing, that the exercise of faith was itself works, and that God could do more than they could. Call it a ridiculous idea if you like, but they really thought that God wanted them to do their most strenuous work praying, and that whatever they prayed out clearly, especially the things which they had themselves tried to do and had been baffled in, he could put through with ease. Like Hartman von Aue, they thought that

He with the sword in battle, she at home with
prayer,

Both win the victory, and both the glory share.
So they went into the wilderness and devoted themselves to prayer as the highest and most effective work that could be imagined. While, however, they did go far from the madding

crowd, they were not always far from its interests. Whoever, for example, exhibited a more intense desire for the root-and-branch extermination of the Arians than Saint Anthony himself? and did he fear that they endangered his personal salvation? Not a whit! It was for the sake of the weak brother that he sought the extermination of these heretics — meddling again, like the Inquisition, with men's free will, instead of minding his own business, as he should have done; but suggesting that, on occasion, these oldtime religionists, so far from showing too little anxiety for their fellow men, showed too much.

The real ground, therefore, of our superiority to our ancestors is not so much that they were all selfish while only a few of us are, or even that they lacked zeal for human welfare, as that their altruism was misdirected, first to loving individuals rather than the mass, and then to laboring for their salvation from imaginary dangers in the next world, rather than from real trouble in this. We have learned, first to confine our efforts to this world, and second to work at wholesale rather than at retail.

There are, to be sure, some incongruities, not to say contradictions, about this whole matter of our religious superiority. Here is "An American Woman" abjuring the "rush for individual salvation," but declaring in another paragraph that a part of our superiority, nay the very kernel of it, is that man has learned that "religion is an individual thing—secret and sacred between him and God."

And then again, how contradictory to labor so to make the world an "abiding-place," when to abide here is the one thing which, without respect of persons, every one who comes into the world is inexorably forbidden to do!

But in spite of incongruities we are

in the main agreed. The oldtimers thought that the point of chief concern was to get stray individuals into the fold, and that Heaven actually had more time to rejoice over individuals, under some circumstances, than over large groups of ninety-and-nine, more or less. We, on the contrary, now know that it is far more important that the ninety-and-nine should be well watered and tended than to spend anxious time hunting the lost one, since we have learned that roaring lions are as extinct as hobgoblins, and that there is no more any pit for sheep to fall into.

That there is a subtle danger of a new selfishness in this substitution of the passion for social redemption in the place of the passion for souls, nobody will deny, as every effort for the salvation of "society" is necessarily an effort for our own salvation.

The foundation and root of this modern progress of ours was doubtless the passing of Hell. The radical mistake of the old religionists was in supposing that not all men were fit for Heaven, and that those who were not had a suitable place prepared for them. With the destruction of Hell, some few years since, there was naturally a great lessening of the frenzy for personal salvation as well as of the frenzy for saving others, and a certain increase in zeal for social betterment. Very calm, very patient, and very loving we are, but with no yawning pit to save our fellow men from, there is naturally no zeal; action must correspond to stimulus.

The change results even in a certain increase of love. It was hard for the oldtimers to love those whom they regarded as emissaries of the Devil, dragging their loved ones down to Hell; but now that we know that the worst that a man can do is to destroy the property or the body, it is easier to love one's enemy.

Please understand explicitly that we are not ourselves denying or even doubt-

ing the annihilation of Hell or the death of the Devil. It has not been our privilege, but that of the discoverers of the newest religion, to rediscover Hell, and it may be that they will succeed in resurrecting the Devil as well. This newest religion has discovered that Hell was not destroyed or lost after all — it was only mislaid. It has now been re-located on this earth. The old religionist did not realize that “this very earth was the Hell of his horror.” Now that we understand this, “in the place of the old selfishness has come the desire to make the world an abiding-place fit for the spirit as well as for the body of man.” Now “the world itself is an object of redemption. . . . It is the duty of the Church to labor for a redeemed social order in this present world . . . not merely to fit some men for Heaven but to make this world a reign of righteousness.”

But if we heartily agree to all this, is it quite fair to say that our ancestors, because they thought more of Heaven, had no love for the mass, no social ideals, put forth no organized efforts for social redemption, and to make this world a reign of righteousness? So far as theory is concerned, it must be remembered that they looked ultimately for a social order in which death and Hell should be trampled under foot, and all surviving or risen men united in one social unit in a world wherein righteousness reigns — but this was of course a new earth, not this one. Hell was to be destroyed, not reformed.

And then they did work as well as theorize, in a rudimentary helter-skelter way compared with ours, to be sure, and perhaps more as individuals and for individuals than by corporations and for masses, as we would to-day, but yet not always without systematic method and organized forces. We do things better now; but even the earliest ages had charity organizations,

with deacons for officers, and the charity organizations of Macedonia sent funds to the charity organization of Jerusalem for systematic distribution. The later Church indeed pushed organized effort for organized social betterment to an extreme, as it had been pushed to an extreme ages before by Moses. When individual is dealing with individual, it is of course hard to make a man good in spite of himself — he might prove the stronger; but where two organize against one, or many against few, it is quite possible to rescue a man in spite of himself. Hence arises the State. Carrying out the logic of their convictions, Constantine and Hildebrand, Calvin, Cromwell, and John Cotton took hold of the matter of social betterment with a will, and organized a work for the masses thorough in its way, if not reaching the height of modern social ideals. It is true that their organized effort was often directed too much to the future rather than to present welfare, and was too little prone to the exercise of super-Christian love by cherishing in their bosoms those who looked to them like vipers; and that they now and then treated alleged vipers to a rather summary shaking-off into the fire; but at least they aimed at the social betterment of the whole mass of the people, both in this world and in the world to come.

We do not know precisely what our coreligionists are driving at in particular. Corporate effort for corporate good is of course the State. If the new religion is to usurp the State tasks for social betterment, it must sooner or later become the State or come in conflict with it. But, up to date, we have held that progress is away from the union of Church and State. The State had its task: the physical, mental, and moral well-being of the mass, the making of this world a home of righteous-

ness. The Church had its tasks: first, the fitting of individuals for earthly citizenship, so that, as individual and corporate members of the State, they may help in its task of righting wrongs (law) and social betterment (education and charity); and, second, the fitting of them for heavenly citizenship. Now we have changed all that, and plan to have religion do the work of the State. Old and new alike look for a time when earthly and heavenly citizenship shall be one, but the old Christians thought that Jesus Christ would first come to be king of this heaven-on-earth State.

A splendid dream this kingdom of righteousness on earth is: the pagan dreamed it, but held that the golden age had long gone by; the early Christian dreamed it, and erred in expecting it too soon; the Neochristian does not dream — he acts: he is tired of waiting and fitting individuals: he proposes to organize the kingdom at once, without waiting for a king.

When we come to consider what social redemption is, as contrasted with individual, we are in some trouble. The new psychology talks of social consciousness, and the new sociology of the union of society through the likemindedness of its members, but there has never been any tangible theory of social unity, save the old Christian notion of likemindedness in Jesus Christ, or of a social unit save the Church of Jesus Christ. The dream of a world-empire was a theory of unity in a head, but not unity with one another. All other theories deal with masses of individuals, and the nearest that we can get to the social soul is public opinion. We Neochristians, therefore, try to convert public opinion instead of individuals; and when one thinks of all the reform magazines with their hundreds of thousands of copies, and of the New York journals with their millions

of copies, how insignificant seems the work for social redemption of Church fathers or of Biblical writers!

Still, again, it is not quite fair to speak of prophets, apostles, and fathers of the Church as if they had made no effort at all to convert public opinion and reform social consciousness. We have learned from the magazines that the way of social betterment is denunciation and education. We rouse the social consciousness by revelations of evil, denunciation, and telling how it can be done better. Granted that the magazines do more real good to the social consciousness than Neocongregationalism and the new religion combined, and granted also, for the sake of argument, that they reach a higher level than all the prophets and apostles and fathers and reformers, is it fair to say that there were no denunciators among the prophets and no educators among the Church fathers and schoolmen? Was it the author of *The Jungle* who, when asked as to the sincerity of some social contributor to the denunciatory magazines, declared that if we doubted we should hear this apostle curse the capitalists? What denunciation of the rich and insolent that is fit to print can equal the prophecies of Ezekiel and Isaiah, or the contempt of Jeremiah for the "partridge which sitteth on eggs which she hath not laid." What denunciations of smug churchgoers, even, have equaled those of Jesus Christ? Even the private curses of modern contributors can hardly surpass the ringing of Woe! Woe! of both Old and New Testament; and Isaiah at least is curiously up to date in the denunciatory magazine's specialties (Isaiah x, 1-2). "Woe unto them that decree unrighteous decrees, and to the writers that write perverseness; to turn aside the needy from justice, and to rob the poor of my people of their right, that widows may be their spoil, and

that they may make the fatherless their prey!" To be sure, that second clause is somewhat ambiguous; but as for progress it suggests that we have made little progress either in the art of robbing or the art of exposing robbery since Isaiah.

And as for educating example, we of course do it better now. They had no social laboratories in those days to teach them better; and often, in their ill-judged efforts for social betterment, they gave to individuals rather than to charity organizations, and so freely that they were like to create a race of tramps and beggars. They often sold all that they had and gave to the poor! Even up to the thirteenth century this was frequent among our friends the friars, and it is said that our special friend Varagine, in the time of famine, not only despoiled himself of all his personal goods, but even sold Church property for their relief! There are few records of such gross improvidence nowadays. Even Mr. Carnegie has not yet sold all. But imprudent and improvident as it was, it would argue a certain zeal for social betterment and the righting of ancient wrongs, however misdirected.

It is a puzzling thing, this matter of superiority, and bound to be so. Progress there is, for it is the ability to progress which makes a man, in matters of religion at least, as some say (Goldwin Smith); but just where our progress lies — ay! there's the rub.

Two things about human evolution seem to be fairly sure: first, that it has ceased to be individual and has become social; and, second, that it is not so much a general advance, as a thin line of progress shooting up out of a great mass of branches which never reach its level.

There is much reason to think that recent evolution has become wholly social. On the one hand, the individual man seems to have reached the full

stature long ago. As a molecule is complete in itself and progresses only as a unit in a complex, as a cell is likewise complete in itself, so the individual man seems to be a closed organism. His future lies as a unit in societies. So far as individual power is concerned, it is with mental as with physical power: it took as keen a human mind to invent fire as to invent the steam engine, to invent bronze as to invent steel, to invent the arch as to invent reinforced concrete construction. The individual modern mind is provided with more complex machinery, more complex raw material, but it is no more certain that I am greater than Aristotle than it is that Jeffries is greater than Samson or Ajax. We have not succeeded in adding one cubit to physical stature in ten thousand years, and why should we fancy that we have added to individual mental stature?

Moreover, looking at the same thing from another point of view, it appears that all "general" progress is social rather than individual, in the sense that, while the human race may be advancing, not all races or all individuals do progress. "We" build electrical engines, but I cannot; nor can I paint better than Velasquez, or think better than Aristotle, or legislate better than Hammurabi. The human race advances, but how much have the Tibetans or Patagonians advanced in two thousand years? There is, indeed, even a degeneration of races and individuals on all sides of that slender line of survival which is evolution.

In actual humanity it is hard to predict what line progress will take. Indo-Iranians have left behind the Semitic, the African, and the Far Eastern nations. The Indo-Europeans left behind the Indians, the Persians, and the Armenians; the Germanic races seem now to be leaving behind the Latin and perhaps, but not so surely, the Slavonic.

The British race has so far dominated the evolution of a new Anglo-German-Latin-and-everything-else race in America, and a bold prophet might venture that the next step would be a union of the Neoamerican with Japanese and Chinese civilization; but who knows? So in religion the Jewish outgrew the Egyptian and the Assyrian, the Christian outgrew the Jewish, the Western, the Eastern Church. What next? Will it be a New-Christianity or Hyper-Christianity? Shall we in our progress get beyond the old Christianity to Neo-congregationalism? beyond the supernatural in religion to Mr. Eliot's new religion? beyond religion itself to that blessed Nirvana, the *ne plus ultra*, where by the nature of things we may rest secure, serene, satisfied, superior to the most superior? above the old-time religion, above the new school religion, above the non-church-going religion, above supernatural religion, above religion? Who knows? — but we may guess that progress of man and religion alike will find its next step the production of a social unit in place of the individual man; above atoms and groups of atoms, above molecules and groups of molecules,

above cells and groups of cells, above individual man, will be an organized social group. Whether this idea is, in religion, progress beyond the oldtime theory of the Church of Jesus Christ, is a matter for experts to judge.

To take up again the question with which we started, is it progress to go to church or not to go to church? What is almost the last word that can be spoken on universal progress at the present stage of affairs was once spoken by that most gracious and polished author of the most scholarly *Life of Our Lord*, Dr. Samuel J. Andrews, à propos of this very matter. An enthusiastic apostle of Christian Endeavor, in a quiet library reading-room, was holding forth, in noisy conversation, on the wonderful progress of the Church in these later times. "Why just think of it," he cried, "there are twelve hundred churches [if it was twelve hundred] in the city of Philadelphia alone to-day; twelve hundred churches, just think of it!" Dr. Andrews looked up from his book at the strenuous declaimer and remarked quietly, "And there were eight hundred synagogues [if it was eight hundred] in Jerusalem at the time when Jesus Christ was crucified."

THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS

X

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

MEANWHILE Hancock's partially collected troops had been adding logs to and otherwise strengthening the breastworks along the Brock Road, besides throwing up near the junction two or three additional lines. His troops were posted from right to left as follows, their order showing the haste with which they were assigned to position. First came Kitching's heavy artillery from Hunt's artillery reserve, its right opposite the knoll; then Eustis's brigade of the Sixth Corps; then, in three lines of battle, two brigades of Robinson's division of the Fifth; then Owen's brigade of the Second; then Wheaton and L. A. Grant of the Sixth, their left resting on the Plank Road at the junction which the day before they had saved. Immediately in rear of them lay Carroll of the Second with his fearless brigade; and behind Carroll, in a third line, stood Rice of the Fifth; no more invincible spirit waited for the attack that all knew was coming. In the road at the junction was a section of Dow's Maine battery under Lieutenant W. H. Rogers. Then came Birney in three lines of battle, then Mott in two lines, and on his left Smyth with his gallant Irish, flying with the Stars and Stripes the golden Harp of Erin on a green field. Webb was next to Smyth, then Barlow. The other four guns of Dow's battery were in an opening behind the left of Mott's second line, and next to him Edgell's six guns of the First New Hampshire.

At 3.15, all being quiet, kind-hearted Lyman asked permission of Hancock to go back to the hospital and look after his boyhood friend, "little" Abbott. The gallant fellow was then breathing his last, and died about four.

A half-hour later Field's doomed line came on. The point which he had chosen to drive it through was Mott's and Birney's front, just to the left of the junction. It was a lucky choice, for a part of the former's division had behaved badly on both days, its conduct in marked contrast with that when Kearney and Hooker used to lead it.

Surmising from the skirmish line reports that the main assault would be south of the Plank Road, a bugler was stationed on Mott's breastworks, with orders to sound the recall at the enemy's first appearance. His notes rang out, and Dow's and Edgell's guns opened at once with spherical case. But on they came, marching abreast to within one hundred paces of the first line of works, in front of which a slashing had been made. There they halted, and for a half-hour poured an uninterrupted fire of musketry across the works, our lines replying with deadly effect. The incessant roar of the crashing volleys that closing afternoon, and the thunder of the guns as they played rapidly, struck war's last full diapason in the Wilderness.

The fire that had crept through the woods from the battle-ground of the

forenoon, had reached the bottom logs of the breastworks in some places and was smoking faintly, waiting for a breath of wind to mount and wrap them in flames. And now, while the battle was raging to its culmination, on came a fanning breeze, Field's opportune and best ally, which swept over him and his men, and up leaped the flames, extending for many hundred paces along Mott's and Birney's front. The breastworks soon became a blazing mass which it was impossible to quench, says one who was present. The heat grew almost intolerable, and the rising wind — what desolated southern home had it passed, or what bugle had it heard! — now lashed the flames and hot blinding smoke down into the faces of the men here and there, driving them from the parapets.

Soon one of Mott's brigades began to waver and then broke, retiring in disorder towards Chancellorsville. At its abandonment of the works, South Carolinian and Texan color-bearers rushed from the woods and planted their flags on the burning parapets, and through the flame and over went the desperate men. At this perilous sight Rogers at the junction began to pour double canister into them, and Dow and Edgell crossed his fire with case and like charges of canister. Dow must have had his eye on a particular battle-flag, for he speaks in his report of shooting one down five times. Meanwhile his own breastworks got on fire and the extra charges that the gunners have brought up from the limbers explode, burning some of the cannoneers severely. Still he keeps on, his guns belching canister.

As soon as the break was made through Mott and his own left, Birney in great haste rode to Robinson, telling him what had happened, that Hancock was cut off, and suggesting that proper disposition be made to receive an

attack on Robinson's left and rear. Lyman, who when the assault began had gone back to headquarters to notify Meade, was met on his return by one of Hancock's aides, who told him that the enemy had broken through, and that there was no communication with the left wing. He rode on, however, and found Birney at the junction, who confirmed the aide's story. It is said that when Birney's aide came to Grant and reported that the enemy had broken the lines, he and Meade were sitting together at the root of a tree, and Grant, after hearing the story, did not stir, but looking up said in his usual low, softly vibrating voice, "I don't believe it."

Meanwhile Birney had called on Rice, and Hancock on Carroll; the batteries ceased firing, and together those two fearless commanders with their iron-hearted brigades dashed with bayonets fixed at the enemy and soon hurled them from the works, leaving colors, prisoners and over fifty dead and many wounded within the burning entrenchments. To the south in front of our lines for four or five hundred yards from the junction, clear to where Webb was posted, Confederate dead and helpless wounded dotted the ground. They had charged with great valor.

I have always thought that if Grant had been with Hancock at the time of this repulse, he would have taken advantage of it and ordered an immediate advance. For the Army of the Potomac never had another commander who was so quick as Grant to deliver a counter-blow.

Field's losses were heavy, and he had signally failed to carry the works. He drew his shattered lines back almost to the Widow Tapp field, and at about sundown re-formed them perpendicular to the Plank Road and bivouacked for the night.

And now for the narration of some

personal experiences, not because they were of any great consequence in themselves, but one of them at least, as it so happened, had a part in the history of the day. During the forenoon — from official dates of various orders I know it must have been not later than ten; at any rate it was after my return from trying to find Wadsworth — Warren, who was standing in the dooryard of the Lacy House, saw a guard that had in its charge a small squad of Confederates just in from the front, halt them near the bank of the run. He told me to go down and find out who they were. Noticing a young officer among them, I asked him what regiment he belonged to. He and his companions were tired and not in good spirits over their hard luck, with its long period of confinement before them, for Grant had suspended the exchange of prisoners; and he answered me with sullen defiance in look and tones, "Fifteenth Alabama!" which, if I remember right, was in Law's brigade of Longstreet's corps. Not being very skilful at worming valuable intelligence out of prisoners, I was getting very little from them when a mounted orderly came to me from my immediate commander, the Chief of Ordnance, Captain Edie, to report at Meade's headquarters. On reaching there, Edie told me I was to start at once for Rapahannock Station with despatches to Washington for an additional supply of infantry ammunition to be sent out with all haste. The wagons going to meet the train for the ammunition and other supplies were to be loaded with wounded, who would be transferred to the cars, and thence to the hospitals in Alexandria and Washington.

How the notion got abroad that the supply of ammunition was exhausted I cannot explain, except by the heavy firing. As a matter of fact, we had an abundance; but, somehow or other, Humphreys or Meade was made to

think we were running short, and, as early as seven o'clock, a circular was issued to all corps commanders:—

The question of ammunition is an important one. The Major-General commanding directs that every effort be made to economize the ammunition, and the ammunition of the killed and wounded be collected and distributed to the men. Use the bayonet where possible.

By command of Major-Gen'l Meade.
S. WILLIAMS,
Adjutant-General.

Humphreys in a despatch to Warren said, "Spare ammunition and use the bayonet."

At nine o'clock, corps commanders were told to empty one-half of the ammunition-wagons and issue their contents to the troops without delay, sending the empty wagons to report to Ingalls at Meade's headquarters.

I asked Edie what escort I was to have. He answered, "A sergeant and four or five men." I exclaimed, "A sergeant and four or five men! What would I amount to with that sort of escort against Mosby?"

For those who have been born since the war, let me say that Mosby was a very daring officer operating between the Rapidan and Potomac, his haunt the eastern base of the Blue Ridge. I think every staff officer stood in dread of encountering him anywhere outside the lines, — at least I know I did, — from reports of atrocities, perhaps more or less exaggerated, committed by his men. Colonel Mosby is still living, old age has whitened his hair and given him a benevolent, engaging manner, and I have no doubt that most of his men were not as black as they were painted. I must have worn a most indignant expression, possibly due to just having escaped capture, for Edie roared with

laughter. But I declared that it was no laughing matter, that I had to have more men than that, and I got them, for they sent a squadron of the Fifth New York Cavalry with me, and besides they supplied me with a fresh horse, a spirited young black with a narrow white stripe on his nose.

When I was ready to start, I heard General Grant ask some one near him, "Where is the officer that is going back with despatches?" Those that I had received were from Meade's Adjutant-General. I was taken up to him by either Porter or Babcock. Grant at once sat down with his back against a small pine tree, and wrote a despatch directed to Halleck.

While he was writing, E. B. Washburne, a prominent member of Congress, who, as a fellow townsman of Grant's, had opened the door for his career and had come down to see him start the great campaign (on account of his long-tailed black coat and silk hat the men said that he was an undertaker that Grant had brought along to bury "Jeff" Davis), gave me a letter with a Congressman's frank to be mailed to his family. A number of the staff gave me letters also. A telegraph operator was directed to go with me, and my final instructions were that, if I found communication broken at Rappahannock Station, I was to go to Manassas, or the nearest station where the operator could find an open circuit.

I set out with my despatches, several correspondents joining me, and I remember that I was not half as polite to them as I should have been; but in those days a regular army officer who courted a newspaper man lost caste with his fellows. Soon after crossing the Rapidan we met a battalion of a New Jersey cavalry regiment that had been scouting up the river. It was a newly organized regiment, one of Burnside's, and on account of its gaudy uniforms

was called by all the old cavalymen "Butterflies," and most unmercifully jibed by them. But the "Butterfly" soon rose to the occasion, and paid the old veterans in coin as good as their own. As we were riding by them, one of our men inquired if they had seen anything of Mosby, and, on being answered in the negative, observed sarcastically in the hearing of the "Butterfly," "It's mighty lucky for Mosby," and rode on with a grin of a Cheshire cat.

We followed the road to Sheppard's Grove and then across country to Stone's or Paoli Mills on Mountain Run. From there we made our way to Providence Church on the Norman's Ford Road, passing over a part of the field where the lamented Pelham was killed. The old church stood on a ridge, and if ever it had a door-yard and fences about it, the latter were gone and some of its windows broken; desolated fields lay around it. When we reached it the sun had set, and I remember how red was its outspread fan in the low western sky. Rappahannock Station was in sight, and over the works which occupied the knolls on the north side of the river, which the Sixth Corps had carried one night by assault after twilight had fallen the preceding autumn, to my surprise a flag was flying. I had supposed that the post had been abandoned, but for some reason or other Burnside had left a regiment there. Our approach being observed, the pickets were doubled, for they took us for some of the enemy's cavalry.

I went at once, after seeing the officer in command, to the little, one-story, rough-boarded house that had served as the railroad station; and, while the operator was attaching his instrument that he carried strapped to his saddle, I opened Grant's despatch and read it. In view of its being his first from the Wilderness, I will give it entire: —

WILDERNESS TAVERN,
May 6, 1864 — 11.30 A. M.

MAJOR-GENERAL HALLECK,
Washington, D. C.

We have been engaged with the enemy in full force since early yesterday. So far there is no decisive result, but I think all things are progressing favorably. Our loss to this time I do not think exceeds 8000, of whom a large proportion are slightly wounded. Brigadier-General Hays was killed yesterday, and Generals Getty and Bartlett wounded. We have taken about 1400 prisoners. Longstreet's, A. P. Hill's, and Ewell's corps are all represented among the prisoners taken.

U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant-General.

Meanwhile the operator's instrument had clicked and clicked, but could get no answer, and he decided we should have to go on possibly as far as Fairfax Station. Thereupon I talked with the commander of the escort; I wish I could recall his name, for he and his men were with Hammond at Parker's store on the morning of the 5th. He thought the march should not be resumed till the horses had fed and had a good rest, as it was at least thirty miles to Fairfax Station.

The colonel gave us some supper and wanted to know all about the battle; but I was very tired and in those days with strangers very reserved, so I am afraid I disappointed him, and soon went to sleep, with the understanding that we should start on not later than half-past ten o'clock. Saddling had begun when I was waked up by the officer of the guard, who said that a civilian had just been brought in from the picket-line claiming to be a scout from Grant's headquarters with orders from him to me. I did not recognize the man, though I may have seen him about the provost-marshal's headquar-

ters. He handed me a small envelope containing the following order:—

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
May 6, 1864 — 2 P. M.

LIEUT. MORRIS SCHAFF,
Ordnance Officer.

The commanding general directs that you return with your party and despatches to these headquarters, the orders directing the procuring of an additional supply of ammunition having been recalled.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

S. WILLIAMS,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

The original in the same little envelope is lying before me now; it is beginning to wear an old look and is turning yellow. You, envelope, and your associations are dear to me, and as my eye falls on you, old days come back and I see the Army of the Potomac again. In a little while we shall part; and I wonder if in years to come it will dream of that night when we first met on the Rappahannock, hear the low intermittent swish of the water among the willows on the fringed banks as then, and in its dream go back under the dim starlight to the Wilderness and a boy mounted on a young black horse that had a little white snip on its nose.

As there was no occasion for hurrying back, and the scout and his horse both called for rest, I waited till two o'clock and then set off on our return, the scout taking the lead. That night the stars were dim, and in the woods it was very dark. We had been on our way some time, during which I had paid no attention to the direction we were going, when, for some reason or other, I asked the scout if he were sure of being on the right road. He answered that he was, and we rode on. But shortly after I heard the roaring of water falling over

a dam away off to our right, and asked, "Where is that dam?" He said on the Rappahannock. "If that's the case," I replied, "we are heading the wrong way, it should be on our left."

Well, he reckoned he knew which way he was going; but I was not satisfied, and after going a bit farther told the captain to countermarch. At this the scout was very much provoked, declaring we should soon be completely lost in the woods. He went his way and I went mine, and within a mile I struck a narrow lane which led to a house with a little log barn or shed just opposite, and in a flash I knew where we were, for I had particularly noticed the shed on our way out.

It was really a great relief, as any one will appreciate who has tried to find his way in a dark night across an unfamiliar country.

The water we heard that still night was Mountain Run flowing over the dam and lashing among the boulders below it at Paoli Mills. On my visit to the Wilderness last May I went to the dam, and then to the old, weather-beaten, forsaken mill that stands alone some two hundred yards away in a field. Its discontinued race was empty and grass-grown, and some of the members of a small, scattered flock of sheep ready for shearing were feeding along its brushy banks. By the roadside, below the boulders, is a shadowed, gravelly edged, shallow pool, and as I approached it a little sandpiper flitted away.

Daylight had just broken when we reached Madden's, and, as we were passing a low, hewed log house, a powerful, lank, bony-faced woman appeared at the door combing a hank of coarse gray hair.

I said, "Good-morning, madam, how far is it to Germanna Ford?"

She replied surlily to my question, and then with a hard smile added, "I

reckon you'uns got a right smart good whipping last night."

"What do you mean," I asked.

"Well, you'll find out when you get back." And she gave me a spurning look that as much as said, "You caught h—l and deserved it."

The other day when I travelled the road a catbird was singing in the neglected garden. The woman had long since died. Her name was Eliza Allen.

To fully comprehend what Eliza denominated as a "right smart good whipping" necessitates an account of the operations on the right of the army during the afternoon and late evening of the first day. And for reasons that will be disclosed later, I'll suggest that we walk leisurely up the Flat Run Road and thence to where lay Sedgwick's right.

And before we set off from the junction of the Flat Run with the Germanna Road let me tell you that the darkish, weatherworn roof and stubby red chimney that you see a half-mile or more away across the deserted fields, are those of the old Spotswood manor-house. It is partially concealed by that intervening heave in the ground, and its mistress, Lady Spotswood, is buried on the plantation known as "Superba," near Stevensburg.

In a few steps the fenceless road, a mere two-wheeled track winding among the trees, will lead us through deep and lonely woods. I passed over it twice last May, and azaleas and dogwoods were blooming, and I think I can point out the identical giant huckleberry — it was on the left of the road — whose white pendulous flowers first caught my eye with their suggestion of bells tolling for the dead. And as we walk by them I venture to say that no finer or larger violets are to be seen anywhere in the world, or more pleasing little houstonias. Later on I can promise you the sight of cowslips gilding

patches of shallow, stagnant water; for as we draw nearer to where Sedgwick was engaged, we shall come to the swampy head of Caton's Run and the uppermost waters of the tributaries of Flat Run. The road is between them, the former on our left, the latter on the right. Hark a minute! that must be the same herd of cattle I met with last year: I came on them at this sudden turn and up went every head wildly. I recognize the bells. Yes, the same lonely *kling, klung*: we shall not see them, they are feeding off toward Warren's lines.

We have walked at least a mile. How much farther? Only a short way, a new road is always long. "What is this low, continuous mound that we see on both sides of the road?" halting suddenly, you ask. That is all that is left of Sedgwick's entrenchments. Let us follow it to the right, if for nothing else on account of its soliciting lonesomeness. I am sure it will enjoy our presence, for think of the days and nights it has lain here dreaming, dreaming of the dead. Do you imagine the spirits of those boys ever come back? Oh, yes, they are here over and over again, in line, with flags flying and the roses of youth in their cheeks. And think of the fires that swept through the woods that night! I wonder if they break out anew with the reappearance of the dead? No, and if spectral flames were to rekindle, the trees would shiver down the fallen dew and quench them; for the trees dread to hear those cries again.

The walking is not easy, I know, for the limbs are low and the trees are thick. Moreover it is growing rougher and swampier; more and more, too, the green vines impede our way. Test their strength if you care to do so. But here is the right of the line near the head of a branch. If we were to follow it till it meets the run, and then a bit farther northward, we should come in sight of

some old fields, but we will not penetrate deeper; let us pause and rest a moment. We are in one of the very depths of the Wilderness. Notice the tufts of moss tagging those forlorn young trees; that dark pool, that leaning stub with its one spotted, leprous limb, and that motionless, fallen tree, those short, gray, melancholy vistas. Were you ever in a quieter spot or one where you felt the living presence of a vaster, more wizardly, brooding loneliness? No, your voice even sounds strange; and, excuse me, if I remark a glint of wildness in your eyes, — that atavistic glint which comes only in places like this.

On the afternoon of the first day about here the right of Keifer's brigade formed — it ought to be known in history as Keifer's, for Seymour had just been assigned to it. It consisted of the Sixth Maryland, One Hundred and Tenth, One Hundred and Twenty-second, One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Ohio, Sixty-seventh and One Hundred and Thirty-eighth Pennsylvania; and Ohio, Maryland and Pennsylvania may well be proud of their record on this ground. On their left were those sterling brigades of Russell and Neill of the Sixth Corps, only a few of the men visible, the bulk completely buried by the thick undergrowth. Well, the first day, as the sun was on the point of setting, orders came for them to go ahead, and ahead they went.

If in your mind's eye you care to go forward with them I'll go with you; and for the sake of my old state, let us join the One Hundred and Tenth Ohio under Colonel Binkley. The first line under Keifer is made up of that regiment and the Sixth Maryland, the latter on the left, connecting with the Fourth New Jersey. Behind us in a second line are the One Hundred and Twenty-second Ohio, then the One Hundred and Thirty-eighth Pennsyl-

vania, and then the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Ohio. Colonel John W. Horn, commanding the Sixth Maryland, is sending out skirmishers to cover his front; they are under Captain Prentiss, a very gallant man, who in the final charges on the forts of the Petersburg lines led a storming party and, as he crossed the parapet, had his breastbone carried away by a piece of shell, exposing his heart's actions to view. The Confederate commanding the battery which had just been overpowered fell also, and the two officers lying there side by side recognized each other as brothers. Captain Luther Brown of the One Hundred and Tenth Ohio is in charge of the skirmishers in his regiment's front, and he and Prentiss are both soon hotly engaged. Now the order comes for the first line to move forward.

The colors advance; let us go with them. That firm, earnest-eyed man commanding the regiment is Binkley; and there is McElwain, one of the bravest of the brave. The fire is soon terrific, men are falling, but the colors are going ahead and the men are going with them. Did you see the look in that sergeant's face as he fell? and now comes a horrid thud as a shot strikes a corporal full in the breast. But pushing aside the low, stubborn limbs and scrambling over these wretched vines, on goes the line. How hard it is for us to keep up with them, let alone carrying a musket and loading it as we go! There is no silence in the dismal Wilderness now. Smoke is billowing up through it, the volleys are frequent and resounding; bullets in sheets are clipping leaves and limbs, and scoring or burying themselves deep in the trunks of the trees. On go the sons of Ohio and Maryland. I wonder how much longer they can stand it. Look, look, how the men are going down! But don't let us cast our eyes behind us; as long as

those brave fellows go ahead, let us go with them.

The lines are slowing up under that frightful, withering fire. Now they stand, they can go no farther, for just ahead (behind logs hurriedly assembled) on that rising ground are the enemy, and they mean to hold it. Moreover, it has grown so dark that their position is made known only by the deep red, angrily flashing light from the levelled muzzles of their guns. Although Keifer has reported that unless reinforced he doubts being able to carry the position, yet back comes the command to attack at once. The line obeys, but is checked by a terrible fire. Some brave fellow cries out, "Once more"; they try it again, but the fire is too heavy. Here they hold, and bullets at highest speed, for it is very close range, are converging across their flank from right and left, showing that the enemy are overlapping the line. For nearly three hours they stand that scourging fire, Keifer, although seriously wounded, staying with them.

We had better fall back, but let us take this little fellow with us and help him along. Amid flying bullets, we lift him, he puts his arms around our necks, and, colliding with trees, limbs raking our faces, we stagger along over the uneven ground in the dark. Now we stumble headlong over a body, and as we fall, our friend moans piteously, and so does the unfortunate man our feet have struck, who says faintly, "I belong to Stafford's brigade [Confederate]; will you get me some water?" I hear you say right heartily, "Yes, indeed, we will. You help our man and bring a canteen; I'll stay here till you come back." Missing the course on my return, "Where are you?" I cry. "Here we are; come quickly, for the fire in the woods is making this way fast." And the soldier in gray is borne to the rear.

We come suddenly upon Keifer —

who is this riding up in the darkness saying sharply to him, "Support must be sent, for the enemy are flanking us"? And just then by the flash of a number of guns we recognize the daring McElwain; down goes his horse, and that is the last of the gallant fellow; he and many others are burned beyond recognition. Let us close our eyes to the scene and our ears to the cries, and leave this volley-crashing and heart-rending pandemonium. The Sixth Maryland has lost, out of 442, 152 officers and men; and the One Hundred and Tenth Ohio, 115 killed and wounded.

Do you know why I asked you to go over this ground with me, Reader? It is because Grant, through misinformation, reported to Halleck two days later that this brigade had not behaved well, and for years and years they have had to stand this bitter injustice. It is true that the next night this brigade, as well as Shaler's, which was sent to its right, was swept away by Gordon in the discomfiture referred to by Mrs. Allen; but let us look into the facts. And while we are doing so the narrative will be making its approach to the end, for a few turns more and it will have run its course.

The impetuous attacks of Russell's, Neill's, and Keifer's brigades were met by those of Hays, Pegram, and Stafford, during which Pegram was severely and Stafford mortally wounded. The losses on both sides were heavy, and toward the close of the action Gordon was sent for by Ewell to go to the support of his staggering troops. Owing to the darkness and the nature of the wood, it was well along in the night, and the fighting was over, before his big brigade reached a position on the extreme left of Ewell's line, which at this point swung back a little north-westwardly. Gordon directed his men to sleep on their arms, and at once sent out scouts to feel their way and find

the right, if possible, of Keifer's position. At an early hour these scouts reported that his lines overlapped it and that it was wholly unprotected.

This news was of such importance that he sent the scouts back to verify it. Satisfied on their return the second time that they had not been deceived, and keenly appreciating what his adversary's unprotected flank invited, he waited impatiently for daybreak; then, mounting his horse, he was guided by his explorers of the night before to a spot where he dismounted, and then, creeping forward some distance, saw through a narrow vista with his own eyes our exposed flank, the men unconscious of danger seated around little camp-fires boiling their coffee. Colonel Ball of the One Hundred and Twenty-second Ohio says that General Seymour, then in command of the brigade, was repeatedly notified during the night that the enemy were engaged cutting timber for their works and moving to our right. For some reason or other General Seymour did not give heed to this significant information and throw up a line for the safety of his right. On regaining his lines Gordon rode at once, burning with his discovery, to his division commander, Jubal A. Early, a sour, crabbed character, who, unlike Gordon and the big-hearted and broad-minded Confederates, bore a gloomy heart, cursing his country to the last. What is bleaker than an old age a slave to Hate!

Readers and Friends, if our higher natures have a dwelling-place, I cannot believe that you will find such splenetic personalities as that of Jubal A. Early occupying chairs before their cheerfully radiant hearth. No, there as here, the Spirit loves the man and soldier who takes his defeats and disappointments with a gentleman's lofty, tender manliness.

Gordon laid the situation before

Early, expecting him to jump at the chance to strike a blow such as that which made Stonewall famous. But, to Gordon's amazement, Early refused to entertain his suggestion of a flank attack, alleging as a reason that Burnside was on the Germanna Road directly behind Sedgwick's right and could be thrown at once on the flank of any attacking force that should try to strike it. If this interview took place between daylight and seven o'clock, Early was probably right as to the presence of a part, at least, of Burnside's troops on the Germanna Road, for, as we have already seen, the head of his rear division, the First, did not reach the Pike till about seven o'clock.

Early declining to make the attack, Gordon went to Ewell and urged it upon him; but he hesitated to overrule Early's decision, and so Gordon had to go back to his brigade, cast down and doubtless disgusted through and through with the lack of enterprise on the part of his superiors and seniors. He was only thirty-two or three, while Ewell and Early were approaching fifty years of age. By the time Gordon had returned from his fruitless mission, Shaler's brigade had been sent to Seymour's right. Thus Ewell's lines lay quiescent throughout the livelong day behind their entrenchments, unmoved by Longstreet's and Field's desperate battling on the Plank Road to the southeast of them.

Stung by disappointment over his failure to carry the Brock Road, Lee set off for Ewell's headquarters, the declining sun admonishing him that

only a few hours remained in which to reap his expectations of the morning. The course he took, if one cares to follow, was, for a mile or more, through a leaf-strewn, overarching wood-road to the Chewning Farm, his general direction almost due northwest. At Chewning's he passes Pegram's and McIntosh's batteries; they salute, — the Confederates cheered rarely, — he lifts his hat, carries his gauntleted left hand a little to the right, presses his high-topped boot against Traveller's right side, and the well-trained gray, feeling rein and leg, changes to almost due north, and with his strong, proudly-daring gallop brings his master to the Pike and Ewell.

When Lee reined up at Ewell's headquarters, he asked sharply, — I think I can see the blaze in his dark brown eye, — "Cannot something be done on this flank to relieve the pressure upon our right?" It so happened that both Early and Gordon were with Ewell when this guardedly reproving question was put. After listening as a young man and subordinate should to the conference of his superiors, he felt it his duty to acquaint Lee with what the reader already knows. Early, with his usual obstinacy, vigorously opposed the movement, maintaining that Burnside was still there; Lee, having just thrown Burnside back from the Plank Road, over two miles from where Early was putting him, heard him through with grim look and thereupon promptly ordered Gordon to make the attack at once. By this time the sun was nearly set.

(To be concluded.)

"MR. JOHN'S MISS BEST"

BY MARY BORDEN TURNER

It was in one of those wide glittering towns of Southern India, whose bazaars crawl in a sunny stupor about the base of their great gigantic fantastic temple; one of those low-voiced murmuring Hindu cities that are not at all disturbed by the clamor of the railway train and the meagre fringe of bungalow that mark the watchful presence of the "Heaven-born Sahib," but seem wrapped in a kind of sundream, a hot torpid delirium of a dream. We went to see the temple, and by accident we found her, little Miss Helen Best, from Pennsylvania, hidden away within the apathetic indifference of that Indian community. She was safe there, as safe as a woman of an Indian *zeñana* is safe from the prying eyes of the world beyond her lattice; and if it had not been for my unwitting falsehood, Mr. John would never have allowed us to hunt her down in her retreat. He guarded his little mistress as jealously as if she were his own child, and he revered her solitude as only an Indian can reverence the mute inactivity of the ascetic. When all is said, I am sure that he deemed her a holy woman, a kind of priestess.

We were three weary, bewildered tourists struggling against that indefinable sense of an atmosphere, somehow vindictive and oppressive, that drags at the vitality of aliens in India. We caught sight of him as our train drew in to the station, afar down the platform, rising head and shoulders above the brilliant undulating sea of many-colored turbans; and even at a

distance he was a sight to refresh us. His turban, his shirt, and his folded skirt were of spotless white muslin; the uncovered parts of his compact, well-formed body shone like burnished bronze; he smiled broadly as he approached, but with an air of control and self-respect.

He was the one person in all the confused throng.

Calmly he gathered us up and deposited us in the shade of the waiting-room. The Colonel took off his *topé*, wiped an aristocratic gray mustache with a large silk handkerchief, and looked at him over his glasses.

"Are you Mr. John, the guide?" he asked. The Colonel seemed somehow less impressive than usual.

"Yes, sir," answered the magnificent Indian quietly.

The afternoon sun struck in an unwilling, diminished glare through the green straw screens that hung before the doors. The long dining-room table, laid for some thirty imaginary diners, gave the impression of having been laid thus for interminable, timeless days. A servant lay asleep on the floor by the counter, where bottles of "Rose's Lime Juice," ginger beer, and "Old Scotch," stood guard among the flies. A lizard hung motionless on the wall over the clock. The electric fan whirled smoothly overhead. The train had moved on; the crowd had melted away, absorbed into the blazing light outside.

"Are there any missionaries here?" Aunt Nora's chin condemned the long table and all the terrible array of soup

and fish and fowl and mutton and brown pudding, that it stood for.

Yes, there was a German Mission. Our hearts sank within us. We had been told there was an American missionary, a lady, and we had made up our minds to cast our tired selves upon her hospitality.

"I understood there was an American lady here?" I persisted.

Mr. John hesitated and eyed us all, up and down, with quiet scrutiny. There was about him suddenly an atmosphere of almost mysterious reserve.

"There is an American lady," he announced at last with deliberation. "I care for her. I am her servant." He drew himself up very straight.

We all brightened at the vision of an American hostess, a cool veranda, a cup of home-brewed tea.

"Oh, that's all right, then. We'll call on her," I announced gayly.

"She is not a missionary, your ladyship;" Mr. John interrupted my enthusiasm respectfully, but with decision. "She lives in retirement. She is writing a book." Then after a short pause, "a book of religion." He spoke the last words with awe and seemed defying us to treat them lightly.

"But we have friends who know her," I found myself almost pleading.

There was a silence. The Colonel stared, wiping the inside of his hat, and waited for his wife to speak.

"You might take my card to your mistress and ask her if she will receive us," said that little lady humbly.

When Mr. John signified his willingness to take the "ticket" to her ladyship and disappeared into the white sunlight beyond the straw screen, we realized that it was an act of condescension on his part, and we waited in an attitude of subdued suspense until he returned, beaming.

Miss Helen Best, he spoke her name now with careful emphasis, would be

pleased to have the ladies and the gentleman come to her for tea or dinner, whichever suited our convenience. We brazenly chose dinner, and Mr. John smiled approval. Now that he had given his consent he was not going to do the thing by halves. He had a generous, even a grand, oriental idea of what hospitality should mean. Would we not come with him and pay our respects to the lady on our way to the Temple, returning later for dinner? Certainly.

We climbed obediently into the large hooded "gari," that stood in waiting, and rolled slowly down the wide monotonous road, Mr. John straight and immaculate beside the ragged driver on the box. Long vistas of dust and sunshine and palm-bordered stone walls opened before us. The air was heavy with heat and the perfume of jasmine and mango flowers. Here and there a bungalow glinted at us from a large drearily sunny garden. We passed two or three Indian women with naked babies poised on swaying hips, and then a bullock cart, the driver nodding sleepily from his seat on the shaft, half-waking to pull the tails of his lumbering team and then dropping his head forward again.

Presently we turned into a narrower road, flanked closely by well-to-do native houses of half-European, half-Indian design, and stopped in front of a small gateway in the middle of a hedge. A vendor of sweets sat on the ground beneath the hedge, his tray of greasy dainties, swarming with flies, in the dust beside him. Through the gateway, about twenty feet back from the road, rose a bright blue house with a narrow balcony across the second story. There were strange Hindu drawings over the door and along the front of blue plaster. At one end of the long narrow balcony hung a red hammock.

Mr. John was opening the door of our carriage with all the gallantry of

a host. The Colonel turned astonished eyes upward to the hammock and seemed about to demur, but Mr. John led the way up the straight gravel path, and we followed. Entering the small front door we found ourselves in a large dim roofed-in courtyard, quite empty except for a table spread with a white cloth that stood in the centre. A balcony like the one outside ran around the second story, and stairs led up at one side. We followed Mr. John again across the stone pavement, up the stairs, and along the little balcony to a low door. There he stopped and knocked.

For some moments we waited, huddled together, talking in whispers. Not a sound broke the stillness. Through the half-open doorway I could see a part of a round table with a heavy plush cover, and on the floor several high piles of books. Beyond, through the open window, showed the railing of the outer balcony and a fringe of the red hammock. Presently Mr. John knocked again and stepped halfway into the room; and at last from an inner distance floated a voice, a little high voice, pitched in the sweet, trustful cadence of a happy child,—

"Just a minute, Mr. John. I'm coming."

It startled us. It was utterly immature, confiding. Mr. John motioned us to come into the small sitting-room and be seated on the three straight chairs that with the round table and a huge wooden chest made up its furniture. On the floor, against the walls, were many piles of books. We waited another five minutes perhaps.

The Colonel was very uncomfortable. He rolled his cane back and forth nervously across his knees and eyed Mr. John with antagonism. That gentleman filled the doorway, placid, immobile. The sound of a distant temple gong beat through the thick hot still-

ness. And then at last she came, a little figure moving toward us somewhat sideways and holding out a hand shyly.

She was dressed in a white dress that hung quite straight, like a nightgown, from throat to ankles, perfectly plain, with narrow ruffles at neck and wrists. Beneath the hem of this garment appeared white stockings and little black carpet slippers. Her thin soft brown hair hung in a short braid down her back. She was certainly forty years old.

After she had shaken hands with a kind of beaming ingenuous simper, she sat down on a chair which Mr. John produced from somewhere and crossed her hands in timid repose.

"It was so very kind of you to come and see me, and to send word by Mr. John," she said, in her light, sweet American voice. "I was n't sure that I ought to invite you on account of this sore on my finger; you may not care to come to dinner; Mr. John has bandaged it for me and thinks it is nothing, but you can't tell in this country." She looked at us each in turn, and up at Mr. John happily and trustfully. "I hope you will come," she added.

We signified with bewildering graciousness, summoned to meet her own, that we would be very glad to come. Her little insignificant features wrinkled into a beaming smile, her small eyes were very bright and looked straight at us, in the most friendly way.

"Do you see much of the missionaries?" asked Aunt Nora by way of conversation. There was a touch of compassion in her voice.

"No, I have n't yet made their acquaintance," answered the little person brightly. "Mr. John says it's the custom for strangers to call on the residents here, but I can't, and so they have n't called on me."

She seemed quite satisfied that this should be so, and went on to explain away the sympathy in our faces. "I

don't go out of doors much, so I don't meet any one. Mr. John tries to get me to go out, but I don't like to. I need lots of time to meditate, and then it's so — so dreadful. I just walk up and down the veranda a little every day for exercise."

"What is so dreadful?" I asked, now thoroughly bewildered, for surely if she had come to India to write a book on religion she must have come, too, to study the life of the people.

"Oh, everything; the heathen life," she said plaintively. "I could n't have Mr. John around me if he were n't a Christian, could I, Mr. John?"

Mr. John smiled paternally.

"But you've been studying the temples, I suppose." I was grasping at a last straw of explanation.

"No, I've not seen the Temple. Mr. John tries and tries to get me to go, but I can't bring myself to." There was real pain in her voice and on her frail, expressively insignificant face. "It's so horrible." She shuddered a little and then smiled again somewhat piteously.

Aunt Nora came to the rescue. "Mr. John tells us that you are very busy writing a book."

"Yes," her eyes became almost beautiful all at once with a deep enthusiasm, "I am writing on the Universal Religion."

My incredulity and amazement must have been almost rude by this time, for the Colonel and his wife rose simultaneously.

"You must tell us about the book at dinner," said the latter; and then, turning to include me, "My niece is quite literary herself."

"How very nice."

She was a happy child again, not in the least interested in us but instinctively courteous. Indeed it was impossible to explain her cordiality as due to loneliness. She was evidently touched

by what she deemed our kindness in coming to see her, and her innate refinement expressed itself in an exquisite cordiality; but the current of her inner life was as undisturbed by our advent as by the tide of forlorn humanity that eddied round her little Indian dwelling.

"And what time will dinner be, Mr. John?" she asked sweetly as we went out.

"At half-after seven, your ladyship," answered Mr. John.

The Colonel was really worried, and stalked ahead, swinging his cane irritably. There was something uncanny about Miss Helen Best's situation that worked upon his old-fashioned ideas of the sanity and propriety of things. He was not at all sure that we should go back to dinner, but his wife, who seemed really touched by the pathos of the little woman's isolation, overruled his vague apprehensions. She wandered by herself wearily through the fantastic courts of the Temple, obviously depressed by what Miss Best called the dreadful heathenism of its grandeur, and so Mr. John was left to the fire of my questions.

He was as genially communicative now as he had been mysterious and reserved. Yes, he told me, she had just stepped off the train one day, as we had done, and he had met her. She had asked him if there was any place where she could stay and he had taken her to the "dak bungalow." After two days she had said to him, "Mr. John, I can't stay here much longer. The travelers are disconcerting. Can you find me a home?" So he found her a house. That was eight months ago. And how long was she going to stay? He did n't know, but he had advised her ladyship to leave next month when the fever set in. It would not be safe for her ladyship then.

I looked in astonishment at his open

face, unwilling to be convinced of the man’s disinterested faithfulness. “And you are her servant now?” I asked.

“Yes; she allows me to guide the tourists as is my custom, but I have time to care for her ladyship’s house as well. She is very pleased with me. Sometimes at the end of the month she says, ‘Mr. John, I am very pleased with you,’ and gives me a present.” He beamed proudly. His delight in her, and in himself as her trusted servant, and in our interest, increased markedly as the day wore on; and when at last he had us all seated around her dinner-table and had taken up his place behind her chair with a napkin folded carefully over his arm, he seemed ready to burst with proud satisfaction. He kept his two small sons running noiselessly back and forth with a succession of steaming dishes that linger yet in my memory as masterpieces of spicy seasoning. He opened soda bottles with the air of a head-waiter in the Waldorf-Astoria opening champagne, and gazed with bright, alert eyes from one to another as we talked to our little hostess. He looked down upon us, — the Colonel’s handsome white head, Aunt Nora’s slim daintiness, my own fluffy hair, and his little mistress’s happy countenance, — and his benediction covered us all.

And she was exactly as she had been in the afternoon, with no change whatsoever in her costume, but appearing a little smaller perhaps and more helpless as she sat facing the candles, surrounded by the dimness of the great shadowy room. She talked easily and graciously about herself and her work. She had nothing to hide, that was evident, and very little to tell, it seemed, when all was told. She had left America five years before and had stopped first at Singapore. She had stayed there two years, then she had gone to Australia, but after a year had come back to Singapore. Australia was not just

the place for a student of religion. A while ago she had come to India. She had read a good many books on Indian philosophy, and so she thought it would be nice to come here for a while.

“The minister of my church in Pennsylvania writes to me sometimes,” she went on; and it was her only explanation of what seemed to her a perfectly natural mode of life. “He wonders when I will come home, but I don’t know. It’s hard to travel now with all my books, and so I like to stay in one place. It seems to me the Orient is a nice place to write a book on the Universal Religion. It’s so quiet here.”

After dinner we spent an hour in her little sitting-room among the books that lay heaped against the walls on all sides of us. Noticing my attempts to read the titles of these volumes, she jumped up from her chair and crossed over to the great wooden chest in the corner.

“I have a lot more here,” she said, smiling and lifting the lid like a child about to show off its favorite toys. She sat down on the floor and began to take out the books that half-filled it, handing them to me to look at. She handled them nicely, with that sure, gentle touch of a real booklover. Some that she chose at random, I knew, such as W. D. Hyde’s *Practical Idealism*, George Adams Smith’s *Minor Prophets*, and *The Life of D. L. Moody*. Then there were Stevens’s *New Testament Theology*, Hopkins on *Hinduism*, a *History of the Hebrew People*, and a great dreary heterogeneous assortment of new and old religious writings.

“Have you read them all?” I asked, somewhat awestruck.

“Oh, no. I just look through them and read the table of contents and kind of find out what’s in them by handling them. I could n’t read them all, but somehow the more I have the more I seem to need. Here’s a list. I’ve sent

for five hundred dollars' worth more." She thrust a typewritten sheet into my hands, headed by the name of a Philadelphia publisher. "They are on the way now, but it takes a long time. Books are n't good travelers."

She laughed a little tremulous laugh. For the first time she seemed a little ridiculous sitting there on the floor surrounded by those ponderous volumes. Then her really charming hospitality drew her to her feet.

"Would you like to see my manuscript?" she asked naively of the Colonel who was sitting distraught in a corner.

Lifting the lamp from the table, she led the way into the inner room. It was a twofold apartment, bedroom and dressing-room, but she evidently used the small dressing-room to sleep in, for it contained a straight *charpoy* (string bed) covered with a single cotton sheet, and a wash-stand with an enameled-ware bowl and pitcher. Our hostess opened the farther door of this strange little cell, without a trace of embarrassment, and led us into the front room, which was almost filled by a large oblong table. Covering the entire table were neat piles of manuscript tied with string and placed one close beside the other.

Miss Best held the lamp in one hand and with the other touched the papers gently. Her little face looked old, in the bright light, and pathetically earnest. There was a glint of enthusiasm in her little eyes, like the last glint of the sparks among dead ashes.

"I thought it would take me a year, maybe, to write my book," she said, "but it is five now."

"Is it almost finished?" some one asked.

"Oh, dear, no," she smiled gravely, "but I am really beginning." Then

after a silence, "it seems as though the longer one works, the slower it goes."

We went back through the bare bedroom, silently. There was something noble in the concentrated singleness of her mind, small and unbalanced though it was, that touched and humbled us all. She was too slight and meagre a person, perhaps, to be called a "passionate pilgrim"; but her fervent simplicity lifted her for the moment away above and beyond our world.

"We shall hope to meet again, across the water," said the Colonel, bowing over her hand in his most courtly manner.

She wriggled like a shy child. "I don't know when I shall be in America," she said, without wistfulness. But her fine courtesy lent her dignity again as she shook hands with Aunt Nora and me, telling us how very kind we were to come.

Then she pattered down the stairs in her little carpet slippers, and out to the front door. As we climbed into the carriage she nodded kindly many times, always smiling, and as we turned down the road I looked back to see her still standing in the doorway in her little white gown, waving her hand, while Mr. John held a lamp high above her head.

An hour later, as the train rushed us northward, the Colonel lifted his eyes from his account-book, pencil poised in mid-air.

"I gave that fellow ten rupees; I believe he's honest." He nodded with grave decision.

"It's a bitter shame," said Aunt Nora tying her head up in a veil. "Think of all that manuscript."

"I wonder if it is," said I.

THE PROBLEM OF CITY HOUSING

I

THE PROBLEM ABROAD

BY HOLLIS GODFREY

FROM the dry columns of dusty departmental reports I have garnered the text which follows.

Eleven thousand men in Manchester, England, tried to enlist in the army. Eight thousand were rejected, two thousand were accepted for the militia, and one thousand were taken for the army. With that record, and with the possibility of German invasion ever before her eyes, need we marvel that Britain sees the shambling hooligan in her streets with a growing foreboding of the future, or that the nations of Europe, when they seek men to whom their costly tools can be intrusted, look dubiously at the wretched human stuff their cities now produce?

Still more than the armies of war, the armies of peace need men. From recruiting offices of the army, of the workshop, of the factory, and of the forge alike, come tales of rejection and of distrust. A remedy is needed, and that speedily. In a belief that environment may be closely connected with personal efficiency, European leaders of both the peaceful and the militant armies are striving to better the house in which a man is born, in which he lives and dies. They have sought the cause which has produced the defective man behind the gun or machine. They have found that housing has a direct con-

nection with the welfare of every individual in the state.

Scarcely a city but reports a desperate lack of proper housing, hardly a city ward but shows a marvelous upspringing of industries. There is a close relation between these things. I stood with a German on a height crowned by an ancient castle, and looked out over the plain below dotted with tall chimneys. "The old and the new," he said, pointing backward and forward; "it is the same the empire over. Every year sees thousands more of those spires that mean industrial dominance to us." That little label "made in Germany" on the ware they send to us is but one battle-cry of modern Germany. Every one of those chimneys means that many hands are busily at work beneath, that many a head must find some lodging for the night. And good lodging is not secured as easily as good chimneys.

The building of houses has by no means kept pace with the building of chimneys. From every side rises the cry of the worker, "Where can we find decent housing within the bounds of our wage?" Driven by sheer lack of quarters to the slums, many a man, against his will, adds another family to the rabbit-warrens of the tenements, crowding yet more what was already overcrowded almost beyond endurance.

ance. For it is the slum only which is elastic. The houses of the well-to-do are not the ones which expand to take in the increase of population. It is the family in two rooms which, driven by necessity, gives up one, or, even when crowded into a single room, takes lodgers in those narrow quarters, to help pay the rent. Thousands of slum-rooms do double duty, night and day. No sooner are the night-sleepers on their way to work than the night-workers appear and fill their places. "Overcrowding" is almost synonymous with "slum."

Were this crowding in narrow quarters temporary, it might be better borne; but the slum has the tentacles of a devilfish. Once it receives its prey within its walls it is loath to let them go. Suppose a laborer, sickened with the fetid air and seeing his wife and children pine before his eyes, wishes to escape: what opportunities has he to better his condition? Even if his wage allows him better quarters, landlords and agents of better buildings often look askance at newcomers from the slums. And small indeed is the percentage of men whose wages allow them to spend more than the minimum for rent. From one end of Europe to the other, permanency of occupation for unskilled labor is difficult to obtain. The cry of the unemployed is heard on every hand. When a laborer cannot tell from week to week and month to month how many days are to be spent in idleness, and how many days are to return a wage, he is apt to keep his one fixed expenditure, rent, as low as possible. For centuries a minimum of expenditure for shelter could only be found in the slum. It is one of the master achievements of the twentieth century that here and there doors of escape are opening even for the man with the lowest wage.

It has often been proved that the

barriers by which the slum holds in its people are not long necessary. By imperceptible but rapid degrees its denizens sink into apathy, and develop that strange malady of the great modern city, the slum-disease. This is an infection productive of infections, a contagion which, as it spreads through the slum, creates new slum-dwellers, and leaves its victims stricken with inertia, drunkenness, and criminality. Marvelous it is and worthy of high praise that so many of the poor escape these characteristics. But let them escape or not, one and all suffer equally in their lack of resistance to physical disease. Malnutrition, bad air, and overcrowding, swell the columns which tell of tuberculosis, pneumonia, diphtheria, and every kindred disease. The slum is the great culture-medium of civilization, wherein huge cultures of disease are growing, ready when ripe to rise and sweep the city streets.

Lack of fresh air is by no means the least evil. According to many authorities we require as a minimum from eight hundred to a thousand cubic feet of fresh air per hour to keep the body-machine in efficient working order. A room twelve and a half, by ten, by nine and a half, is a good-sized room for a slum-quarter. Yet the number of cubic feet of air which it contains is less than twice the amount required for health by the average person, even if there is not a stick of furniture on the floor. Add the ordinary amount of furniture, every piece of which subtracts cubic feet from the total air-space, and put four people in the room instead of two. How much chance does each have of getting the minimum amount of fresh air, even provided the air can be completely changed every hour?

As a matter of fact the average slum-house abroad is so constructed that such change is quite impossible. Any one who has struggled with the win-

dows in provincial continental houses knows that they are not made to open and shut. They are there for light or for decorative purposes. They are certainly not there for ventilation. Not only are the windows difficult to open and shut, not only are the families of the slums afraid of fresh air by tradition and precedent, but the very buildings of the crowded quarters shut off the possibility of proper ventilation. Make a personal experiment the next time you walk down a narrow street on a warm day, and notice the window shades. Those on the top floor may be fluttering bravely, while those at the bottom are still. Fortunately for England, many of her slums are still composed of buildings which are from one to three stories in height; but the tall so-called barrack-buildings of the continent, which are more like our tenement-houses, are in many cases as bad as anything New York's streets can show. Ventilation on the first floor, indeed, is no simple matter in the slum. There the open window means an entrance to the filth of the street, the common dumping-ground of the householders along the way.

Few external things indeed have been more discouraging to the workers in the slum than that same habit of dumping. And yet, if the tenants of the crowded street scatter garbage, they do so chiefly because they have no proper means of disposing of it. Their rooms contain mixtures of food, of clothes, and of refuse; the one thing that cannot be found in them is closets for storage. Their sanitary habits are outrageous, — and no small number of English courts and German alleys provide one privy for seven or more families. Their dishes and persons are unclean. Often one faucet will supply a whole court, or in tall barrack-buildings water will be piped only to the first floor. A long trip for water tends to

discourage the morning tub, and darkened rooms where sunlight never falls give little impetus to cleanliness.

Barred from sun, air, and water, those three good gifts, how can the people of the slum produce men and women capable of carrying on the race? One by one the legislatures of the great states of Europe have come to understand the necessity for action. The present paper deals chiefly with the work of Germany and England.¹

That there was need of action, a few figures from reports made less than twenty years ago will show. In 1891 Berlin had 367,000 families in 21,000 buildings, an average of seventeen families to each roof. Scarcely one family in six hundred had a house of its own. 117,702 individuals, seven and two-thirds per cent of the total population of Berlin, lived in cellars. Hamburg was nearly as badly off in this respect. Breslau, Dresden, and Magdeburg each had nearly one-half of its population in dwellings containing but one room, if we exclude the closet called the *zubehör*, which is tiny in size, has no means of heating, and but small opportunity for ventilation. German families in general were housed in the barrack-buildings, four or more stories in height, which corresponded fairly closely to our tenement-houses. The common barrack-house of that period was wretchedly deficient in water-supply, its sanitary accommodations were foul and inadequate, and the possibilities of decent family life within its walls were at a minimum. Despite all these things, the cost of rent was great, often aver-

¹ The reader who wishes to know the more general details of "The German Way of Making Better Cities," cannot do better than to consult Mr. Sylvester Baxter's illuminating paper on that subject in the *Atlantic* for July, 1909. In that article he may see how the German, fitting each building into its predestined place, as the Italian fits the individual stone to the mosaic whole, builds up the picture city.

aging as high as one-third of the total wage received.

Recognizing that the first thing to do was to prevent the growth of new slums, the German authorities who first took up the crusade began work by passing stringent ordinances to govern the erection of buildings. They were aided in no small degree in the successful carrying out of these measures by the great police powers possessed by the government. Stringent requirements for strength were followed by equally stringent requirements for fire protection. Believing that the solid building up of areas causes most unhealthy conditions, some of the states allowed only two-thirds of a building-lot in certain sections to be occupied by buildings. That regulation gave the children of the poor some chance to play, and gave adults and children far greater chance for air and light. The dark interior room was forbidden. A sufficient number of cubic feet for a change of air was demanded for every room. Water-supply, receptacles for garbage and ashes, storage for food and clothes, were brought under control by various ordinances. But all the requirements in the world would not provide fit houses for the poor. At best such laws serve mainly to guard against the building of new unfit houses. Mere ownership of municipal land, and some funds to use in connection with the work, were not sufficient. Constructive methods were needed.

The plans of campaign pursued by the progressive German towns may be summarized under four heads: Town-planning, the use of foresight in determining the inevitable development of the cities; the building of model tenements that should take care of deficiencies in housing, serve as models, supply needed balance-wheels to speculation, or stimulate activity in private building; the encouragement of priv-

ate builders and coöperative building-societies; the demolition of the slum, either by destroying old buildings and replacing them by new model tenements, business offices, or parks, or by such repairs of existing dwellings as would make the old houses fit for sanitary use.

Town-planning is by no means a new conception. As far back as 1668, just after the great fire, Sir Christopher Wren proposed a town plan for London. In its provision of means of communication, and in general excellence, many details of his general scheme are not excelled to-day. He proposed that "all trades that use great fires or yield noisome smells be placed out of the town." The modern scheme sets down such removal as a primary necessity. Means of communication, by the Wren plan, were to be considered of the greatest importance, and there were provisions for streets of three different widths, all yielding easy access to the centre of the city where stood the Exchange. The modern plans lay great stress on rapid transit to and from the centre of the city, believing in general that the place where workmen should live is in garden suburbs encircling a town containing manufactories, stores, and warehouses. Wren differentiated his roads by separating them into traffic ways and residential streets. The first were to be wide, costly, and strongly built to stand heavy wear and tear, the second narrower, less costly, and built for less arduous service. The new methods divide streets into three classes. First the wide, expensive street, through which traffic is to pass; second, the narrow and comparatively inexpensive street; and third, what may be called the undetermined street, which may in time become a traffic-route, but which is intended to be used primarily for residences. This third type of street may be built inexpensively, may be narrow,

and can be enlarged at a minimum of expense because of the foresight shown in its construction. This type of street is laid out with gardens in front of all houses. The garden-space can be added to widen the thoroughfare to the proper width whenever it becomes necessary to expand. Compare this method with the costly American habit of building up narrow streets, with the enforced result of buying both buildings and land, when residential streets are turned to traffic purposes.

Nowhere does Wren's foresight seem more prophetic than in his plans for redistricting his ideal city. Even two centuries and a half ago men were able to understand that the close relation between cost of land and cost of rent per room of any building on that land made it inevitable that dwellings, where offices should be, would call for office-rents. The European workman is housed to-day in many cities on land worth from twenty thousand to eighty thousand dollars an acre. Only by building on every possible foot of such land, only by crowding human beings into every available inch of space, can tenements for the poor pay upon such property. It is the general experience of foreign cities that it is wiser to replace demolished slums by model tenements on less expensive land outside the business or manufacturing section. That this seems wise, not only on financial but on hygienic grounds, it is hardly necessary to dispute.

Few things are more wastefully expensive, or more naturally disorderly, than a large proportion of the great cities. Huddled together without rhyme or reason are shop and factory, hovel, barrack-house, and mansion. By various plans the Germans are trying to sift out their dwellings from the chaotic mass, sending them into the suburbs, and leaving the industries grouped in the centre of the town. That is the

principle behind the plans for the encircling garden-suburb; and such ideas, to be developed by building laws, exist in the "zone system." In this system the height of houses, and the portion of a lot which may be occupied by buildings in any section, are limited by distance from the centre of the town. In general, we may say, that the farther a zone is from the centre the smaller the number of houses to an acre, the smaller the number of stories allowed to a house. The zones are by no means mathematical circles, however. Such regulations naturally tend to group the factories. In Cologne, for example, buildings in the centre of the city may be five stories in height with a mansard. In outer portions of the city, delimited by law, no building may rise over three stories in height, or occupy more than forty per cent of its lot. Saxony made such a scheme compulsory for all towns in 1900; and Prussia, before that time, by a suggested plan, which was not completely carried out, endeavored to limit the height and number of houses in the line of the prevailing winds which blow over Berlin, in order to obtain fresh air for every part of the city. Various German communities which have taken up such schemes have developed the placing of houses in such a way as to obtain a maximum amount of sunshine, and have made sure that space should be left for parks, for playgrounds, and especially for the garden which helps to pay the rent.

Summarizing the most enlightened general regulations of Germany which have to do directly with building operations, we may say that their general trend is to do away with speculation, rigidly to control the builder who is building for investment, and to give the greatest possible freedom to the individual who desires to build for himself. The authorities desire to encourage individuality and resourcefulness.

They step in to guard the community when it is a question of building in the mass. The limitation of dividends on municipal money loaned for house-building; the leasing of lands for periods of years, with the proviso that the buildings to be erected thereon shall become town property at the expiration of the period of lease; the reservation of powers of repurchase, and of powers for the breaking of leases in cases of necessity, have all shown enlightened progress. Most of these projects have already borne fruit in model tenements containing happier and healthier citizens.

All these things cost time and money. Do they pay in human lives? Is the efficiency sought obtained? For answer take the death-rate of one city, Offenbach-am-Main, which has done much for the housing of its citizens. In the ten years from 1870 to 1880 the city death-rate was 23.6 per thousand. From 1880 to 1890 it was 20.8. From 1890 to 1900, it was 18.5. In 1908 it was 14.1. Every year of the last decade has shown increased activity. Every year has seen the death-rate a little lower. In that one German city modern methods are saving from nine to ten more human beings out of every thousand to-day than were saved thirty years ago, while the gain in efficiency, in the possibilities of life which these figures denote, is quite immeasurable.

No nation more than Germany has recognized that the bleakness and barrenness of the tenements form one point in a vicious circle which includes drunkenness, immorality, and gambling, and which makes for disease and death. None has done more in fighting the depressing effect of slum-life by the potent aids of pleasant surroundings, of gardens, music, and incentives to out-of-door life. None has understood so completely that good housing affects each member of a family, down to the

tinest babe, while remission of direct taxes, or state aid of many other sorts given to the poor, is but too likely to result in assistance to the one member of the family who needs it least, to the head of the family, alone.

Much of the work of England has progressed along lines parallel to those followed by Germany. Part one of the English Housing Act (an act which applied also to Scotland and Ireland) provided for the wholesale clearance of slums, and the erection of model municipal dwellings in their place, either on the same spot or on cheaper land in the suburbs. Part two of this act provided for the compulsory setting in order of unfit habitations at the owner's cost, and for the demolishing of houses where the owners refuse to act. Houses were seldom demolished under this provision. The owners almost invariably became much interested in better housing before their time-limit expired. Part three of the act gave power to English local authorities to buy land, erect houses, lay out open spaces for gardens, playgrounds, and parks, in much the same way as is now being done by the municipalities of Germany.

According to figures given by Nettelfold in his *Practical Housing*, the cost per head of rehousing under part one of this Housing Act varies from two hundred to one thousand dollars, averaging three hundred and seventy-five dollars. His lowest average, taken for purposes of comparison, is given as two hundred and fifty dollars. Against this is placed the cost of work done under part two by Liverpool and Birmingham, cities which paid less than seven dollars per head for satisfactory rehousing. The average cost, given for purposes of comparison, is taken as fifteen dollars. Part one can provide better houses for a small number of people. Part two can provide fair houses for a vastly greater number. Many of the believers

in part two think it safe to state that at least fifteen persons can be healthfully housed by the use of this scheme to one that can be so housed by the use of part one.

At the very time that the Lords were estranging the Commons by their revolutionary rejection of the Budget, they passed a new housing law which previously they had practically declined to enact. This law involves sanitary changes of great interest. Every county council is to appoint a medical officer of health, who is to have general charge of the health of the county. This officer is to care especially for houses unfit for human habitation. As a most important adjunct to this executive, provision is made for a committee on health and housing conditions, which is to hear all matters of this sort coming before the councils.

Far greater powers have been given by this bill to all officials dealing with housing questions, and tens, almost hundreds, of thousands of additional houses have been brought under the law which provides that all contracts for houses at low rents shall imply that they be reasonably fit for human habitation, at the beginning, and through the term of their occupancy. In case houses of this type are found to be unfit, the authorities may make them fit, and recover all costs from the landlord.

Cellar dwellings and back-to-back houses are forbidden. Town-planning schemes of magnitude are provided. Powers of radical action on the part of the authorities are greatly enlarged, and many additional schemes for the betterment of the housing of the people are laid down.

For those who long for "the whole sky," and trust in its beneficence, it is a pleasant duty to record some few details which deal with "Garden Cities" swiftly springing up outside the smoke

and grime of English towns. Underlying these various projects are basic ideas worthy of citizens of Altruria. They require that the property be highly restricted, that the number of houses built on each acre be sufficiently limited to give each householder pleasant and healthful surroundings, and that these houses be placed among green-swards where children may play, and old people dream. They demand that all the services necessary to community life shall be rationally and wisely developed, that all building and planning shall consider both the hygienic and the æsthetic possibilities, and that the joys of country life shall be combined with the advantages of the city. Ealing, Bournville, Port Sunlight, the Letchworth Garden City, Harborne, Hampstead, each of these settlements contains many of the elements of the ideal garden city. Of this list, two, Bournville and Port Sunlight, owe their existence to the public spirit of two men, Bournville to Mr. George Cadbury, Port Sunlight to Mr. W. H. Lever. Rivals in a worthy strife, the cottages at both Port Sunlight and Bournville are models of architecture and sanitation. Plenty of sun, air, and water, gardens and garden allotments, gymnasias, children's playgrounds, open-air swimming-baths, social clubs, good schools, and neat, well-ordered shops managed by employees on coöperative lines make both these villages models of their kind.

In 1909 the outlay on Port Sunlight was stated to have been something more than two millions and a half of dollars. It would have been no slight task, with that enormous expense, to make the village a self-supporting financial success, but this has not been attempted. As the houses are intended to supply homes for the workers in the Lever Brothers Company, rents have been fixed only to cover taxes, repairs, and upkeep. The annual cost to the

firm of the maintenance of the village is many thousands of dollars a year, but it is the firm belief of the employers that their expenditures here are returned manifold in the better conditions of the employees, the permanency of the staff, and the attraction of many excellent workers to the plant because of the possibilities of life in the town.

Bournville, made over to a board of trustees as an absolute gift by Mr. Cadbury, is increasing the scope of its original work by means of the surplus revenue in the trustees' hands. Open to workers outside the Cadbury Cocoa Works, Bournville has, for considerably more than half its householders, men who work in other places, and who are entirely independent of the cocoa factory. From six shillings and sixpence a week to seven shillings and sixpence will house a worker well. Detached houses can be hired at rentals ranging from thirty to forty pounds, and every tenant is a landed man, for every cottage has a private garden. This is all planted before it is turned over to a tenant's care. Two expert gardeners with a staff of employees care for the general garden-work of the village, and stand ready to advise each individual householder. Is it any wonder that no tenant leaves unless he is obliged to do so, and that there is a permanent waiting-list large enough to occupy every house, were all suddenly vacated? Mr. Cadbury himself states that "nothing pays the manufacturer better." And he goes on to say that the great work of the future must be to enable the poor "to remove from the squalor and temptations of city life and settle amid the wholesome, helpful sights and sounds of country life. In a word, the people must be brought back to the land."

The policy of the Lever Brothers, of building houses for their employees to be rented at practically nominal rents,

attractive as it is in many ways, is open to serious objections. Some of these are met in this particular case by Mr. Lever's partnership plans. Others are basic. We have seen, in no very distant time, newspapers filled with the account of homeless men, women, and children driven into the winter cold by general eviction from corporation-owned houses. One of the evils which has stirred England most, of recent years, has been the complaint of agricultural laborers of "lose your work, lose your house." Few things make more directly for self-respecting independence than a man's ownership of his own domicile. If a man's house belongs to his employer, and the same hour sees the loss of work and of home, the independence of the worker is sapped. Mr. Cadbury, of cocoa fame, has adopted a wiser course. From the first he has insisted on making his houses produce a fair return in rentals, but he has released all personal claims to Bournville, and has turned the houses over to a board of trustees. If corporations are to enter upon the building of houses to better the condition of their employees, they can scarcely do more wisely than to adopt the Bournville plan. If they cannot follow the great philanthropy of Mr. Cadbury, let them invest their money in sanitary houses, rent them at such rates as will bring them in a fair return, and then give the control of the houses over to an absolutely disinterested board of trustees.

The possibilities for us of corporation-building on such a scale as Bournville and Port Sunlight are not large. Municipal action may do much, but, in the end, few lessons are more vitally necessary to the United States than those which may be drawn from some of the European coöperative societies, such as the Berlin Savings and Buildings Society which operates in and around Berlin, and the Ealing Tenants,

Limited, now a part of the Co-Partnership Tenants Societies at Ealing, just outside of London.

The magnificent buildings of the Berlin Society, although of the city-block type, possess many striking advantages. Sheltering in their Häslar Street buildings as many as a thousand families, each family can obtain three large rooms for one hundred dollars a year. (The Rixdorf tenements, just outside Berlin, provide four model rooms for one hundred and twenty dollars a year.) In these buildings the problem of keeping the children off the street is solved by providing sunny inner courtyards and playgrounds. Ornamental gardens were first planned, but the authorities in control soon decided that a garden of children is better worth cultivating than a garden of flowers, and the whole space was turned over for play purposes. Flowers are not neglected, however. The balconies are filled with them, and the whole side of the building is gay with bloom. One more point in this connection. The Germans know far more than we do concerning possible economies of space. Take the roof of a model tenement, for example: it may hold baths, lockers, laundries, playgrounds, drying-rooms, and many of the more general offices of the house.

The Ealing Tenants, Limited, is a concrete expression of a belief in co-operative ownership and administration. First shares in the undertaking may be bought by incoming members at £10 each, and every tenant-member must take in the end not less than five shares, an equivalent to the cost of the land on which his house is placed. It is evident that, if coöperative housing is to do good to the people who need it most, money must be brought in from outside. The society, therefore, divides its capital into two parts, the shares just mentioned, and the loan stock which the society has power to

issue. How this scheme has resulted is evinced by the fact that five per cent has been paid on shares, and four per cent on loan stock, from the very beginning of active operation. Nor is that all. The company has been able, in addition, to accumulate an undivided surplus to care for unexpected losses and repairs. The ideal of this community, like that of the other associations making up the Co-Partnership Tenants Societies, is to have the tenants say, "This estate is ours," not "This house is mine." In other words, they desire to have a general ownership of the whole plant by rent-paying tenants as a body, instead of having each individual family hold the title to its own house. The purposes of the copartnership societies, which follow, are well worth quoting specifically: "To secure suitable sites; to build suitable houses; to let the houses at moderate rents; to pay a moderate rate of interest on the capital invested; to divide the surplus profits among the tenant-members in proportion to the rents paid by them after such charges as maintenance, depreciation, and repairs have been met; to have every tenant-member's profits paid to him in shares until the total so paid is equal in value to the value of the house in which he resides; to pay the total amount to him in cash when such equalization is secured." It would be hard to draw up a broader or a sounder programme.

Since the great mass of surplus profits is held as a part of the capital, such a system makes for the safety of capital and for regularity of dividends. Since, by the wholesale buying of building supplies, as high as twenty per cent of the total cost has been secured, the system makes for radical reductions in cost as well. As the cost of interior repairs is chargeable against the individual tenant's profits, such repairs are

kept at a minimum. Since the profit to every tenant depends on the general profit of the whole, each member becomes an ardent agent for the property. Since rents in Ealing are below market value, and the tenants enjoy many of the advantages of the garden city, the task of the amateur real-estate agents is not difficult. Best of all, every member of the society is getting returns from something which costs him time, energy, and a moderate amount of money, all of which things make him value the opportunity presented to him far more than any tenant can value purely philanthropic aid.

In housing, as elsewhere in municipal reform, we are but too likely to forget the personal side. The reducing of flesh and blood to statistics and generalizations too often withers that full course of sympathy necessary in affairs which deal with human lives. The understanding of human nature which shines through the record of the achievements of Miss Octavia Hill is of especial value to the man or woman who wishes to give personal aid.

From small beginnings Miss Hill's work has spread from house to house, and district to district, until thousands of dwellings owned by many different corporations and individuals have now passed into her governing hand. Invariably those houses have produced satisfactory financial returns, and have provided good homes for the tenants. As an educational policy the system is almost unrivaled. Briefly stated, it is as follows. The slum-houses which pass under Miss Hill's control are first carefully inspected, to determine whether or not it is possible to put them in a fit condition for use. When a scheme for renovation has been decided upon, certain portions of the most necessary repairs, such as the mending of roofs, and the bettering of the water-supply and drainage, are carried out. The tenants

are then given an opportunity to use the benefits thus conferred, with the understanding that those who use them well will be given more, while those who use them ill will be obliged to leave. When such personal benefits are aided by a bonus for prompt payment of rent, and a tactful, though persistent campaign of education, a swift reformation is likely to result. Thereupon the work of changing wretched dwellings into thoroughly comfortable houses is hurried forward as rapidly as funds will admit. The money for such repairs is obtained by an equalization of the rights of landlord and tenant.

Five per cent income only is paid to the owner, no matter what may be the return on the investment. At least four per cent has been steadily returned up to the present time. All money received above this sum, after charges for insurance, taxes, and maintenance have been met, is applied to the betterment of the houses. The tenant, therefore, has every interest in keeping up with his rent and reducing unnecessary repairs. To obtain such results elsewhere, it might prove necessary to build up a system of control similar to that established by Miss Hill. Her collectors and inspectors are trained women who are required to use that somewhat rare sixth, or common, sense, and who have developed an extraordinary amount of tact in their difficult task of training the tenants to help themselves.

Successful as are many plans for improving houses in the centre of the city, there can be little question that the great possibilities of the future lie in the development of the suburbs. No general misconception has been more insistent or unfortunate than the old one that the workman must live near his work. Of a minority this is undoubtedly true, but of the great majority it is untrue. The chief obstacle to suburban development is now, and

will remain, the lack of a cheap and rapid transit which provides a seat for every passenger. Belgium, by its development of a complete system of inexpensive workmen's trains, has already shown the way in which such cheap and rapid transit can build up a whole countryside. The progression of this kingdom on the theory that the provision of workmen's trains is as necessary a part of the functions of a railroad as the carrying on of a freight department, has produced a remarkable exodus to the country from the city.

A workman's round-trip weekly ticket (twelve rides) for a six-mile trip on the Belgian railroads can be obtained for less than twenty-five cents. Thirty cents a week will buy such a ticket to and from a station twelve miles out. Fifty cents a week will take a man back and forth every day from a station thirty miles out. As a result of this policy, a comparative record for ten years showed an increase of the number of these tickets sold from about 1,200,000 to about 4,400,000. According to Professor Mahaim's figures, one period of two weeks showed 5830 laborers traveling daily to some distance; 9925 came to their work on Mondays. These figures show a large proportion who spend their week-ends at home. Belgian villages by the score act as bedrooms for the workers of the city, for whom the high wages of the city are thus combined with the economic advantages of the country. Speaking of the work already accomplished, Professor Emile Vanderwelder wrote as follows some time ago, in an article in *Soziale Praxis*:

"Enter Hesbaye or Flanders from whatever side one may, the country is everywhere thickly strewn with white, red-roofed houses, some of them stand-

ing alone, others lying close together in populous villages. If, however, one spends a day in one of the villages — I mean one of those in which there is no local industry — one hardly sees a grown-up workman in the place, and almost comes to the conclusion that the population consists entirely of old people and children. But in the evening quite a different picture is seen: we find ourselves, for example, some twelve or thirteen miles from Brussels at a small railway station in Brabant, say Bixensast, Genval, or La Hulpe. A train of inordinate length, consisting almost entirely of third-class carriages, runs in. From the rapidly opened doors stream crowds of workmen, in dusty, dirty clothes, who cover all the platform as they rush to the doors, apparently in feverish eagerness to be the first to reach home where supper awaits them. And every quarter of an hour, from the beginning of dusk till well into the night, trains follow trains, discharge part of their human freight, and at all the villages along the line set down troops of workmen — masons, plasterers, paviors, carpenters with their tool-bags on their backs."

Gather the skeins together, follow each clue to its end, and the investigator is forced to the conclusion that the housing hope of the future lies outside the city walls. The vision of the time to come shows suburbs circling massed workshops, homes set in green trees, and surrounded by playgrounds and fertile gardens. Costly land is used for business. Cheap land is held for dwellings. Nor is that vision so remote and fanciful that we must consign it with a sigh to a longed-for distant day. There is no fallacy more abominable than the one which declares that "that which is must be."

FEDERAL RAILROAD REGULATION

BY WILLIAM Z. RIPLEY

"At the rates which we find would have been reasonable, . . . the total charges should have been \$301.84 . . . The complainants can have reparation only for the difference between what they actually paid, \$310.75, and what we now find should have been assessed, or for the sum of \$8.91. An order in accord will be herewith issued." — Opinion No. 1961, INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSION.

WAS it indeed for such momentous results as this that the country was bombarded by presidential messages; that the utmost activities of the press, for and against legislation, were called into action for months; and that almost unlimited oratory stands spread forth upon the pages of the Congressional Record? Was all this expenditure of political energy in the enactment of the Hepburn Act of 1906 worth while, in order that a peach-canner in Martinsdale, Georgia, should receive reparation of \$8.91 on about three carloads of his wares? Was a mountain in travail to bring forth such a mouse as this? Perhaps not, for this man alone; but the significant fact is that, within two years, about nine thousand of his fellows appealed to the Federal government for an adjustment of their transportation difficulties, great and small. The overwhelming majority of these complaints were settled informally out of court, and in this work of reconciliation one of the most conspicuous and beneficial functions of the new Commission appears. But an increasing number of these complaints seem to require a formal hearing and decision of record. Some indication of the public relief sought is afforded by the fact that within approximately the first two years and a half, up to August 28, 1908, 1053 cases on the formal docket were disposed of, leaving over five hundred

issues still undecided. As compared with this total of over fifteen hundred formal complaints under the new law, the number filed under the old law amounted to only 878 throughout the long period of eighteen years. Moreover, the number of complaints filed seems to be steadily increasing. During the first year from September 1, 1906, only 387 cases were filed; the next year the number rose to 448; and in the last twelvemonth, to August 28, 1909, it amounted to 1083. Surely it cannot be averred that the public has failed to respond to the new law.

These activities of the government's agents, it is almost needless to mention, afford no true measure of the benefits resulting from the law. Like every other sound piece of legislation, it was intended to be preventive, not punitive. The number of arrests by the police affords no indication of the effectiveness of a criminal statute. Not the violations of law, but the breaches forestalled, are of real significance. And similarly in this instance, one surely finds the primary benefit of legislation, not in the complaints preferred, but in the fact that, under the improved relationship between the principals concerned, many long-standing causes of irritation and misunderstanding are being removed. The real gain, not to be measured by figures, is to be found in the improved spirit of the inter-

course now prevalent between railway officials and their customers. The shipper — especially if he be a small one — having business to transact may now be sure of courteous treatment and a prompt and probably just outcome. In the old days he was too often made to feel his utter economic dependence. As a high traffic official recently put it to me, "One reason we do not like this law is because we have to stop and think twice what we are about. We must be ready to explain and show a warrant for every act. An attack of indigestion cannot any longer serve as an excuse for an arbitrary, off-hand ruling." This improved spirit has permeated the whole staff of railway officials, from the officious baggage-smasher, who made one feel that it was a favor to have one's chattels demolished, to the vice-president in charge of traffic, who has seen a new light on the public aspect of his calling.

For a year or more after the law first went into effect, the railroad managers on their part seemed submissive and in a chastened mood. The Commission also exercised its new powers rather timidly. But a change seems to have supervened of late on both sides. So far as the railroads are concerned, the political atmosphere has certainly cleared. Popular hostility against them has considerably abated. "The best tariff we ever had" moves toward the middle of the stage. A change of administration has ensued, with a marked increase in the professionally *legal* ballast of the ship of state. A goodly number of important cases before the Federal courts, which once appeared threatening, have been decided in favor of the carriers. Thus the "commodities clause," forbidding railroads to operate coal-mines and similar enterprises, has been pretty effectually emasculated by the Supreme Court. For while with one hand it upheld the consti-

tutionality of the law, with the other it pointed the broad and easy way to evade it. The late Mr. Harriman, before the same tribunal, was excused from revealing any of the details as to his frauds upon the Chicago and Alton and Union Pacific stockholders, for whom as director he was supposed to be a responsible trustee. The Standard Oil Company, by the aid of eminent counsel, seems likely to evade punishment for much of its rebating. And an unexpectedly large number of injunctions have of late issued to postpone enforcement of the Commission's orders until they are passed upon by the Supreme Court.

Nor is it likely that the brightening financial situation is without effect. Now that the dark days of the depression of 1907 have passed into history, ambitious financial plans, temporarily abandoned, are being revived. Some of these probably would be hampered by any further extension of the principle of government regulation and publicity. Certain it is that the railroads have chirked up. They are manifestly "feeling their oats"; and are displaying a disposition to contest the law at every point. Upwards of thirty cases are now pending before the various Federal courts, which have been taken there on appeal from the Interstate Commerce Commission.

This opposition to the law is perhaps in part also due to the fact that the Commission itself has stopped whittling and has begun to saw wood. A number of really fundamental questions are up for settlement. Can it be that the great contest of 1905 has been so soon forgotten? Must the great political principle of public accountability of common carriers be reaffirmed by another popular upheaval? Surely railway managements cannot be so blind to their own welfare as deliberately to invite it.

The nature of the complaints before the Interstate Commerce Commission, with its amplified powers under the new law, affords the best indication of the most important feature of its work — namely, the settlement of disputes between the railroads and their clients. And it will be apparent that a large number of these only indirectly raise the issue of the actual freight rate. Often-times they concern rather the manner of conducting business. An attentive perusal of these decisions of the Commission offers interesting evidence of the range of a carrier's activities. Every little station all over the country between Aaron and Zuwash, and every conceivable commodity, from "mole-traps in crates" to "jewelers' sweepings," is comprehended. The fact that these disputes, often pecuniarily insignificant, could not be amicably adjusted by the good offices of the Commission informally, but necessitated formal hearing and decision, is the strongest possible proof that some competent tribunal of this sort was greatly needed in the interest of industrial peace.

One of the commonest petty complaints is of misrouting of freight. Goods are carried by a roundabout way, or by one not enjoying the lowest through rate. Thus, to be specific, in 1908 six carloads of print-paper were shipped from Little Falls, Minnesota, to Boisé, Idaho. Three routes were open, the rates being respectively \$1.30, \$1.36, and \$2.17 per hundred pounds. The Northern Pacific road, in absence of instructions, sent the goods by the third route, — presumably the one most profitable to itself, — the result being a freight rate \$1760.62 greater than it need have been. Reparation to this amount was granted within three months by order of the Commission.

Another frequent difficulty concerns the supply of suitable cars for the needs of the shipper. Carload rates

are always proportionately lower than charges for package shipment. The carriers very properly prescribe a certain minimum lading as a requisite for the grant of these proportionately lower wholesale rates. The shipper at carload rates must, however, pay for the full capacity of the car, whether his shipment fills it or not. No exception can be taken to this practice, unless the carrier is unable or unwilling to supply cars of a suitable size. This sometimes happens. For instance, in 1908, a lumberman in Oregon, having a shipment of 39,500 pounds to make to a point in Pennsylvania, requested of the Southern Pacific a car of 40,000 pounds capacity. Not having one at hand, a much larger car was furnished, having a minimum capacity of 60,000 pounds. Following the standing rule as to carload rates, the shipper was compelled to pay 62½ cents per hundred pounds on the marked capacity of the car, that is to say, on 20,000 pounds more freight than he actually shipped. This made a difference of \$128.12 in the freight bill, — nearly fifty per cent in excess of the charge based upon the actual shipment. The Commission issued its order for reparation within five weeks of the filing of the complaint.

A flagrant case of the misapplication of similar rules was recently decided. A retail druggist at Douglas, North Dakota, bought a sheet of plate glass eight feet square at St. Paul for forty-six dollars. Usually such large sheets have to lie flat on the car floor; and, occupying so much space, are properly assessed at a minimum weight of five thousand pounds, regardless of the actual lading. But in this instance the glass was carried upright, screwed to the end of the car, along with a lot of miscellaneous freight. Applying the standard rule made the freight bill for a distance of 587 miles, \$9.50 more than the *entire cost* of the glass at St.

Paul. It appears strange that the carrier should have permitted so clear a case to come to a formal hearing at all. Presumably it contested it as much for the protection of its standard rules, as for the sake of the actual revenue involved. No exception can be taken to these shipping rules as a whole; but these cases make it evident that their application may be at times too harsh and rigid. The tribunal established by the new law performs a much-needed service to the community in tempering their application in exceptional instances.

Attempts at arbitrary exclusion from participation in through shipments, in order to stifle competition, not infrequently crop out in these decisions. In 1905 the Enterprise line, capitalized at four hundred thousand dollars, put three steamers into commission from Fall River to New York. This independent line was of the utmost importance to the cotton manufacturers, as it was expected that at New York connection could be made with competing rail and water lines to every part of the United States. But all these lines, presumably at the behest of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, which had hitherto enjoyed a monopoly of the business, and which, with its enormous tonnage of high-grade freight to be parceled out among connecting lines at New York, was a formidable factor, promptly declined to join in making any through rates. All their local rates from New York on were, of course, prohibitory. In one instance, while the through rate accorded to the shipper over the New Haven road was 16 $\frac{3}{8}$ cents per hundredweight from New York on, the patron of the Enterprise line was charged 25 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents for the same service.

This case recalls a similar one in 1897, when the independent Miami line of steamers from New York tried to break

the monopoly held by the steamship lines owned by the railroads out of Galveston, Texas. The roads not only refused to pro-rate, but actually demanded prepayment of freights from Galveston on, as local rates. The Federal courts tinkered with the subject for a while, until the Circuit Court of Appeals, while recognizing a probable violation of law, affirmed that suit could be legally instituted only by the United States. Meantime, of course, the company was forced out of that business; and rates have steadily risen ever since. In this later instance of the Enterprise line, the Commission promptly ordered an extension of the same privileges to the independent line that were enjoyed by its powerful rival.

No railroad can be blamed for seeking to protect its own business interests. It is the function of this tribunal with its amplified powers to determine when these efforts conflict with the rights of others. In the far Northwest it was long a grievance that neither passengers nor shippers from the State of Washington could find an outlet anywhere except over the united Hill lines of road. Neither through tickets nor through bills of lading could be had by a natural route to the Middle West, or even to Colorado or Utah, through Portland, Oregon. The reason was plain. The northern transcontinental lines got more revenue from traffic which went east over their lines a thousand miles, by way of Spokane, than when it was turned over to a rival line at Portland, Oregon, after a haul by them of only one hundred and fifty miles. Even in 1907, at the time of extreme congestion of the Northern Pacific main line, when it was literally overwhelmed with business, the lumbermen complained that they could find no relief by these other routes.

The opening of this Portland gateway did not have to await the truce or re-

conciliation of the Hill-Harriman forces — the mere dictum of private individuals; it was speedily accomplished by an easy process of law. In this instance the business interests of an entire state took joint issue with the carriers. But the same remedy is open to the small shipper. Thus, in 1907, the Commission intervened in behalf of the Hope Cotton-Seed Oil Company. This little concern in the South shipped seventeen cars of one season's product out over a certain road, on a low through rate. The railroad agent was then informed that these shipments interfered with the policy of establishing new industries of this sort on another line; and the through rate was canceled. This jumped the charges from 17½ cents per hundredweight to 67 cents, — almost the entire worth of the cottonseed. Since the new law went into effect, the Commission has prescribed a new rate of 30 cents; and industrial peace is the result.

Thus does the work of this tribunal go on, with its daily grist of opinions on almost every conceivable phase of the transportation business. It may be to prescribe that, even though inflammable, small-lot shipments of petroleum must be accepted by a carrier at least twice every week, instead of on only one day; that structural iron may be stopped off *en route* at Indianapolis, as it is at Chicago and St. Louis, to be sheared, fitted, and punched, without losing the benefit of a low through rate, just as cotton is halted at the compressor, or grain is milled in transit; that a definite rate must be quoted on jewelers' sweepings, — the dirt and waste laden with particles of gold destined to the smelter, — even though it expose the carrier to the risk of exorbitant claims for damage in case of accident. But whatever the issue, one has the satisfying conviction, after reading the pros and cons in the de-

cisions, not only that the matter has been settled by a disinterested and supposedly impartial third party, but that the decision is endowed with the beneficent force of public authority. As one reads these decisions, there is no evidence of political log-rolling, or of legal quibbling. They go straight to the point on the economic and common-sense issues involved.

By no means are all these decisions in favor of the shipper. In fact, during the first fourteen months, only forty-six out of one hundred and seven formal cases were thus settled. The railroads enjoy no monopoly of unfair practices. Indeed, many of the rules, the exceptional application of which works hardship, were originally provided to meet some attempt at fraud by shippers. They might be underclassifying; seeking free storage on wheels pending sale of their goods; claiming exorbitant damages; or perpetrating any one of a thousand petty meannesses to which human nature is liable. One or two instances of shippers' complaints set aside as unreasonable may not be out of place.

The Topeka banana dealers in 1908 complained that bananas *en route* from New Orleans were subject to an appreciable shrinkage in weight, amounting to about six hundred pounds per car. Inasmuch as about fourteen thousand cars were being moved annually, it is clear that the aggregate loss of weight was considerable. The practice had been to weigh the bananas when transferred from the steamers at New Orleans to the cars, and to levy the freight rate upon this weight. To this the dealers objected, instancing among other things the practice, long prevalent in the cattle business, where a similar loss of weight in transit occurs, of charging according to the weight of the shipments, not at the initial point, but at the point of delivery. At first sight the

complaint appears to be well founded. Surely one should not be compelled to pay freight on a greater lading than is carried. But the Commission on examination decided in favor of the roads. It was shown that the service was most exceptional as to the shipment, handling, and speed; and it was held that the charges were on the whole reasonable and just.

One of the most important issues in which the railroads have won their contention concerned the loading of lumber on flat-cars. For half a century the practice has been that the shipper should provide his own lumber-stakes and pay freight on them as on the lumber itself. In 1905 the National Lumbermen's Association tried to change all this, and to impose upon the carriers the legal duty of securing the loads in place as they do with many other commodities. The carriers offered a compromise, agreeing to allow five hundred pounds per car free for the weight of the stakes; but refused to accept responsibility for safely stowing the goods. The Commission finally, after prolonged inquiry by experts, relieved the carriers of this care and expense.

It is undeniable also that the carriers have found solace in certain unforeseen ways under the amended law. The rigid prohibition of all favors and rebates has substantially raised the general level of charges, so general was the practice of cutting rates a few years ago. To be sure, this increase has affected principally the large shippers, thus tending to equalize opportunity between all grades of competitors. But over and above this, the prohibition of any act tainted with favoritism has enabled the carriers successfully to withstand many leakages of revenue. Claims for damages can be plausibly denied on the ground that their settlement might arouse suspicion, and possibly lead to prosecution for the grant

of individual favors. Many roads have also actually augmented their revenues by this same line of argument. The custom of charging a merely nominal rental of one dollar for freight-sheds, other buildings, or land used for side-tracks or elevators, was formerly general. It would have been awkward to place these contracts on a strictly commercial basis, especially where the tenants were shippers, with the option of resorting to a rival line. But on the plea that a continuance of these nominal rentals might be considered a criminal act of favoritism, substantial increases of revenue have been obtained. On one road alone over three thousand of these nominal rentals have been raised to strictly commercial figures. The aggregate increase of revenue from this source has been by no means inconsiderable.

An odd feature of the problem of railway legislation is that it has to do with all three of the great coördinate branches of the government. The making of rates seems to be a legislative act; their supervision, as actually applied, an executive or administrative act; and their correction or review, a judicial act. Separation of these three powers is a fundamental principle of our government. To enter into a discussion of the reforms needed in the mere methods of procedure and administration of the present law — a topic with which the present administration is admirably fitted to cope — is beyond the province of this article. Suffice it to say that a logical repartition of hitherto confused and conflicting governmental functions is proposed, in order to promote celerity and certainty in the application of the law. The present Commission, with certain enlarged powers, is to hear and pass upon complaints, this being an executive act. A special commerce court

is to be created, to attend finally to all matters of judicial review of orders of the Commission, short of those purely constitutional questions which must go forward to the Supreme Court. And this strengthening of the judicial arm is to be accompanied by a transfer of the service of prosecution of suits to the Department of Justice. To the non-legal expert it would appear to be an admirable division of governmental labor.

The problems put up to the Interstate Commerce Commission are not all of the relatively petty or individual character of those already described. As was confidently predicted by railroad men, this body with its enlarged powers has been brought face to face with great economic questions, whose determination is vital to entire commonwealths, and even to the whole country. One of these hard nuts for the Commission to crack concerns the reasonableness of the various freight-rate advances which have of late been occurring all along the line. This raises a question as to the absolute fairness of the new rates as against the interest of the general public. One conclusion is certain. The new law has not prevented the carriers from persisting in a policy, adopted nearly ten years ago after a generation of steadily declining rates, of quite generally putting up their charges. Unfortunately, the law of 1906 is defective in making no provision for dealing adequately with such cases. The Interstate Commerce Commission is limited in its scope to the consideration only of specific complaints. It cannot of its own initiative pass upon the reasonableness of an entire new schedule of rates in advance of its taking effect. It must take the matter up, if at all, bit by bit, as individual shippers chance to complain, after the rates have become operative. This abridgment of its power to pass upon the

reasonableness of tariffs as a whole was effected in the Senate. It was not contemplated either by the late administration or by the House of Representatives. The result, as was predicted, is that little protection is afforded to the public in any large way. Judging by results, the railroads are as free as they ever were to increase their tariffs, whenever they see fit so to do.

There is imperative need of amending the law, and of granting power to suspend such rate-advances, not as now in particular cases on complaint, but as to entire schedules of rates, prior to their taking effect. The experience of the last few years has amply proved the need of some such amendment; and it is gratifying to note that President Taft, judging from his public utterances, seems likely to favor the proposal.

It is matter of common knowledge that railway rates persistently rose between 1900 and 1906. The extent of the changes since the new law went into effect is not so generally appreciated. From an arsenal of evidence, a few details may be selected as typical.

Few commodities are of greater importance to the United States than chemical fertilizers, used in enormous quantities all over the country. The basis of these is phosphate rock. The freight rate on this from Tennessee to Chicago in 1907 was \$3.40 per ton. It was increased to \$3.95, until the Commission ordered its reduction to the old figure. At the same time the Oregon lumbermen had their rates to the East increased about one-quarter, after a period of quiescence of six years. From the Willamette Valley to San Francisco — a test case now before the courts — lumber rates were \$3.10. In 1907 they were put up to \$5. The Commission held that \$3.40 was an adequate rate. The last general in-

crease occurred in January, 1909, particularly in transcontinental rates, where the fruit of the Harriman monopoly made itself felt. Not unduly great in the East, considering the increased costs of operation, — twenty-five cents per ton on pig iron and iron pipe, for instance, — the Pacific Coast rates from New York rose often as high as fifty per cent. The rate on dry goods went up by one-third. Therein lies a part of the motive power for Union Pacific speculative finance.

Occasionally one strikes an exorbitant rise in the East, however, as in one instance where on imported iron pyrites used in making sulphuric acid, the rate, which in 1903 was \$1.56, became \$2.72 four years later. And the hardship often obtains in the fact that these increases have been most marked in the case of the small shipper, — the very one who, in these days of large enterprises, we can least afford to spare. The rate on cotton goods from the South to the Pacific Coast rose only fifteen per cent between 1896 and 1907 by the carload; for smaller lots it rose sixty-five per cent. In 1907, 38,000,000 pounds of cheese were produced in southwestern Wisconsin. The shipper to Chicago by carload paid only about ten per cent more in 1907 than eight years earlier; but the shipper in smaller lots was compelled to pay forty per cent more. As always, the change is along the line of least resistance. Such a policy makes for larger dividends; but does it tend to the perpetuation of equality of opportunity as between great and small concerns? That is a social question of the very first importance.

This chronicle of rate-advances in a time of industrial depression is not offered as an indictment of recent railroad management. It is merely intended to show the contrast between the present conditions of combination

and monopoly, and the old-fashioned days before 1900. Everybody then assumed as a matter of course that railroad rates, while they might slacken in their thirty years' decline, would probably never be actually higher than at that time. And yet here they are greatly enhanced in a time of trade reaction; and, for aught that one can see, likely to keep on rising. And while the rises of 1900 were part and parcel of a world-wide price movement, these later advances bear some indications of greater independence. That little incident of a prompt rise of the rate on lemons from California, just as soon as the new tariff law had effectually debarred the Sicilian product and enabled higher prices to the consumer to be charged, was a case in point. Not all the benefits of a protective tariff were to go to the fruit-grower, by any means!

The allegation of the railway men is that these freight-rate advances are not peculiar to the carriers alone. They discern a warrant for them in their greatly enhanced wage-scales and price-lists since 1900. "The decline in the purchasing power of the railroad's dollar" has been a favorite subject for railway writers, — generally, by the way, presaging another increase of freight rates. But it is certainly open to question whether the carriers have not already fully squared their accounts in this regard. They certainly have fared better in this respect than the general public. The record of increase of net incomes and stock dividends within the last ten years certainly appears to prove that, while their scale of expenditures may be rising, its acceleration is exceeded by the growth of income. No other conclusion is possible.

The carrier's argument that a rise of freight rates must fully keep pace with the course of general prices and wages, also neglects consideration of

the well-established economic principle, that a railroad's profits normally increase more than in proportion to the swelling volume of its traffic. Technically speaking, a railroad affords one of the clearest known examples of an industry subject to the law of increasing returns. This was exceptionally clear before 1898, when prices and wages began to mount. Between 1880 and 1897, for example, three times as much freight and two and one-quarter times as many passengers were transported, at an increased operating cost of only about one hundred per cent. The ever-widening margin would have yielded increasing net returns, had not unregulated competition constantly pared down the rates. This erosion of rates, thanks to the advent of monopoly and combination, has now entirely ceased. So that the effects of the law of increasing returns can be more readily observed.

Even during the last ten years, therefore, the evidence is indubitable that the railways make more money in proportion to the growing volume of their business than they did before. And there is no question as to the enormously rapid rate at which their business is likely to grow in future. Statistically measured, the railways of this country in 1907 carried more than double the traffic of 1898. Take the case of the Union Pacific Railroad. In 1900 its freight business amounted to about 1,572,000,000 ton miles. For 1909, the corresponding figure was 5,266,000,000, an increase of over three hundred per cent — or about thirty-three per cent yearly. Surely this enormous growth of business, under the known laws of increasing railroad profits, ought to count for something in the public's favor. And yet the large increase of transcontinental freight rates in January, 1909, bears no evidence that it did so.

Turning from the past to the future, the all-important question is as to the rights of the shipping and consuming public against further continuation of this policy of rate-advances, in the face of the bounteous rates of return upon the actual capital invested. How far are the common carriers of the country partners of the people in industrial prosperity? Are they alone to be immune from the periodic industrial reactions to which all other forms of business are exposed? Because the volume of their business declines in times of panic, are they entitled to recoup their losses by advancing the price of their commodity — transportation — because they seem to have the power to do so? That was certainly their policy during the depression of 1907-08. And if they can increase their rates in a time of depression, how much greater is the probability that they will continue to do so now that prosperity has returned.

To all these contentions it will very properly be replied, that the necessity for enormously increased transportation facilities, in order to keep pace with the growth of the country, makes it imperative that attractive returns on the new capital invested should be guaranteed. This is certainly true. Nor can it be doubted that the anti-railroad political hysteria of 1906-07 threatened unduly to cut off this supply of new capital. But there is still a latent popular suspicion that in far too many cases exorbitant returns are yielded.

This suspicion has been kept alive by numerous recent events. The Northern Pacific Railroad, in addition to enormous improvements of its plant out of surplus, for some time regularly paid seven per cent dividends, and that too on \$93,000,000 of new stock issued at par; then, suddenly, in December, 1908, paid an extra cash dividend of

eleven per cent out of a secret fund, not known to exist except by its directors. The Great Northern Railroad in 1898 increased its capital stock by one-half, and again in 1906 doubled this total in order to keep pace with its earnings. The earnings of some of the anthracite coal roads are spectacularly large. The Lackawanna for some years has earned over fifty per cent annually on its outstanding capital stock, effecting a partial distribution of its surplus by a cash dividend of fifty per cent, and a stock dividend of fifteen per cent in 1909. Even the Reading is making a show of earnings on its huge overload of capitalization, — partly a product of early fraud and speculation, and partly representing debts incurred to buy up and carry the American anthracite coal-supply of the next hundred years. And in 1910 even the notorious Nickel Plate line, unloaded upon the Lake Shore a generation ago, as a speculative hold-up, begins to pay dividends on its common stock.

The expert may perhaps be able in some cases to show a warrant for these acts. He may prove, for instance, that long-continued reinvestment of surplus earnings in the property has legitimately enhanced its value; or, to be specific, that the extra Northern Pacific dividend of 1908 represented an accumulation of income based upon conservative management. An enthusiast might even go so far as to attempt to prove that the late Mr. Hariman's increase of the stock and bonds of the Chicago and Alton Railroad by \$62,660,000 — without a dollar's worth of new capital paid in — was merely an effort to readjust the outstanding capitalization of a prosperous road, after years of thrifty management, to its newly discovered earning capacity. And the validity of this argument must be admitted within reasonable limits. The trouble is that the undiscerning

public is unable to distinguish the fraudulent from the honest financing; and visits its suspicions alike upon the sound and the unsound.

There is one weak point in the elaborate defense by the financial expert of an unlimited enhancement of railroad earnings and dividends. It is advanced in support of the contention that railroad charges must not be held subject to review. This is the assumption that all undistributed surplus earnings of a company are as completely the property of the stockholders as are the presumably reasonable dividends declared. And at first sight, this appears plausible enough. If, as actually happened in 1907, net earnings of all the railroads of the United States, available for dividends and improvements, amounted to \$479,000,000, while only \$227,000,000 was actually checked out to stockholders, more than half still remained on hand. A goodly portion of this, of course, must be laid by for the lean years when earnings fall below the average. But what of the remainder? Obviously there is only one use to be made of it. Reinvest it in the plant, lay double tracks, buy new equipment; and — the optimist will add — give better service even if it costs more to do so. But immediately there arises a question in the public mind. These surplus earnings, thus reinvested, are in part the public's investment. After liberal dividends have been currently declared and all the risks of bad years have been insured against, the stockholders' sole right to the balance would seem to be neither absolute nor clear. Or, otherwise stated, the stockholders' right to a maintenance of the existing level of rates is called in question. Charges once reasonable under conditions of liberal but not excessive dividends, may become exorbitant when the returns on invested capital exceed a fairly ample rate. Such is the prin-

ciple of division of profits in the London and Boston sliding scale of rates for gas companies. And the analogy is clear with the popular demand expressed in the British budget for taxation of the unearned increment of land values.

The trouble, of course, is that in practice these surpluses are quietly laid away year by year, and then suddenly capitalized in the form of stock dividends or other bonuses. This custom blocks the wheels of the argument above stated. This argument, that the surplus above fair dividends was in part the public's surplus, was predicated upon the assumption that the ownership of railroad securities is unchanging and permanent. But stocks and bonds are constantly passing from hand to hand. Suppose a road is known to be accumulating a heavy surplus from — let us say — exorbitant rates. The value of its securities rises steadily in the same proportion, if the facts be known. Innocent persons, trustees, and widows buy these securities at the new and enhanced prices. The former stockholders "cash in" their shares, and pocket their portion of the surplus. The new owners pay full value for the portion which they thus acquire. When this surplus is distributed as a "melon," they are merely given possession of goods, already paid for. Shall public authority intervene, and deny the right of these eleventh-hour investors to come into their own? No court would permit it for a moment. The public's share in the surplus earnings is gone forever. And what is worse, the private owners once possessed of these surpluses become endowed with the right to a fair dividend return thereon for all future time. Exorbitant rates create undue surpluses; such surpluses lead to new issues of stock; and this stock, once issued, compels a continuation of the high rates.

The economic phenomena of increasing and possibly unreasonable freight rates, of unwarranted surpluses, of "melon-cutting" and stock dividends, all impel one to the same conclusions, — conclusions embodied in the recommendations of President Taft to Congress. All these phenomena hang together as cause and effect. A vicious wheel of policy is set rolling, which cannot be arrested. Nor may any halfway plan of control be adopted. That is the trouble with the Hepburn Act. Admirable as many of its provisions are, it can never be successfully applied in any large way, until the interdependence of earnings, that is to say of rates, of capitalization, and of the value of the properties themselves, is recognized by law.

One of the most extensive rate-controversies in our economic history in the Far West perfectly illustrates this statement. All the Rocky Mountain cities, from Spokane to Albuquerque, have been up in arms for years about their high rates of transportation from the East. These rates are often as much as one hundred per cent higher than rates to the more distant Pacific Coast points. The complaints of Spokane may be taken as typical of the complaints of practically every town of any size in the Rocky Mountain area. The rate from New York to Spokane on "tin pails and lard pails nested" is \$1.90 per hundredweight; while the rate through to Seattle is only 85 cents. The result is that no dealer in these goods at Spokane can meet the competition of rivals at Seattle. What is true of nested lard pails is true of practically all goods consumed. It is obvious that there are only two possible remedies for this disparity in charges. The Seattle rates may be raised; or the Spokane rates may be reduced. The former course is precluded by ever-present water compe-

tion by way of Cape Horn and the Isthmus. To raise rail rates to Seattle would simply force traffic to come by sea. To adopt the other alternative — to reduce Spokane rates — means to cut into the earnings of the transcontinental roads. These Spokane rates could justly be reduced only if they were unreasonably high. The only possible standard by which to judge of this fact, in general, is on the basis of the rates of return on the entire investment of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific railroads. Their attorneys introduced this line of argument voluntarily, by offering proof that their properties were well worth the amount of their capitalization, and that on this basis no abnormal rates of return obtained. Spokane met this argument by recital of a long series of high dividends, and of stock-watering.

The Commission was thus forced to take up the matter of valuation; just as the Supreme Court of the United States has repeatedly been led to the same conclusion. It promptly appeared that both great transcontinental systems had regularly been earning from ten to fifteen per cent annually upon their stocks at par; and that a part at least of this capitalization was fictitious. Yet the surplus over fair dividends distributed had regularly been reinvested in the property; and, as we have seen, this surplus had been indistinguishably merged in the rest of their outstanding securities. As the Commission observed in its opinion, the harm done by unjustifiable stock-watering was irremediable. It was of no avail to close the stable door after the horse had been stolen. What should have been done, was to provide for some system of government regulation of the issue of railway securities year by year; and then to see to it that the rates charged should produce no more than a fairly liberal return on this capital after mak-

ing due allowance for all contingencies.

There is nothing revolutionary in the idea of a valuation of railroad property by public authority. No less than four states have done it most elaborately; and one of them at least has annually inventoried the possessions of its public carriers since 1893.¹ Railroad enterprises have never prospered anywhere more than in these states, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. And even in Texas, the projected new construction affords ample proof that investment is not deterred by the presence of this form of state control. One of the surprising features of some of these valuations by state authority, moreover, is their indication that many of our railroads are not in reality overcapitalized at all. In Minnesota, for instance, the total issue of stocks and bonds in 1908 was \$44,200 per mile; an amount just about equal to the estimated cost of reproduction, with due allowance for depreciation. In other words, this official valuation showed that the roads represented an investment practically equal to their entire issues of stocks and bonds. State valuation should indeed have no terrors for the honestly administered property. One of its principal benefits would be the segregation of the financial railway sheep from the goats in the public and investment eye.

An interesting case of governmental valuation far exceeding in amount the issue of securities, recently occurred in Massachusetts. The question of a fair scale of rates for its services being raised, an inventory of the physical property of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company showed a valuation of \$46,500,000. This pro-

¹ These state valuations have been more technically described by the author in the *Political Science Quarterly*, 1907, pp. 577-610. The latest valuation in Minnesota is described in the *Quarterly Journal of Economics* for May, 1909.

perty was capitalized for only \$38,900,000. Such a proceeding under the seal of public authority is of two-fold advantage. It allays public suspicion of over-capitalization. It also encourages capital by affording proof of the security behind its investments.

Advocacy of the principle of Federal valuation of railways does not necessarily mean that all the railroad possessions of the country need be inventoried at once. To do this would involve the expenditure of several million dollars. Moreover, the practice in effecting such valuation is by no means standardized as yet. It is a proceeding studded with technical difficulties of the first order. But, little by little, as state after state and corporation after corporation take account of stock, the procedure will become established. It is a branch of administrative activity requiring business and engineering talent of a high grade; but experience has already demonstrated its entire feasibility. And the need of it for the final settlement of disputed rates would seem to be beyond question.

The crowning feature of the legislation proposed by the Taft administration is governmental control of the issue of stocks and bonds by railroad companies. It is becoming increasingly clear that unless the Federal government assumes such responsibility the several states will do so independently. This latter alternative would be ineffective, and at the same time intolerable. Nor is there anything subversive of the established order in this proposal. Massachusetts has had an anti-stock-watering law since 1893. The result is that over-capitalization, whether of railroads, traction companies, or gas and electric-light companies is a non-existent evil. States as far apart as Texas and Wisconsin have also suc-

cessfully applied the same rule of publicity to the financial acts of their corporations. The most notable instance is, however, the creation of the Public Service Commissions of the State of New York. In the settlement of such knotty questions as the reorganization of the metropolitan traction companies, or the financing of the water-logged Erie Railroad, they may occasionally have blundered; but, on the whole, no unbiased critic will hesitate a moment in attesting their work a great success. No agency could protect the people from the evil results of the barefaced frauds upon the investing public perpetrated in the financing of the New York traction companies. Yet clearer skies are ahead; and a distinct improvement in the character of rapid transit has already resulted from the activity of these public bodies.

Several positive advantages, other than the mere prevention of gross fraud, are likely to follow the adoption by the Federal government of the principle of supervision of the finances of interstate public-service companies. The first of these, of course, is the prevention of an extortionate scale of charges for service rendered. Only last November the Wells-Fargo Express Company "cut a melon," by the declaration overnight of a three hundred per cent cash dividend out of accumulated surplus. Having thus trebled its capitalization, and the new shares having become widely disseminated, express rates in future over a large part of the United States must be maintained high enough to pay dividends upon this enormously inflated basis. Had guardians of the public interest been suitably forearmed, the economic warrant for this act would have been at least subject to review.

Not the least of the benefits incident to Federal control of railway finance would also be the stability thereby imparted to the financial markets. One of

the worst evils of our American railway finance has been stock-market manipulation by directors and their friends. The very recent rigging of Rock Island shares is a case in point. Despite the brilliancy of some of his achievements with the Union Pacific, it is indubitable that the late Mr. Harriman inextricably entangled his railroads in stock-market operations. That his speculative plunges under corporate names had a successful issue, does not in the least lessen the force of the criticism. Such operations depend in the main upon secrecy in financial affairs. The publicity incident to governmental control of capitalization would go far to abate what has long been a nuisance and a menace in American corporate finance.

Still another positive benefit which would accrue from the adoption of the President's policy of financial regulation, would be the extension of the market for railroad securities. Two great stores of capital for investment, one old and one very new, might be largely drawn upon for the development of transportation in future, were the light of publicity and governmental approval to be thrown upon new issues of securities. European capital has too often fared badly at the hands of American railroad managers. Our Eries and our Chicago Great Westerns have too far outweighed our Illinois Centrals and our Pennsylvanias among foreign investors. They have come to regard America as a field for speculation, rather than as one for investment. And the same thing is true in some degree of our Western farmer. Our agricultural population "out West" is no longer up to the ears in debt. The aggregate of its invested capital is now becoming large. This will be a great financial reservoir as years go by. These people, like the European investors, hold state activity in high esteem. Could their

savings be led into the channel of railroad investment, especially in the lines serving their own localities, the carriers would profit, not only directly, but by the creation of an atmosphere of political conservatism as well. It makes a great difference in the temper of a village whether the deacons of the church and the selectmen of the township are merely shippers of farm produce, or are shareholders in the railroad at the same time. A prime factor in winning the confidence of this class, and in offsetting the appeals of the political demagogue, would be the acquiescence of the railroads in a reasonable policy of financial supervision.

Eminent railway counsel avers that this is no time to reopen the issue of Federal railroad legislation; that, in fact, we are only just recovering from an era of political hysteria on the subject; and that legislative tinkering should be postponed until the Hepburn Act has at least had a fair trial. The answer is that the present administration is pledged to this policy, — to the perfecting of the programme of President Roosevelt in this regard. In a time of widespread prosperity, the American people are in a not unfriendly state of mind toward the carriers of the country. The experience of years proves that adequate public control is the only alternative for a socialistic programme of public ownership. The American people are happily not interested in this latter plan. But the bills now pending in Congress, and the state of public opinion on the subject, show the insistent demand for adequate supervision in future of these most powerful and indispensable public servants. In time of peace prepare for war. The surest protection against the shafts of the demagogue will be found under the ægis of publicity and ample Federal supervision.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE WINE OF ANONYMITY

LET me not be misunderstood. I am not now thinking of the pleasures connected with the anonymous letter — the letter which, in disguised hand, warns Benedick not to trust Beatrice too far, or advises Beatrice to follow up Benedick and find out what he does between eight and nine of a summer evening. In the fashioning of such epistles there may be — there must be — a certain gratification, but it has never come my way. I have never experienced either the thrill of writing such a letter or the pang of receiving one.

Nor do I mean the fierce but coward joy of asserting, in an open letter, unsigned, that Iago is a liar and a villain, and thereby escaping the annoyance of a libel suit in consequence. This pleasure also I have never tasted, though I really have strong opinions about Iago, while disliking libel suits.

No. The wine I speak of is milder than this, and has no bitter after-taste. Having neither officious warnings nor malignant vituperations to utter, I yet find a certain gentle exhilaration in being able to express my thoughts without a signature.

I am, I believe, not the only person to feel this. The other writers in the Contributors' Club, entering its doors, which close softly behind them and tell no tales, and approaching its social hearth in the cosy club-room whose walls have ears, perhaps, but no tongues — they too, I notice, carry themselves with a more buoyant and jaunty bearing than the Olympians who sit enthroned in the Body-of-the-Magazine. There is a glare of publicity about

Olympus that even the gods felt — witness the way they slipped into human disguise or drew on the *tarn-helm* when they wanted to be really at ease. Often, indeed, this was when they were up to mischief, but not always. And the Club members are never up to mischief, and yet we like to be nameless. We are not saying anything that we are ashamed of, and yet — and yet — it is such fun to wear the *tarn-helm*!

For there is a certain relaxation that comes when we know that we are not going to be held up to what we have said, that we shall escape the annoyance of being expected to be the kind of person who said it, whatever it may be. When we meet a man who has written things, we expect him to live up to his signature. Usually he does n't, and then we grumble, "Is n't he the man who wrote — —? I thought so. Well, he does n't look it, does he?" Probably he is tired of being expected to "look it," and does n't mean to, and is glad he does n't.

In spite of Emerson, consistency is a hobgoblin. Most of us cannot help feeling that what we have said one day we must abide by the next, and this makes us careful. We are brought up from youth to think twice before we speak, and so we do. We think, perhaps, three or four times; and when we have done our thinking we have begun to suspect that we are poor creatures anyway and might better not speak at all; which may be the case, or not. Now the joy of anonymity is that we speak twice before we think. Perhaps — oh, mad and forbidden pleasure! — we never think at all, we simply speak. The result is that we are absolutely spontane-

ous and happy. The wine of anonymity has loosened our tongues, and we prattle on in unchecked and artless fashion, and often more pleasantly than when sobered by the cold gray dawn of responsibility.

It is probably the same thing at bottom that makes people so much better company at a masquerade than under any other circumstances. In the circle of the black mask and the domino we have no name, no past, no future, no self to live up to or down to, and the mood that is uppermost need never impose itself upon a later mood. We can be spontaneous and genuine. No wonder we are good company! For on the whole our spontaneous impulses are kindly and gay. We are almost always ready to love our fellow men for an hour, if we are not thereby committing ourselves to loving them for a lifetime.

It all seems to come back to the same thing — a reluctance to commit ourselves. It is easy enough to be advised, "Speak what you think now in hard words, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again." To the visionary and the recluse this may be easy, but those of us who live close to our kind, who take color from them, who can never do anything without being conscious of an effect upon them which reacts in turn upon us — such vacillating and feeble chameleon-folk as these love to run to the cover of the anonymous; they wrap themselves snugly in its mantle and mask, and then — ah, then — they step out at ease, they hold the head high, they begin to say, "I think," instead of, "It is sometimes thought"; and "I doubt," instead of, "It appears doubtful." Ideas come to them with a rush. They have so much to say, now that the saying does not commit them to anything in particular. They can confess their souls without being taken too seriously, or, indeed, being "taken" at

all. They can berate the newspapers, and then settle down peacefully to the perusal of the latest murder news, and no one will taunt, "I thought you said that you never read the papers." They can write an encomium on Milton, and then take down Sherlock Holmes unchallenged by any one. They can hurl a philippic against magenta, and then choose a winter suit or the dining-room wall-paper of that color, without fear of reproach. Will any one say that this is not as wine to one who falters?

Perhaps the fear of consequences keeps us from a few bad acts, but I am convinced that it also deters us from many good ones. It keeps us from being as disagreeable to people as we should sometimes like to be, but it also keeps us from being as nice to them as we sometimes have the impulse to be.

I often think of this as I stand beside the track in the country and watch a train rush past. The engineer is usually leaning out of his window. I wave to him, he waves back, we smile in most friendly fashion, and the train flashes by. I am the better for the greeting, and I hope he is. Once I stood on a bridge and watched a slow freight creep along under me. The train men stood or lay on the tops of the cars, and as they passed they tossed salutations up to me. I caught them all. It was great fun. But afterwards I reflected, "What *would* have happened if that freight had suddenly stopped under the bridge, as freights sometimes do, or if the engine had blown out a cylinder or something, so that the intercourse of the moment threatened to be prolonged for an hour or two?" I fancy all those genial men would have suddenly stiffened into stolid automata, and I should have had a pressing engagement elsewhere.

This is what keeps happening to us all the time in life. Our human intercourse is constantly being thwarted by

our consciousness of consequences. It is especially the case when we are young. Young people feel that they can hardly have an intimate conversation without its ending in a promise to correspond, or an invitation to visit. If we keep this attitude as we grow older, the consciousness that a moment's intimacy may entail so much makes us pause before taking the fateful plunge. How often do we draw back in a moment of expansion because we reflect, "Shall we feel the same way to-morrow, or next month?" How many friendly impulses do we restrain because we are afraid the freight train may stop, and something more be expected of us!

But sometimes as we grow older we come to realize that we have made in part our own burdens, and missed some rare pleasures. We discover that if we are honest and natural, intimate moments may prove to be not millstones but stars. Among my treasures of memory are those flashes of communion with others which have apparently lighted no lamp of friendship needing daily tending. It may have been with an acquaintance, — who ever afterward remained, as before, an acquaintance merely, — it may have been with a stranger, standing beside us for a moment in a crowded shop, or a seat-fellow in a railroad train. The moment has come, we have recognized it, enjoyed it, and it has passed, but it is none the less prized.

Perhaps if we had more courage we should shake off the tyranny of our own words and acts, and not need the mask and mantle to set us free. But so long as we are what we are, I cannot but think we are happier, gayer, and no less good, if now and then we drop our names and speak without a thought of our own identity, if now and then we don our mask and cloak and fare forth among our fellows, freed from the restraints of our own personality.

BOOKS AND BOOK-SHELVES

LONG before Dr. Eliot set about constructing his three-foot shelf of books, which he has lengthened out to five; long before Dr. Crothers wrote an essay on the hundred worst books, men of note and men of letters had with such diligence been compiling lists of both kinds that a weary world has more than once cried out, "Sufficiency! enough!" No one less distinguished than the President Emeritus of Harvard could ever have persuaded us to reopen the discussion. As for Dr. Crothers and *his* list — one can't help remembering that Boileau preceded him with a tabulation of the world's worst books. Cervantes, too, drew up a once-famous list of the very worst novels. Whereas the best hundred of them — the goddess Dullness has always had a finger in compiling such statistics: —

Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,
She ruled in native anarchy the mind.

I make the quotation without disrespect to Dr. Eliot. Dr. Crothers has made it before me; and I am sure, too, that the original author of the couplet had no thought of applying it to the carpenter of that five-foot shelf we hear so much about to-day.

The hundred best books — the hundred worst books: it is only "emphasis" and the personal equation that determine which of them any list of books is — for reading purposes. I know an oldtime couple in Cambridge, Massachusetts, whose favorite reading, of a lamp-lit evening, is Dr. Johnson's *Dictionary*. They must be arrived by this time at the letter V, — and are strong, doubtless, on the definition of words like *vacant*, *vacuous*, *vacuum*, *vain*, and *vapory*. Perhaps these good people include the Dictionary in their list of the best hundred books, — if they ever stopped reading long enough to make one out.

After all, the best collection of one hundred books is that which has got itself together accidentally on my bedroom book-shelf; or on yours, provided you read in bed. Our "libraries" are sadly diluted streams: they float books that have been given to us by injudicious friends at Christmas-time, books left over from our course at the University, books too technical or too dull for real companionship, books got together for some serious purpose or other. It is different with any hundred books whose relation, the one with the other, is unstudied and fortuitous: books that stand on our shelf for no other reason than that we like to read them. Books that have been accumulated in a hodge-podge and pell-mell manner and claim no sort of cousinship are, as it falls out, the books most happily mated. They are like relations in human families: they cannot help themselves. These are the books that one really reads: reads in bed, with a jar of tobacco on a table alongside, and a pipe in one's mouth; reads on suburban trains; lends over week-ends to one's friends (and sees no more). Here are the books that are never "taken to town" when we "move in," at the end of the summer or autumn: books like the *Natural History of Selborne*, and a certain statistical volume labeled *Birds that Prey on Other Birds and Vegetables*.

I like the way in which the most incongruous titles and subject-matters drift together on my bedroom shelf. It does me good to see how close a pious tractate and a blasphemous brochure entitled, *Les Moines: Comédie Satirique*, nestle there in peace. The life of a member of the Society of Friends, long a missionary at home and abroad, jostles the latest sophistry of Anatole France; and when, by a piece of unassisted coincidence, Crèveœur's delightful *Letters from an American Farmer* stands beside William Barnes's *Poems of Ru-*

ral Life, I am a thousand-fold better pleased than I could ever have been by any intentional arrangement of these books together. What though a *Non-sense Anthology*, a *History of Witchcraft since the Middle Ages*, and Principal Shairp's *Poetry and Philosophy* rub one another just a little rudely? Such a juxtaposition can do poetry and philosophy no lasting harm, — and it pleasantly piques my sense of the grotesque.

After all, there are no hundred best books — no hundred worst ones. It was Oliver Wendell Holmes, was it not, who owned up to his preference for reading *in* books to reading *through* them? "When I set out to read *through* a book," the Autocrat wrote, "I always felt that I had a task before me, — but when I read *in* a book it was the page or the paragraph that I wanted, and which left its impression and became a part of my intellectual furniture." If we were only franker, most of us would confess to being like Holmes in this matter of our reading. To be sure, we have an old-fashioned disinclination to set down a book in the middle of it; we feel it our duty to finish whatever we have once begun at the beginning; yet if we yield to our New England conscience herein, we are only deterred from beginning very many books. And by "beginning" books I mean neither reading straight through their tedious opening pages, nor making haste, like a woman, to learn by the concluding chapter how it all "turns out." Open your book in the very thick of it: that is the true way of getting at its soul. •

All of us know Francis Bacon's aphorism (that is found, not in one of Shakespeare's plays, but in the essay on Studies); even Macaulay's schoolboy — in the American limited edition of him — knows it by heart. Not all books are to be digested; that were too much for any one man's stomach. Taste them, then, and learn to smack your lips. The best

hundred books are the hundred that stand on your bedroom book-shelf: the hundred that you have never yet "read through," but that you are forever reading *in*, with zest unrelaxed. You are forever stumbling on something new and excellent in opening up these pillow-books, when the house is still. The best hundred books are neither "timely," as the reviewers say, nor necessarily "compelling," the next favorite adjective in the English language, now that "strenuous" has gone out. The best hundred books serve to remind us that there's no such thing as time; time is only the empty space between our reviews of that ragged regiment upon the bedroom book-shelf.

THE POET'S FOURTH DIMENSION

At the Poetasters' sign
Some poor squires of the Nine
Met to sound the mighty poets
With a plummet and a line.

Hidden in a neighboring tree,
All their council I could see,
And their thin and piping voices
Clearly floated out to me.

First Poetaster

"Melody's the primal thing;
Falling waters—gales of spring—
Dorian flutes—were less melodious
Than the silver strains they sing."

Second Poetaster

"Pictures in those strains appear,
Bright as sands in rivers clear:
Oceans, mountains, chariots, horse-
men,—
Isles of Ariel, storms of Lear!"

Third Poetaster

"Thought and passion tamed by art
Body to the whole impart,
More than melodies or pictures
Pleasing deep the listening heart."

All

"There's a fourth dimension,
though,
Hiding in the forms we know,
Like the subtle airs of greatness
Of a king incognito.

"Yes, in spite of all our care,
Something unexplained is there,
Like a lost Love in the doorway,
Or the answer to a prayer."